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THE OUTERMOST HOUSE: A STUDY OF AN
AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

AMERICAN MEMORY

American Memory

BEING A MIRROR OF THE
STIRRING AND PICTURESQUE PAST
OF AMERICANS
AND THE AMERICAN NATION

reflecting

THE FOREST AND THE INDIAN, THE COLONIST AND THE HEARTH, THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WILDERNESS CAPTIVITIES, THE WARS, EMI-
GRATIONS AND ADVENTURES OF A PEOPLE,

also

THE WINNING OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE MAKING OF THE UNION,
THE LIFE OF THE GREAT RIVERS, THE PRAIRIES, AND THE PLAINS, THE
NATION DIVIDED AND RE-UNITED, & THE EMERGENCE OF THE PRESENT,

together with LOVING STUDIES AND FIRST AC-
COUNTS OF MANY THINGS UNIQUELY AMERICAN, THE
INDIAN CORN, TOBACCO, THE WILD TURKEY, THE RATTLESNAKE, THE
PASSENGER PIGEON, AND THE PLAINS BUFFALO

SET DOWN IN THE VIGOROUS PROSE OF THOSE WHO SAW AND
EXPERIENCED THESE THINGS

ASSEMBLED AND EDITED WITH INTRODUCTORY COMMENT

BY HENRY BESTON

New York FARRAR & RINEHART Toronto
INC.

THE ADVENTURE OF
WILLY WAHAB

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UXORI CARAE
ELIZABETHAE COATSWORTH
AMANTISSIME ET GRATISSIME
H. B.
DEDIT ET DEDICAVIT
KAL. IVL. MCMXXXVII

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FOREWORD

Two main currents of American prose reflect the history and the life of the Republic, the one official and literary, the other the contribution of the people. The first has given us the formal literature of the schools, the memoir of the statesman and author, the oration, and our more familiar history; the other, gathering itself from a thousand sources, unstudied, unpretentious, direct, and personal, has given the private letter, the diary in the attic, the little pamphlet peddled in the streets, and the adventure retold for the smaller world of the country newspaper. These things are the bone and blood of any history, and the American material, because of the great variety of adventure inherent in the national life, is, in its way, the richest and most varied in the world. From the beginning, America has been writing about itself, and writing well. Indeed, it is not in the literary imitation of European models that American literature has its deepest roots but in the vigorous narrative prose of the native-born generation who left us their seventeenth century accounts of Indian captivity.

From the mingling of these streams, using the immediate experience still sharp with emotion wherever I found it, I have put together this memory of the adventure of the Republic, now as then in the making.

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I have with permission copied from Grant Foreman's *Indian Removal*, published by the University of Oklahoma Press. So goes the list; if I have forgotten anyone, I pray the acceptance of my honest apologies.

HENRY BESTON.

The Chimney Farm
Nobleboro, Maine

I

Jamestown 1607—Plymouth 1620

First Settlements, The Planter and The Indian

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THE planting of English North America began as a venture of the Elizabethan mind, an exploit of its commerce in the romantic mood, carried on in an English world of seamen and traders whose inherent sense of beauty (especially that of the beauty of speech) and poetic quality of courage were often enough all one with an appalling ruthlessness. It was Shakespeare's England as well, and the summer of 1607, which the planters at Jamestown found so hot and sickly, saw, it would appear, the writing of *Antony and Cleopatra*. Of the new world about to possess them, these Englishmen knew next to nothing. The far country of their imagination was a poem of the times, invented out of the gossip of sailors, and touched with literary colour, and its theme was an adventure in wonder and worldly reward.

The unknown land awaited them with power, hidden more than revealed by the daily fierceness of its sun and the Mediterranean slant of its light, and confronting their island souls with the vast natural rhythms and tensions of a continent. South of Cape Cod, it presented itself to their eyes as a low-lying coast backed by an enigmatic forest wall whose only openings were the mouths of rivers and the clearings of Indian fields; to the north, the same forest darkened the islands and the cliffs. It was not trackless, but veined throughout with Indian trails and secret paths of war.

Here upon the open coast, near beds of shellfish and where fishing was good, the Indians had their fields of corn and summer villages. By nature hospitable and courageous, notably intelligent within the limits of their experience, at

once primitive and ceremonious, and using torture as a kind of terrible ritual, the red men welcomed the unaccountable strangers. Their vice was warfare, continuous and merciless, tribe against tribe, a political weakness which presently delivered them into the hands of the increasing whites; their most irreplaceable quality, their religious relation to the beauty and mystery of the American earth. In their veins ran the blood which had raised the temples of Yucatan; and in some unmeasured past they had discovered or invented the Indian corn.

PROLOGUE ON THE COAST: THE ENGLISH SAILOR AND THE
INDIAN

I. A WELCOME IN STATE AT PAMLICO SOUND

The Voyage of Captains Amadas and Barlow, 1584

The next day there came unto us divers boats, and in one of them the king's brother accompanied with forty or fifty men, very handsome and goodly people, and in their behaviour as mannerly and civil as any of Europe. His name was Gran-ganimeo, and the king is called Wingina, the country Win-gandacoa, and now by her Majesty, Virginia. The manner of his coming was in this sort: he left his boats altogether, as the first man did, a little from the ships by the shore, and came along to the place over against the ships, followed with forty men. When he came to the place, his servants spread a long mat upon the ground on which he sat down, and at the other end of the mat four others of his company did the like, the rest of his men stood round about him, somewhat afar off: when we came to the shore to him with our weapons, he never moved from his place, nor any of the other four, nor never mistrusted any harm to be offered from us, but sitting still he beckoned us to come and sit by him, which we performed: and being set he made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and his breast, and afterwards on ours, to show we were all one, smiling and making show the best he could of all love and familiarity. After he had made a long speech unto us, we presented him with divers things, which he received very joyfully and thankfully. None of the company durst speak one word all the time: only the four which were at the other end, spake one in the other's ear very softly.

The king is greatly obeyed, and his brothers and children reverenced: the king himself in person was at our being there sore wounded in a fight which he had with the King of the next country, called Wingina, and was shot in two places through the body and once clean through the thigh but yet he recovered: by reason whereof and for that he lay at the chief town of the country; being six days' journey off, we saw him not at all.

After we had presented this his brother with such things as we thought he liked, we likewise gave somewhat to the others that sat with him on the mat: but presently he took it all from them and put it into his own basket, making signs and tokens that all things ought to be delivered unto him, and the rest were but his servants and followers. A day or two after this, we fell to trading with them, exchanging some things we had for Chamois, Buff, and Deerskins: when we showed him all our packet of merchandise, of all things that he saw a bright tin dish most pleased him, which he presently took up and clapped it before his breast, and after made a hole in the brim thereof and hung it about his neck, making signs that it would defend him against his enemy's arrows: for these people maintain a deadly and terrible war with the people and king adjoining. We exchanged our tin dish for twenty skins worth twenty Crowns or twenty Nobles: and a copper kettle for fifty skins worth fifty Crowns. They offered us good exchange for our hatchets and axes and for knives, and would have given anything for swords: but we would not depart with any. After two or three days the King's brother came aboard the ships, and drank wine, and eat of our meat and of our bread, and liked exceedingly thereof.

II. PLYMOUTH BEFORE THE "MAYFLOWER"

The Voyage of Martin Pring, 1603

We had a youth in our company that could play upon a gittern, in whose homely music they took great delight, and

would give him many things, as tobacco, tobacco pipes, snakes' skins of six foot long which they use for girdles, fawns' skins and such like, and danced twenty in a ring, and the gittern in the midst of them, using many savage gestures, singing *lo la lo la la lo*: him that first break the ring, the rest would knock and cry out upon. Some few of them had plates of brass a foot long and half a foot broad before their breasts. Their weapons are bowes of five or six foot long of witch-hazel, painted black and yellow, the strings of three twists of sinews, bigger than our bow strings. Their arrows are a yard and a handful long, not made of reeds but of a fine light wood very smooth and round with three long and deep black feathers of some eagle, vulture, or kite, as closely fastened with some binding matter as any fletcher of ours can glue them on. Their quivers are full a yard long, made of long dried rushes wrought about two handfuls broad above, and one handful beneath with pretty work and compartments, diamantwise of red and other colours.

We carried with us from Bristol two excellent mastifs of whom the Indians were more afraid than of twenty of our men. One of these mastifs would carry a half pike in his mouth. And one Master Thomas Bridges, a gentleman of our company, accompanied only with one of these dogs passed six miles alone in the country, having lost his fellows, and returned safely. And when we would be rid of the savages' company, we would let loose the mastifs, and suddenly with outcries they would flee away.

III. THE SHIP "ARCHANGEL" CARRIES AWAY FIVE INDIANS FROM MAINE

Rosier's Relation of the Voyage of George Waymouth, 1605

Tuesday, the fourth of June, our men took cod and haddock with hooks by our ship side, and lobsters very great, which we before had not tried.

About eight o'clock this day we went on shore with our

boats to fetch aboard water and wood, our Captain leaving word with the gunner in the ship, by discharging a musket, to give notice if they espied any canoa coming, which they did about ten o'clock. He therefore being careful they should be kindly entreated, requested me to go aboard, intending with dispatch to make what haste after he possibly could. When I came to the ship there were two canoas, and in either of them three savages, of whom two were below at the fire, the others stayed in their canoas about the ship, and because we could not entice them aboard, we gave them a can of pease and bread, which they carried to the shore to eat. But one of them brought back our can presently and staid aboard with the other two, for he being young, of a ready capacity, and one we most desired to bring with us unto England, had received exceeding kind usage at our hands, and was therefore much delighted in our company. When our Captain was come, we consulted how to catch the other three at shore, which we performed thus—

We manned the lighthorseman with seven or eight men, one standing before carried our box of merchandise, as we were wont when I went to traffic with them, and a platter of pease, which they loved: but before we were landed one of them (being too suspiciously fearful of his own good) withdrew himself into the wood. The other two met us on the shore side to receive the pease, with whom we went up the cliff to their fire and sat down with them, and while we were discussing how to catch the third man who was gone, I opened the box, and showed them trifles to exchange, thinking thereby to banish fear from the other and draw him to return: but when we could not, we used little delay, but suddenly laid hands upon them. And it was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into the lighthorseman. For they were strong and so naked as that our best hold was by their long hair on their heads: and we would have been very loath to have done them any hurt which of necessity we had been constrained to have done if we had attempted them in a multitude,

which we must and would rather than have wanted them, being a matter of great importance for the full accomplishment of our voyage.

Thus we shipped five savages, two canoas, with all their bows and arrows. The next day we made an end of getting our wood aboard and filled our empty cask with water. . . . The names of the five savages which we brought home into England, which are all yet alive, are these: 1 Tanahedo, a Sagamo or Commander, 2 Amóret, 3 Skicowáros, 4 Maneddo, Gentlemen: 5 Sassacomoit, a servant.

2

I. THE NOBLE PROSPECT OF THE FISHERIES

Captain John Smith, 1580-1631

The main staple, from hence to be extracted from the present to produce the rest, is fish which however it may seem a mean and base commodity yet who will truly take the pains and consider the sequel I think will allow it well worth the labour. It is strange to see what great adventures the hopes of setting forth men of war to rob the industrious innocent would procure, or such massy promises in gross, though more are choked than well fed with such hasty hopes. But who doth not know that the poor Hollanders, chiefly by fishing, at a great charge and labour in all weathers in the open sea, are made a people so hardy and industrious? And by the venting this poor commodity to the Easterlings* for as mean, which is wood, flax, pitch, tar, rosin, cordage, and such like (which they exchange again to the French, Spanish, Portugales, and English, etc., for what they want) are made so mighty, strong, and rich as no state but Venice, of twice their magnitude, is so well furnished with so many fair cities, goodly towns, strong fortresses, and that abundance of shipping and all sorts of merchandise, as well as of gold, silver, pearls, diamonds,

* The Eastern Germans.

precious stones, silks, velvets, and cloth of gold: as fish, pitch, wood, or such gross commodities? What voyages and discoveries, east and west, north and south, yea about the world, make they? What an army by sea or land have they long maintained in despite of one of the greatest Princes of the world? And never could the Spaniard with all his mines of gold and silver pay his debts, his friends, and army half so truly as the Hollanders still have done by this contemptible trade of fish. Divers (I know) may allege many other assistances, but this is their mine, and the sea the source of those silvered streams of all their virtue: which hath made them now the very miracle of industry, the pattern of perfection for these affairs: and the benefit of fishing is that Primum Mobile that turns all their spheres to this height of plenty, strength, honour, and admiration.

—*The Description of New England*

II. TO THE QUEEN, COMMENDING THE PRINCESS POCOHONTAS

Captain John Smith, 1580-1631

MOST ADMIRED MADAM:

The love I bear my God, my King, and my Church, hath so often emboldened me in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honesty doth constrain me to presume thus far beyond myself, to present to your Majesty this short discourse. If ingratitude be a deadly poison to all honest virtues, I must be guilty of that crime if I should omit any means to be thankful. So it was, that about ten years ago, being in Virginia, and being taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, their chief king, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, —especially from his son, Nantiquaus, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage, and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim

attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those, my mortal foes, to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks' fattening among these savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about eight-and-thirty miserable, poor, and sick creatures to keep possession of all those large territories in Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor Commonwealth, as had not the savage fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief, most gracious Queen, was commonly brought us by the Lady Pocahontas.

Notwithstanding all those passages, when inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us; and by her our fears have been often appeased and our wants still supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our nation, I know not. But of this I am sure; when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and, with watered eyes, gave me intelligence with her best advice to escape his fury, which had he seen, he had surely slain her.

Jamestown, with her wild train, she as freely visited as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three years, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this Colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival till this day. Since then this business, having been turned and varied by many accidents from what I left it, is most certain; after a long and troublesome war, since my departure, betwixt her father and our Colony, all which time she was not heard of. About two years

after, she herself was taken prisoner, being so detained near two years longer; the Colony by that means was relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, she was married to an English gentleman, the first Virginian who ever spake English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman,—a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, well worthy a prince's information. Thus, most gracious lady, I have related to your Majesty what, at your best leisure, our approved histories will recount to you at large, as done in your Majesty's life. And, however this might be presented to you from a more worthy pen, it cannot be from a more honest heart.

As yet, I never begged any thing of the State; and it is my want of ability and her exceeding deserts, your birth, means, and authority, her birth, virtue, want, and simplicity, doth make me thus bold humbly to beseech your Majesty to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so unworthy to be the reporter as myself, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your Majesty. The most and least I can do is to tell you this, and the rather of her being of so great a spirit, however her stature. If she should not be well received, seeing this kingdom may rightly have a kingdom by her means, her present love to us and Christianity might turn to such scorn and fury as to divert all this good to the worst of evil; when, finding that so great a Queen should do her more honour than she imagines, for having been kind to her subjects and servants, would so ravish her with content as to endear her dearest blood to effect that your Majesty and all the King's most honest subjects most earnestly desire. And so I humbly kiss your gracious hands, etc.

JOHN SMITH.
—*Collected Works*

JAMESTOWN, THE FIRST JULY

Thomas Studley, d. 1607

... The next day all received the Communion: the day following, the savages voluntarily desired peace, and Captain Newport returned for England with news, leaving in Virginia 100. the 15 of June, 1607.

Being thus left to our fortunes, it fortuned that within ten days scarce ten of us could either go or well stand, such extreme sickness and weakness oppressed us. And thereat none need marvel, if they consider the cause and the reason which was this: whilst the ships stayed our allowance was somewhat bettered by a daily proportion of biscuit which the sailors would pilfer to sell, give, or exchange with us for money, sassafras, furs, or love. But when they departed, there remained neither ⁹tavern, beer-house, nor place of relief but the common kettle. ¹⁰Had we been as free from all sins as gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints. But our ¹¹president would never have been admitted, for engrossing to his ¹²private (use) oatmeal, sack, oil, aquavita, beef, eggs or what ¹³not but the kettle; that, indeed, he allowed equally to be distributed, and that was half a pint of wheat and as much barley, boiled with water, for a man a day, and this having fried ¹⁴some 26 weeks in the ship's hold contained as many worms as ¹⁵grains so that we might truly call it rather so much bran than ¹⁶corn. Our drink was water, our lodgings, castles in the air. ¹⁷With this lodging and diet, our extreme toil in bearing and planting palisadoes so strained and bruised us, and our ¹⁸continual labour in the extremity of the heat had so weakened ¹⁹us as were cause sufficient to have made us as miserable in our ²⁰native country or any other place in the world. From May to September, those that escaped lived upon sturgeon and sea crabs. Fifty in this time we buried. The rest seeing the presi-

dent's projects to escape those miseries in our pinnace by flight (who all this time had neither felt want nor sickness) so moved our dead spirits as we deposed him and established Ratcliffe in his place: Gosnold being dead, Kendall deposed, Smith newly recovered; Martin and Ratcliffe was, by his care, preserved and relieved. But now was all our provision spent, the sturgeon gone, all helps abandoned, each hour expecting the fury of the savages, when God, the patron of all good endeavours, in that desperate extremity, so changed the hearts of the savages that they brought such plenty of their fruits and provision that no man wanted.

And now where some affirmed it was ill done of the Council to send forth men so badly provided, this incontradictable reason will show them plainly they are too ill advised to nourish such ill conceits. First, the fault of our going was our own. What could be thought fitting or necessary we had, but what we should find, what we should want, where we should be we were all ignorant, and supposing to make our passage in two months, with victual to live and the advantage of the spring to work, we were at sea five months, where we both spent our victual and lost the opportunity of the time and season to plant.

Such actions have ever since the world's beginning been subject to such accidents, and everything of worth is found full of difficulties, but nothing so difficult as to establish a commonwealth so far remote from men and means . . .

—*The Proceedings of the English Colony*

I. ON REMOVING FROM LEYDEN TO THE NEW WORLD

William Bradford, 1590-1657

The place they had thought on was some of those vast and unpeopled countries of America, which are fruitful and fit for habitation, being devoid of all civil inhabitants; where there

are only savage and brutish men which range up and down, little otherwise than the wild beasts of the same. This proposition being made public, and coming to the scanning of all, it raised many variable opinions amongst men, and caused many fears and doubts amongst themselves. Some from their reasons and hopes conceived, laboured to stir up and encourage the rest to undertake and prosecute the same; others again out of their fears, objected against it, and sought to divert from it, alleging many things and these neither unreasonable nor improbable. As that it was a great design and subject to many inconceivable perils, and dangers; as, besides the casualties of the seas (which none can be freed from) the length of the voyage was such as the weak bodies of women, and other persons worn out with age and travail (as many of them were) could never be able to endure. And yet if they should, the miseries of the land, which they should be exposed unto, would be too hard to be borne, and likely, some, or all of them together, to consume and utterly to ruinate them. For there they should be liable to famine, and nakedness, and the want in a manner of all things. The change of air, diet, and drinking water, would infect their bodies with sore sicknesses and grievous diseases. And also those which should escape or overcome these difficulties, should yet be in continual danger of the savage people who are cruel, barbarous, and most treacherous, being most furious in their rage, and merciless where they overcome, not being content only to kill, and take away life, but delight to torment men in the most bloody manner that may be, flaying some alive with the shells of fishes, cutting off the members and joints of others by piecemeal; and broiling on the coals, eat the colllops of their flesh in their sight whilst they live, with other cruelties horrible to be related. And surely it could not be thought but the very hearing of these things, could not but move the very bowels of men to grate within them, and make the weak to quake and tremble. It was further objected, that it would require greater sums of money to furnish such a voyage (and to fit them with

necessaries) than their consumed estates would amount to, and yet they must as well look to be seconded with supplies, as presently to be transported. Also many precedents of ill success, and lamentable miseries befallen others, in the like designs, were easy to be found, and not forgotten to be alleged. Besides their own experience, in their former troubles and hardships, in their removal into Holland; and how hard a thing it was for them to live in that strange place, though it was a neighbour country, and a civil and rich commonwealth.

It was answered that all great, and honourable actions, are accompanied with great difficulties; and must be both enterprised, and overcome with answerable courages. It was granted the dangers were great, but not desperate; the difficulties were many, but not invincible. For though they were many of them likely, yet they were not certain; it might be sundry of the things feared might never befall; others by provident care and the use of good means, might in a great measure be prevented; and all of them (through the help of God) by fortitude, and patience, might either be borne or overcome. True it was, that such attempts were not to be made and undertaken without good ground, and reason; not rashly, or lightly as many have done for curiosity or hope of gain, etc. But their condition was not ordinary, their ends were good and honourable, their calling lawful and urgent; and therefore they might expect the blessing of God in their proceeding. Yea though they should lose their lives in this action, yet might they have comfort in the same, and their endeavours would be honourable. They lived here but as men in exile, and in a poor condition; and as great miseries might possibly befall them in this place; for the twelve years of truce were now out, and there was nothing but beating of drums, and preparing for war, the events whereof are always uncertain. The Spaniard might prove as cruel as the savages of America; and the famine and the pestilence as sore here as there, and their liberty loss to look out for remedy. After many other particular things answered, and alleged on both sides, it was fully concluded by

the major part to put this design in execution, and to prosecute it by the best means they could.

II. THE ARRIVAL IN NEW ENGLAND

William Bradford, 1590-1657

Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element. And no marvel if they were, seeing wise Seneca was so affected with sailing a few miles on the coast of his own Italy, as he affirmed, that he had rather remain twenty years on his way by land, then pass by sea to any place in a short time, so tedious and dreadful was the same unto him.

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader too, when he well considers the same. Being thus past the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies, no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. It is recorded in scripture as a mercy to the apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they met with them (as after will appear) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows then otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah,

to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes, for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage view. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master and his company? but that with speed they should look out a place with their shallop, where they would be at some near distance, for the season was such as he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them where they would be, and he might go without danger; and that victuals consumed apace, but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves and their return. Yea, it was muttered by some, that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. Let it also be considered what weak hopes of supply and succor they left behind them, that might bear up their minds in this sad condition and trials they were under; and they could not but be very small. It is true, indeed, the affections and love of their brethren at Leyden was cordial and entire towards them, but they had little power to help them, or themselves; and how the case stood between them and the merchants at their coming away, hath already been declared. What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and his grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: *Our fathers were English men which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness, but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voice, and looked on their adversity, etc. Let them therefore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure forever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, show how he hath delivered them from the hand of the*

oppressor. When they wandered in the desert and wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindness, and his wonderful works before the sons of men.

—*History of Plymouth Plantation*

5

I. INDIAN HOUSEKEEPING ON CAPE COD

George Morton, 1585-1624

Whilst we were thus ranging and searching, two of the sailors, which were newly come on the shore, by chance espied two houses, which had been lately dwelt in, but the people were gone. They having their pieces, and hearing nobody, entered the houses, and took out some things, and durst not stay but came again and told us; so some seven or eight of us went with them, and found how we had gone within a flight of shot of them before. The houses were made with long young sapling trees, bended and both ends stuck into the ground; they were made round, like unto an arbor, and covered down to the ground with thick and well wrought mats, and the door was not over a yard high, made of a mat to open; the chimney was a wide open hole in the top, for which they had a mat to cover it close when they pleased; one might stand and go upright in them; in the midst of them were four little trunches knocked into the ground, and small sticks laid over, on which they hung their pots, and what they had to seethe; round about the fire they lay on mats, which are their beds. The houses were double matted, for as they were matted without, so were they within, with newer and fairer mats. In the houses we found wooden bowls, trays and dishes, earthen pots, hand baskets made of crab shells, wrought together; also an English pail or bucket, it wanted a bail, but it had two iron ears: there was also baskets of sundry

sorts, bigger and some lesser, finer and some coarser: some were curiously wrought with black and white in pretty works, and sundry other of their household stuff: we found also two or three deers' heads, one whereof had been newly killed, for it was still fresh; there was also a company of thirteen deers' feet, stuck up in the houses, harts' horns, and eagles' claws, and sundry such like things there was: also two or three baskets full of parched acorns, pieces of fish, and a piece of broiled herring. We found also a little silk grass, and a little tobacco seed, with some other seeds which we knew not; without was sundry bundles of flags, and sedge, bullrushes, and other stuff to make mats; there was thrust into an hollow tree, two or three pieces of venison, but we thought it fitter for the dogs than for us: some of the best things we took away with us, and left the houses standing still as they were; so it growing towards night, and the tide almost spent, we hastened with our things down to the shallop, and got aboard that night, intending to have brought some beads, and other things to have left in the houses, in sign of peace, and that we meant to truck with them, but it was not done, by means of our hasty coming away from Cape Cod, but so soon as we can meet conveniently with them, we will give them full satisfaction.

II. VISITORS FROM THE FOREST

George Morton, 1585-1624

Saturday, in the morning, we dismissed the savage, and gave him a knife, a bracelet and a ring. He promised within a night or two to come again, and to bring with him some of the Massasoits, our neighbours, with such beavers' skins as they had to truck with us.

Saturday and Sunday, reasonable fair days. On this day came again the savage, and brought with him five other tall, proper men. They had every man a deer's skin on him; and the principal of them had a wild cat's skin, or such like, on the one arm. They had most of them long hosen up to their

groins, close made; and above their loins, to their waist, another leather: they were altogether like the Irish trousers. They are of complexion like our English gypsies; no hair, or very little on their faces; on their heads long hair to their shoulders, only cut before; some trussed up before with a feather, broadwise, like a fan; another a fox tail, hanging out. These left, according to our charge given him before, their bows and arrows a quarter of a mile from our town. We gave them entertainment, as we thought was fitting them. They did eat liberally of our English victuals, and made semblance unto us of friendship and amity.

—*Mourt's (Morton's) Relation*

6

TO HIS WIFE, FROM SHIPBOARD

John Winthrop, 1588-1649

MY FAITHFUL AND DEAR WIFE:

It pleaseth God that thou shouldst once again hear from me before our departure, and I hope this shall come safe to thine hands. I know it will be a great refreshing to thee: and blessed be his mercy, that I can write thee so good news, that we are all in very good health, and having tried our ship's entertainment now more than a week, we find it agree very well with us, our boys are well and cheerful, and have no mind of home, they lie both with me, and sleep as soundly in a rug (for we use no sheets here) as ever they did at Groton, and so I do myself (I praise God). The wind has been against us this week and more, but this day it is come fair to the North, so we are preparing (by God's assistance) to set sail in the morning: we have only four ships ready, and some two or three hollands go along with us: the rest of our fleet (being seven ships) will not be ready this senight.* We have spent now two sabbaths on ship board, very comfortably (God

* Week.

be praised) and are daily more and more encouraged to look for the Lord's presence to go along with us: Hen. Kingesbury hath a child or two in the Talbot sick of the measles, but like to do well: one of my men had them at Hampton but he was soon well again. We are in all our eleven ships about seven hundred persons passengers, and two hundred and forty cows, and about sixty horses. The ship which went from Plymouth carried about a hundred and forty persons, and the ship which goes from Bristow carrieth about eighty persons. And now (my sweet soul) I must once again take my last farewell of thee in old England, it goeth very near to my heart to leave thee, but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle, who can and (if it be for his glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living, that lovely countenance, that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. I have hitherto been so taken up with business, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness, but now when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee nor the grief for thy absence, thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be of some ease to us both; Mondays and Fridays at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured that we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition, let that stay and comfort thy heart, neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God. Farewell, farewell, I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus; I salute my daughter Winth.,

Matt, Nan, and the rest, and all my good neighbours and friends, pray all for us. Farewell.

Commend my blessing to my son John. I cannot now write to him, but tell him I have committed thee and thine to him, labour to draw him yet nearer to God, and he will be the surer staff of comfort to thee. I cannot name the rest of my good friends, but thou canst supply it. I wrote a week since to thee and Mr. Leigh and divers others.

Thine wheresoever,

JOHN WINTHROP.

From aboard the *Arbella* riding at Cowes. March 28, 1630.

I would have written to my brother and sister Gostling, but it is near midnight, let this excuse, and commend my love to them and all theirs.

—*The Winthrop Papers*

7

A WESTWARD PASSAGE, 1635

Richard Mather, 1596-1669

July 26. The fifth Sabbath from Milford haven and the tenth on ship-board; a fair sunshine summer day, and would have been very hot, had not God allayed the heat with a good gale of southerly wind, by which also we were carried on in our journey after seven leagues a watch. I was exercised* in the forenoon and Mr. Maude in the afternoon. In the afternoon the wind grew stronger; and it was a rough night for wind and rain, and some had our beds that night ill wet with rain leaking in through the sides of the ship.

July 27. Monday, wind still strong at south. This day we spent much time in filling divers tuns of emptied cask with salt water: which was needful, because much beer, fresh water, beef, and other provisions being spent, the ship went not so

* Preached.

well, being too light for want of ballast. When this work was done we set forth more sail, and went that evening and all the night following with good speed in our journey.

July 28. Tuesday morning, a great calm, and very hot all that forenoon; our people and cattle being much afflicted with faintness, sweating and heat: but (to the goodness of our God) about noon the wind blew at north and by east, which called us from our heat and helped us forward in our way. This afternoon there came and lit upon our ship a little land-bird with blue colored feathers, about the bigness of a sparrow, by which some conceived we were not far from land.

July 29. Wednesday, not extremely hot, but a good gale of cooling wind; but yet being at the west and by north it was against us in our way; so that we were forced to tack northward and southward and gained little.

July 30. Thursday, wind still westerly against us all the forenoon, but about one of the clock the Lord remembered us in mercy, and sent us a fresh gale at south; which though weak and soft, yet did not only much mitigate the heat, but also helped us something forward in our way. In the evening about sun-setting, we saw with admiration and delight innumerable multitudes of huge grampuses rolling and tumbling about the sides of the ship, spewing and puffing up water as they went, and pursuing great numbers of bonitoes and lesser fishes: so marvellous to behold are the works and wonders of the Almighty in the deep.

July 31. Friday, a great foggy mist all the forenoon, and the wind went northwest, which was against us. In the afternoon the mist vanished and the day cleared up, but the wind still against us, so that we gained little, being forced to run a by-course, viz. north by east, and at night to run southward.

August 1. Saturday morning, a cool wind at north, whereby we went on in our course an hour or two, though very slowly

because of the weakness of the wind. Afterwards it became a great calm; and our seamen sounded about one of the clock and found ground at 60 fathom. Presently after, another little land-bird came and lit upon the sails of the ship. In the cool of the evening (the calm still continuing) our seamen fished with hook and line and took cod, as fast as they could haul them up into the ship.

August 2. The sixth Sabbath from Milford and the eleventh on shipboard. This day was a day of refreshing to us; not only because of preaching and prayers, which we enjoyed for the good of our souls; but also by reason of abundance of fowl which we saw swimming in the sea, as a token of nearness of land; besides our bodies fed sweetly on the fresh cod taken the day before, of which our master sent Mr. Maude and me good store. And the wind blew with a cool and comfortable gale at south all day, which carried us away with great speed towards our journeys end. So good was our loving God unto us as always, so also this day. Mr. Maude was exercised in the forenoon and I in the afternoon.

August 3. But lest we should grow secure, and neglect the Lord through abundance of prosperity, our wise and loving God was pleased on Monday morning about three of the clock, when we were upon the coast of land, to exercise us with a sore storm and tempest of wind and rain: so that many of us passengers with wind and rain were raised out of our beds, and our seamen were forced to let down all the sails: and the ship was so tossed with fearful mountains and valleys of water, as if we should have been overwhelmed and swallowed up. But this lasted not long: for at our poor prayers the Lord was pleased to magnify his mercy in assuaging the winds and seas again about sun-rising. But the wind was become west against us, so that we floated upon the coast, making no dispatch of way all that day and the night following; and besides there was a great fog and mist all that day, so that we could not see to make land, but kept in all sail, and lay

still, rather losing than gaining, but taking abundance of cod and halibut, wherewith our bodies were abundantly refreshed after they had been tossed with the storm.

August 4. Tuesday: the fog still continued all forenoon: about noon the day cleared up, and the wind blew with a soft gale at south, and we set sail again, going on in our course, though very slowly because of the smallness of the wind. At night it was a calm and abundance of rain.

August 5. Wednesday morning we had a little wind at north, but a foggy forenoon. In the afternoon the day somewhat cleared, but it became a calm again. Thus the Lord was pleased with foggy mists and want of winds to exercise our patience and waiting upon his good leisure; still keeping us from sight of land, when our seamen conceived us to be upon the coast. This day in the afternoon we saw multitudes of great whales, which now was grown ordinary and usual to behold.

August 6. Thursday, a foggy morning, afterward a very hot day and great calm; so that we could make no way, but lay still floating upon the coast, and could not come to any sight of land.

August 7. Friday morning, a great fog still; and a slender soft wind at west south-west. In the afternoon the wind wakened, and we went forward with good speed, though too far northward, because the wind was so much on the west.

August 8. Saturday morning we had a good gale of wind at west south-west; and this morning our seamen took abundance of mackerel, and about eight of the clock we all had a clear and comfortable sight of America and made land again at an island called Menhiggin, an island without inhabitants about 39 leagues northward and north-east short of Cape Anne.

—*Diary*

A SERMON IN A WIGWAM

John Eliot, 1604-1690

Upon October 28, 1646, four of us (having sought God) went unto the Indians inhabiting within our bounds, with desire to make known the things of their peace to them. A little before we came to their wigwams, five or six of the chief of them met us with English salutations, bidding us much welcome; who leading us into the principal wigwam of Waubon, we found many more Indians, men, women, children, gathered together from all quarters round about, according to appointment to meet with us, and learn of us. Waubon the chief minister of justice among them exhorting and inviting them before thereunto, being one who gives more grounded hopes of serious respect to the things of God than any that as yet I have known of that forlorn generation; and therefore since we first began to deal seriously with him, hath voluntarily offered his eldest son to be educated and trained up in the knowledge of God, hoping, as he told us, that he might come to know him, although he despaired much concerning himself; and accordingly his son was accepted, and is now at school in Dedham, whom we found at this time standing by his father among the rest of his Indian brethren in English clothes.

They being all there assembled, we began with prayer, which now was in English, being not so far acquainted with the Indian language as to express our hearts herein before God or them, but we hope it will be done ere long, the Indians desiring it that they also might know how to pray; but thus we began in an unknown tongue to them, partly to let them know that this duty in hand was serious and sacred, (for so much some of them understand by what is undertaken at prayer) partly also in regard of ourselves, that we might agree together in the same request and heart sorrows for them even

in that place where God was never wont to be called upon.

When prayer was ended it was a glorious affecting spectacle to see a company of perishing, forlorn outcasts, diligently attending to the blessed word of salvation then delivered; professing they understood all that which was then taught them in their own tongue; it much affected us that they should smell some things of the Alabaster box broken up in that dark and gloomy habitation of filthiness and unclean spirits. For about an hour and a quarter the sermon continued, wherein one of our company ran through all the principal matter of religion, beginning first with a repetition of the ten Commandments, and a brief explication of them, then showing the curse and dreadful wrath of God against all those who break them, or any one of them, or the least title of them, and so applied it unto the condition of the Indians present, with much sweet affection; and then preached Jesus Christ to them the only means of recovery from sin and wrath and eternal death, and what Christ was, and whither he was now gone, and how he will one day come again to judge the world in flaming fire; and of the blessed estate of those that by faith believe in Christ, and know him feelingly: he spake to them also (observing his own method as he saw most fit to edify them) about the creation and fall of man, about the greatness and infinite being of God, the maker of all things, about the joys of heaven, and the terrors and horrors of wicked men in hell, persuading them to repentance for several sins which they live in, and many things of the like nature; not meddling with any matters more difficult, and which to such weak ones might at first seem ridiculous, until they had tasted and believed more plain and familiar truths.

Having thus in a set speech familiarly opened the principal matters of salvation to them, the next thing we intended was discourse with them by propounding certain questions to see what they would say to them, so that we might screw by variety of means something or other of God into them; but before we did this we asked them if they understood all that

which was already spoken, and whether all of them in the wigwam did understand or only some few? and they answered to this question with multitude of voices, that they all of them did understand all that which was then spoken to them. We then desired to know of them, if they would propound any question to us for more clear understanding of what was delivered; whereupon several of them propounded presently several questions, (far different from what some other Indians under Kitshomakin in the like meeting about six weeks before had done, viz. 1. What was the cause of thunder. 2. Of the ebbing and flowing of the sea. 3. Of the wind.)

—*Collections of The Massachusetts Historical Society*

9

I. THE NEW COUNTRY: MARYLAND

Father Andrew White, 1579-1656

The clime of this country is confessed the very best, lying betwixt 38 and 40 degrees northerly latitude, about that of Seville, Sicilia, Jerusalem, and the best parts of Arabia Felix, China, etc. The air, serene and gentle, not so hot as Florida, and Old Virginia, nor so cold as New England, but between them both, having the good of each, and the ill of neither. On the east side, it hath the great ocean, on the west an infinite continent, reaching to the China Sea. It hath two goodly bays, both rich bosoms of fish. The one called, Chesa-Peack, twelve miles over, between two lands, running from south to north for one hundred and threescore miles, harbourable for ships of great burden, full of sundry large islands good for hay and pasture, where is a rich fishing of bass. The other called Delaware, where is a fishing of cod all the year long, though it can be made only in the colder months; for in the hotter it cannot take salt. The reason of this great fishing is, for that the northeast wind blowing ever constant from the Canary Isles, rolls the ocean and the fish with it into Mexico Bay,

where finding no passage south or west, is forced up north with a strong current, and sweepeth along with it great shoals of fish, by the coast of Florida, Virginia, Maryland, New England, and New-found-land, which fleeing the whales, who feed upon them, make to the land and take the protection of shallower waters, and inlets thereof, where they are easily taken.

—A Brief Relation

II. THE NEW COUNTRY: NEW ENGLAND'S WEATHER

Roger Williams, 1604-1683

It may be wondered why since New England is about twelve degrees nearer the sun, yet some part of winter it is there ordinarily more cold than here in England. The reason is plain. All islands are warmer than main lands and continents. England being an island, England's winds are sea winds, which are commonly more thick and vapoury, and warmer winds. The northwest wind, which occasioneth New England cold, comes over the cold frozen land, and over many millions of loads of snow. And yet the pure wholesomeness of the air is wonderful; and the warmth of the sun such in the sharpest weather, that I have often seen the natives' children run about stark naked in the coldest days, and the Indian men and women lie by a fire in the woods in the coldest nights; and I have been often out myself such nights, without fire, mercifully and wonderfully preserved.

—Letters and Papers

III. THE NEW COUNTRY: LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK, 1670

Daniel Denton, d. 1686

Long-Island, the west end of which lies southward of New York, runs eastward above one hundred miles, and is in some places eight, in some twelve, in some fourteen miles broad: it is inhabited from one end to the other. On the west

end is four or five Dutch towns, the rest being all English to the number of twelve, besides villages and farmhouses. The island is most of it of a very good soil, and very natural for all sorts of English grain; which they sow and have very good increase of, besides all other fruits and herbs common in England, as also tobacco, hemp, flax, pumpkins, melons, etc.

The fruits natural to the island are mulberries, persimmons, grapes great and small, huckleberries, cranberries, plums of several sorts, raspberries and strawberries, of which last is such abundance in June, that the fields and woods are dyed red: which the country people perceiving, instantly arm themselves with bottles of wine, cream, and sugar and instead of a coat of mail, every one takes a female upon his horse behind him, and so rushing violently into the fields, never leave till they have disrobed them of their red colours, and turned them into the old habit.

The greatest part of the island is very full of timber, as oaks white and red, walnut-trees, chestnut-trees, which yield store of mast for swine, and are often therewith sufficiently fatted with achorns, as also maples, cedars, saxifrage, beach, birch, holly, hazel, with many sorts more.

The herbs which the country naturally affords, are purslain, white orache, agrimony, violets, pennyroyal, alicampane, besides sarsaparilla very common, with many more. Yea, in May you shall see the woods and fields so curiously bedecked with roses, and an innumerable multitude of delightful flowers not only pleasing the eye, but smell, that you may behold nature contending with art, and striving to equal if not excel many gardens in England: nay, did we know the virtue of all these plants and herbs growing there (which time may more discover) many are of opinion, and the natives do affirm, that there is no disease common to the country, but may be cured without materials from other nations.

—A Brief Description

IV. THE NEW COUNTRY: NATURE IN THE CAROLINAS, 1682

Thomas Ashe

Birds for food and pleasure of game are the swan, goose, duck, mallard, widgeon, teal, curlew, plover, partridge, the flesh of which is equally as good though smaller than ours in England. Pigeons and parakeetoes. In winter, huge flights of wild turkeys, oftentimes weighing from twenty-thirty, to forty pound. There are also great stocks of tame fowl, viz. geese, ducks, cocks, hens, pigeons and turkeys. They have a bird I believe the least in the whole creation, named the humming bird; in bigness the wren being much superior, in magnitude not exceeding the bumble bee, whose body in flying much resembles it, did not their long bills, between two and three inches, and no bigger than needles, make the difference. They are of a deep green, shadowed with a murry, not much unlike the colour of some doves necks; they take their food humming or flying, feeding on the exuberant moistures of sweet odiferous leaves and flowers. I have frequently seen them in many parts of the West Indies, but never observed them to have used any musical air, but a loud note to admiration, crying *Chur, Chur, Chur*, etc., which at the distance of half a mile is plainly heard; their eggs, of which they produce three or four young at a time, not unlike small white peas: they continue between the tropics the whole year round, as I have observed at Barbadoes and Jamaica; but I am informed that in the more northern parts of America they sleep the whole winter; at Barbadoes the Jews curiously skin these little birds, filling them with fine sand, and perfuming their feathers, they are sent into Europe as pretty delicacies for ladies, who hang them at their breasts and girdles.

There are in Carolina great numbers of fireflies, who carry their lanterns in their tails in dark nights, flying through the air, shining like sparks of fire, enlightening it with their golden spangles.

There is in the mouth of their rivers, or in lakes near the sea, a creature well known in the West Indies, called the alligator or crocodile, whose scaly back is impenetrable, refusing a musket bullet to pierce it, but under the belly that or an arrow finds an easy passage to destroy it: it lives both on land and water, being a voracious, greedy creature, devouring whatever it seizes on. Man only excepted, which on the land it has not the courage to attack except when asleep or by surprise. In the water it is more dangerous; it sometimes grows to great length, from say ten to twenty foot, having a long mouth beset with sharp, keen teeth; the body when full grown as large as a horse, declining toward the tail; it is slow in motion, and having no joint in the vertebrae or backbone, but with its whole length is unable to turn, which renders it the less mischievous; yet Nature by instinct has given most timely caution to avoid them by their strong, musky smell which at a considerable distance is perceptible, which the poor cattle for their own preservation make good use of: their flesh cuts very white, the young ones are eatable.

—*Carolina or A Description*

10

MR. CAREW ARRIVES IN MARYLAND

Bamfylde Moore Carew, 1693-1770

The first place they touched at was Hampton, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, where the captain went ashore and got a pilot; and after about two days stay here, the pilot brought the vessel down Miles's river, and cast anchor in Talbot county; when the captain ordered a gun to be fired as a signal for the planters to come down and then went ashore; he soon after sent on board a hogshead of rum, and ordered all the men prisoners to be close shaved against the next morning, and the women to have their best head dresses put on, which occasioned no little hurry on board; for between the trimming

of beards, and putting on of caps, all hands were fully employed. In the morning the captain ordered public notice to be given of a day of sale, and the prisoners, who were pretty near a hundred, were all ordered upon deck, where a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters flocked on board; their first enquiry was for letters and news from old England, what passage he had, how their friends did, and the like. The captain informed them of war being declared against Spain, and that it was expected it would soon be declared against France; that he had been eleven weeks and four days in his passage. Their next inquiry was, if the captain had brought them good store of joiners, carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers and tailors; upon which the captain called out one Griffy, a tailor, who had lived at Chumleigh, in the county of Devon, and was obliged to take a voyage to Maryland, for making too free with his neighbor's sheep; two planters who were Parson Nichols and Mr. Rolles, asked him, if he was sound wind and limb and told him it would be worse for him if he told them an untruth, and at last purchased him of the captain.

The poor tailor cried and bellowed like a bellwether, cursing his wife who had betrayed him: Mr. Carew like a brave man, to whom every soil is his native country, ashamed of his cowardice, gave the tailor to the devil; and as he knew he could not do without them sent his shears, pressing-iron, thimble and needle, to bear him company: wherefore all these wailings, says our hero, have we not a fine glorious country before us? pointing to the shore; and indeed in this he was very right, for Maryland not only affords everything which preserves and confirms health, but also all things that are charming. The beauty of the prospect, the fragrancy of the fields and gardens, the brightness of the sky, and serenity of the air, affects the ravished senses; the country being a large plain, and the hills in it so easy of ascent, and of such moderate height, that they seem rather an artificial ornament to it, than

of the accidents of nature. The abundance of rivers and
ks is no little help to the fertility of the soil.

But to return: when all the best tradesmen were bought up, a planter came to Mr. Carew, and asked him what trade he was off: Mr. Carew, to satisfy him of his usefulness, told him he was a rat catcher, a mendicant, and a dog merchant, what the devil trades are those? replied the planter in astonishment, for I have never before heard of them. Upon which the Captain, thinking he should lose the sale of him, takes the planter a little aside, and tells him, he did but just, being a man of humour, for that he was a great scholar, and was only sent over on account of having disobliged some gentlemen; that he had no indenture with him, but he should have him for seven years, and that he would make an excellent schoolmaster: however, no purchase was made of him. The next day the Captain asked him to go on shore with him to see the country, but indeed with a view of getting a purchase for him among the planters. As they were walking, several people came up to Mr. Carew and asked him what country man he was, etc. At length they went to a tavern, where one Mr. David Huyter, who was formerly of Lyme in Dorset, and Mr. Hambleton, a Scotchman, seemed to have an inclination to buy him between; soon after came in one Mr. Ashcraft who put in for him too, and then the bowl of punch went round merrily. In the midst of their mirth, Mr. Carew, who had given no consent to the bargain they were making for him, thought it no breach of honor or good manners to take an opportunity of slipping away, without taking any leave of them; and taking with him about a pint of brandy, and some biscuit cakes, which, by good luck, he chances to lay his hands on, he immediately betook himself to the woods as the only place of security for him.

-An Apology for the Life

TOBACCO

George Alsop, b. 1638

The three main commodities this country affords for traffic, are Tobacco, furs, and flesh. Furs and skins, as beavers, otters, muskrats, raccoons, wild cats, and elk or buffalo, with divers others, which were first made vendible by the Indians of the country, and sold to the inhabitant, and by them to the merchant, and so transported into England and other places where it becomes most commodious.

Tobacco is the old solid staple commodity of this province: the use of it was first found out by the Indians many ages ago, and was transferred into Christendom by that great discoverer of America, Columbus. It's generally made by all the inhabitants of this province, and between the months of March and April they sow the seed (which is much smaller than mustard-seed) in small beds and patches digged up and made so by art, and about May the plants commonly appear green in those beds: in June they are transplanted from their beds, and set in little hillocks in distant rows, dug up for the same purpose; some twice or thrice they are weeded, and succored from their illegitimate leaves that would be peeping out from the body of the stalk. They top the several plants as they find occasion in their predominating rankness: about the middle of September they cut the tobacco down, and carry it into houses, (made for that purpose) to bring it to its purity: and after it has attained, by a convenient attendance upon time, to its perfection, it is then tied up in bundles, and packed into hogsheads, and then laid by for the trade.

Between November and January there arrives in this province shipping to the number of twenty sail and upwards, all merchant-men laden with commodities to traffic and dispose of, trucking with the planter for silks, hollands, serges, and broadcloths, with other necessary goods, prized at such and

such rates as shall be judged on is fair and legal, for tobacco at so much the pound, and advantage on both sides considered; the planter for his work, and the merchant for adventuring himself and his commodity into so far a country: thus is the trade on both sides drove on with a fair and honest deco-
rum.

—*A Character of the Province of Maryland*

12

I. THE INDIAN CORN

John Winthrop, Jr., 1605-1676

The natives call it weachin, and in some southern parts of America 'tis known by the name of maiis, or maize. The ear is a span long, composed of eight rows of grain, or more, according to the goodness of the ground, about thirty grains in a row; 'tis of various colours, as red, white, yellow, blue, olive, greenish, black, speckled, striped, etc., sometimes in the same field, and in the same ear, but the white and yellow are the most common. The ear is defended from the cold and storms by strong, thick husks; the stalk grows six or eight foot high; that of New England is not quite so tall as that of Vir-
ginia, and at Canada 'tis shorter than at New England; 'tis jointed like a cane, is full of sweet juice like the sugar-cane, and a syrup as sweet as sugar may be made out of it, as has been often tried: at every joint there are long leaves or flags, and at the top a branch of flowers like rye-blossom. "Tis gen-
erally planted from the middle of April to the middle of May.

In the northern parts the Mohawk-corn is not planted till June, and yet is ripe in season; the stalks of this sort are short, the ears near the bottom, and are of several colours. The manner of planting maize is in rows at equal distances every way of about five or six feet; the earth is opened with a hoe four inches deep, and four or five grains are thrown into

it, at a little distance from one another in the breadth of a hoe; then they are covered with earth: if two grow the crop will answer. The corn is weeded at a hand's length, and the earth is loosened about it with a hoe; this labour must be repeated as the weeds come up; when the stalk begins to grow high, a little earth should be drawn about it, and on putting forth the ear so much as to make a little hill like a hop-hill. 'Tis ripe about the middle of September; it must be stripped as soon as gathered, unless 'tis laid thin to prevent its growing mouldy, or sprouting; the common way is to weave, or braid the ear together in long traces, by some part of the husk left thereon, which is called tracing: these traces are hung upon bearers within doors, and will keep so all winter good and sweet; the Indians thresh it as they gather it, dry it well on mats in the sun, and bury it in holes in the ground lined with moss or mats which are their barns. The English, of late, plant it with the help of the plough; they turn up single furrows six foot distance, then plough across at the same distance, throw in the corn where these meet, and cover it with a hoe, or run another furrow over it with the plough.

The Indians boil it till it becomes tender, and eat it with fish, or venison, instead of bread; sometimes they bruise it in mortars, and so boil it. The most usual way is to parch it in ashes, stirring it so artificially as to be very tender without burning; this they sift and beat in mortars into fine meal, which they eat dry, or mixed with water, and call nocake. The English mix it into a very soft paste, and make a bread of it, which they bake all night, or all day. The best sort of food that is made of it is called samp; to make it, the corn is watered half an hour, beat in a mortar to the bigness of rice, sifted, boiled, and then eat with milk, or butter and sugar, which is a very pleasant, wholesome diet; this was the most usual diet of the first planters, and is still in use among them, as well in fevers as in health.

—Communications to the Royal Society

II. THE PRODIGIES OF A GREAT STORM

John Winthrop, Jr., 1605-1676

Being from home the last post day, when your letter arrived here, I am now to thank you for it, and to make answer to what you demand of me. The observations I made of the prodigious storms of snow, in the doleful winter past, are many. But I shall mention but two at this time, and they are these. That the snow spangles which fell on the earth appeared in large sexangular forms. The other is, that, among the small flock of sheep that I daily fold in this distant part of the wilderness (for I am a poor shepherd) to secure them from the wild rapacious quadrupeds of the forest; after the unusual and unheard of snows, the aforesaid animals from the upland parts of the country were in great numbers forced down to the sea side among us, for subsistence, where they nested, kennelled and burroughed in the thick swamps of these ample pastures, nightly visiting the pens and yards for their necessity, etc. And the ewes big with young, being often terrified and surprised, more especially with the foxes, during the deep snows; it had such impression on them, that the biggest part of the lambs they brought forth in the spring, are of Monsieur Reynard's complexion and colour, when their dams were all either white or black. The storm continued so long and severe that multitudes of all sorts of creatures perished in the snow drifts. We lost at the island and farms above eleven hundred sheep, besides some cattle and horses, interred in the snow. And it was very strange that twenty-eight days after the storm, the tenants at Fisher's Island, pulling out the ruins of one hundred sheep out of one snow bank in a valley, (where the snow had drifted over them sixteen feet) found two of them alive in a drift, which had lain on them all that time, and kept themselves alive by eating the wool off the others that lay dead by them: as soon as they were taken out of the drift they shed their own fleeces and are now alive and fat; and I

saw them at the island the last week, and they are at your service.

The storm had its effect also on the ocean: the sea was in a mighty ferment, and after it was over, vast heaps of the enclosed shells came ashore, in places where there never had been any of the sort before. Neptune with his trident, also, drove in great schools of porpoises, so that the harbour and river seemed to be full of them; but none of these came on shore, but kept a play day among the disturbed waves.

—A Letter from New London, Sept. 12th, 1717

II

The Indian Reconsiders

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To an Indian, the holding of land was a tribal affair, and no Indian was ever quite certain what he was doing when selling it, but the colonist was entirely certain as to what he expected to receive. Confused by English law and punished by it with seventeenth century rigor, bullied and dispossessed, weakened by new plagues, and his game driven off, the Indian had but two choices if he were not to starve—either to fight or retreat. Further and further back from the sea, increasing along the rivers and Indian paths broken into roads, the cleared land advanced into the forest. Houses arose in lonely places, Indian corn and English wheat grew side by side, and the first stowaway weeds and wild flowers of Europe took their own possession of the land.

I. KING PHILIP'S WAR: CAPTAIN CHURCH AND THE SQUAW
SACHEM

Captain Benjamin Church, 1639-1718

Accordingly George * came and fetched Mr. Church ashore, while the other canoe played off to see the event, and to carry tidings if the Indians should prove false.

Mr. Church asked George whether Awashonks and the other Indians he appointed to meet him were there? He answered they were. He then asked him, if there were no more than they whom he appointed to be there? To which he would give him no direct answer. However he went ashore, where he was no sooner landed, but Awashonks and the rest that he had appointed to meet him there, rose up and came down to meet him; and each of them successively gave him their hands, and expressed themselves glad to see him, and gave him thanks for exposing himself to visit them. They walked together about a gun-shot from the water to a convenient place to sit down. Where at once arose up a great body of Indians, who had lain hid in the grass, (that was as high as a man's waist) and gathered round them, till they had closed them in; being all armed with guns, spears, hatchets, etc., with their hair trimmed and faces painted, in their warlike appearance. It was doubtless somewhat surprising to our gentleman at first, but without any visible discovery of it, after a small silent pause on each side, he spoke to Awashonks, and told her, that George had informed him that she had a desire to see him, and discourse about making peace with the English. She answered, Yes. Then said Mr. Church, It is customary when people meet to treat of peace to lay aside their arms,

* An Indian acting as interpreter.

and not to appear in such hostile form as your people do: desired of her that if they might talk about peace, which he desired they might, her men might lay aside their arms, and appear more treatable. Upon which there began a considerable noise and murmur among them in their own language. Till Awashonks asked him, what arms they should lay down, and where? He (perceiving the Indians looked very surly, and much displeased) replied, only their guns at some small distance, for formality sake. Upon which with one consent they laid aside their guns and came and sat down.

II. A SIGHT OF AWASHONK'S PEOPLE BY BUZZARDS BAY

Captain Benjamin Church, 1639-1718

Proceeding in their march, they crossed another river, and opened a great bay, where they might see many miles along-shore, where were sands and flats; and hearing a great noise below them towards the sea. They dismounted their horses, left them and crept among the bushes, until they came near the bank, and saw a vast company of Indians, of all ages and sexes, some on horseback running races, some at football, some catching eels and flat-fish in the water, some clamping, etc., but which way with safety to find out what Indians they were, they were at a loss. But at length, retiring into a thicket, Mr. Church hallooed to them; they soon answered him, and a couple of smart young fellows, well mounted, came upon a full career to see who it might be that called, and came just upon Mr. Church before they discovered him; but when they perceived themselves so near Englishmen, and armed, were much surprised, and tacked short about to run as fast back as they came forward, until one of the men in the bushes called to them, and told them his name was Church, and need not fear his hurting of them. Upon which, after a small pause, they turned about their horses, and came up to him; one of them that could speak English, Mr. Church took aside and

examined, who informed him, that the Indians below were Awashonks, and her company.

—*Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War*

14

THE END OF KING PHILIP

Increase Mather, 1639-1723

August 12. This is the memorable day wherein Philip, the perfidious and bloody author of the war and woeful miseries that have thence ensued, was taken and slain. And God brought it to pass, chiefly by Indians themselves. For one of Philip's men (being disgusted at him, for killing an Indian who had propounded an expedient for peace with the English) ran away from him, and coming to Rhode-Island, informed that Philip was now returned again to Mount-Hope, and undertook to bring them to the Swamp where he hid himself. Divine Providence so disposed, as that Captain Church of Plymouth was then in Rhode-Island, in order to recruiting his soldiers, who had been wearied with a tedious march that week. But immediately upon this intelligence, he set forth again, with a small company of English and Indians. It seemeth that night Philip (like the man in the host of Midian) dreamed that he was fallen into the hands of the English, and just as he was saying to those that were with him, that they must fly for their lives that day, lest the Indian that was gone from him should discover where he was our soldiers came upon him and surrounded the swamp (where he with forty-seven of his men absconded). Thereupon he betook himself to flight; but as he was coming out of the swamp, an Englishman and an Indian endeavored to fire at him, the Englishman missed of his aim, but the Indian shot him through the heart, so as that he fell down dead. The Indian who thus killed Philip, did formerly belong to squaw-sachem of Pocasset, being known by the name of Alderman. In the beginning of the

war, he came to the governor of Plymouth, manifesting his desire to be at peace with the English, and immediately withdrew to an island, not having engaged against the English nor for them before this time. Thus when Philip had made an end to deal treacherously, his own subjects dealt treacherously with him. This woe was brought upon him that spoiled when he was not spoiled. And in that very place where he first contrived and began his mischief, was he taken and destroyed, and there was he (like as Agag was hewed in pieces before the Lord) cut into four quarters, and is now hanged up as a monument of revenging Justice, his head being cut off and carried away to Plymouth, his hands were brought to Boston. So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!

—*A Brief History of the War with the Indians
in New England*

15

THE INDIAN VOICE, 1678

A Sachem's Speech as Reported by Thomas Budd

“Our young men may speak such words as we do not like nor approve of, and we cannot help that; and some of your young men may speak such words as you do not like, and you cannot help that: we are your brothers, and intend to live like brothers with you; we have no mind to have war; for when we have war, we are only skin and bones, the meat that we eat doth not do us good; we always are in fear, we have not the benefit of the sun to shine on us, we hide us in holes and corners; we are minded to live at peace. If we intend at any time to make war upon you, we will let you know of it, and the reasons why we make war with you; and if you make us satisfaction for the injury done us, for which the war was intended, then we will not make war on you; and if you intend at any time to make war on us, we would have you let us know of it, and the reason; and then if we do not make

satisfaction for the injury done unto you, then you may make war on us, otherwise you ought not to do it; you are our brothers, and we are willing to live like brothers with you; we are willing to have a broad path for you and us to walk in, and if an Indian is asleep in this path, the Englishman shall pass by, and do him no harm; and if an Englishman is asleep in this path, the Indian shall pass him by, and say, 'He is an Englishman, he is asleep; let him alone, he loves to sleep.' It shall be a plain path; there must not be in this path a stump to hurt our feet. And as to the small pox, it was once in my grandfathers time, and it could not be the English that could send it to us then, there being no English in the country: and it was once in my father's time, they could not send it to us then neither; and now it is in my time, I do not believe that they have sent it us now; I do believe that it is the man above that hath sent it us."

"The strong liquor was first sold to us by the Dutch; and they were blind, they had no eyes, they did not see that it was for our hurt: the next people that came among us were the Swedes, who continued the sale of those strong liquors to us; they were also blind, they had no eyes, they did not see it to be hurtful to us to drink it, although we know it to be hurtful to us; but if people will sell it to us, we are so in love with it that we cannot forbear it: when we drink it, it makes us mad, we do not know what we do, we then abuse one another, we throw each other into the fire. Seven score of our people have been killed by reason of the drinking it, since the time it was first sold us: those people that sell it are blind, they have no eyes; but now there is a people come to live amongst us, that have eyes, they see it to be for our hurt, and we know it to be for our hurt: they are willing to deny themselves the profit of it for our good: these people have eyes; we are glad such a people are come amongst us; we must put it down by mutual consent; the cask must be sealed up; it must be made fast, it must not leak by day nor by night, in the light nor in the dark; and we give you these four belts of wampum, which we

would have you lay up safe, and keep by you, to be witnesses of this agreement that we make with you; and we would have you tell your children, that these four belts of wampum are given you to be witnesses betwixt us and you of this agreement."

—Good Order Established

16

A COLONIST'S ESTATE, 1680

Mahlon Stacy

I have travelled through most of the settled places and some that are not and find the country very apt to answer the expectations of the diligent. I have seen fruit trees, their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight of most delicious fruit. Apples grow easily from seed and peaches in such plenty that people go peach gathering, they are a very delicate fruit and hang almost like onions that are tied on ropes. I have seen here forty bushels of wheat gathered from one bushel sown. We have here from May on, many very good wild fruits, strawberries, cranberries and huckleberries, much like the billberries of England but far sweeter. The cranberries look much like cherries, and may be kept all winter; an excellent sauce is made of them for venison and turkey. . . . From what I have observed, it is my judgment that fruit trees here would destroy themselves from their own weight of fruit. As for venison and fowl we have a plenty. We have brought to our house by the Indians seven or eight fat ducks a day and sometimes put some aside having no immediate occasion for them. My cousin R. and I went last month into the river to catch herrings, for at that time, there are great quantities in the shoals. With a small penfold built we went about a stones throw up the river and with birch boughs drove thousands before us, after this manner we filled a three bushel sack with fine herring in half an hour.

Indeed, the country, take it as a wilderness, is a brave country, but no place to please all. There is some barren land, and more wood than some would desire upon their land, neither will the country produce corn without labor, nor bread with idleness. For my part I like it well and have no thought of returning to England, except on account of trade. I wonder at our Yorkshire people, that they would rather live in servitude than to stir themselves from their chimney corners, transplant themselves here where in a few years they may know better things. I live well as ever I did, to my content and am far more likely to get an estate.

—*Collections of the New Jersey State Library*

17

A LETTER TO THE INDIANS

William Penn, 1644-1718

MY FRIENDS:

There is a great God and power, that hath made the world, and all things therein; to whom you and I, and all people owe their being, and well-being; and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we do in the world.

This great God hath written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and help, and do good to one another. Now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world; and the King of the country where I live, hath given me a great province therein; but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent; that we may always live together, as neighbors and friends; else what would the great God do to us, who hath made us, not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together, in the world? now I would have you well observe, that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice that have been too much exercised towards you, by the people of these parts of the world; who have sought themselves, and

to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you; which I hear hath been a matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood; which hath made the great God angry. But I am not such a man; as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard towards you; and desire to win and gain your love and friendship, by a kind, just and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall, in all things, behave themselves accordingly; and, if in anything any shall offend you, or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men, on both sides; that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them.

I shall shortly come to you myself; at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters; in the meantime I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land, and a firm league of peace; let me desire you to be kind to them, and the people, and receive these presents and tokens which I have sent you, as a testimony of my good will to you, and my resolution to live justly, peaceably and friendly with you.

I am your loving friend,

WILLIAM PENN.

—*A Collection of the Works of William Penn*

III

War

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THE surprise attack, a favorite device of tribal warfare, was not long in coming into use, the Indian opposing fire, night, and terror to the advantage of powder and ball. As early as 1622, a sudden and general killing of colonists, the "Great Massacre," had almost succeeded in restoring Virginia to its original masters; in New England, King Philip's War, 1675 and 1676, was another such attempt at a deliverance, better planned by the tribes, but made too late. Broken by reprisals, the surviving natives dwindled away from the occupied portions of the coast, leaving the whites in possession. Isolated killings, outrages, disputes ending in murder remained a part of the situation, but the colonists had time to draw breath. Suddenly the terror began again. Taking sides with the French established in Canada, tribes with grievances of their own to redress, descended on the outlying settlements of the north-east, killing many and carrying away the rest northward into long captivities.

I. AN ATTACK

John Gyles, 1678-1755

On the second day of August, anno Christi 1689, in the morning, my honored father Thomas Gyles, Esq; went with some laborers, my two elder brothers and myself, to one of his farms, which lay on the river about three miles above Fort-Charles, adjoining to Pemmaquid Falls; there to gather in his English harvest, and labored securely till noon. But after we had dined, our people went to their labor, some in one field to their English hay, the others to another field of English corn, except my father, the youngest of my two brothers and myself, who tarried near to the farmhouse in which we had dined, till about one of the clock, when we heard the report of several great guns from the fort. Upon the hearing of them my father said, that he hoped it was a signal of good news, and that the Great Council had sent back the soldiers, to cover the inhabitants: for on report of the revolution they had deserted: but to our great surprise about thirty or forty Indians discharged a volley of shot at us, from behind a rising ground near our barn. The yelling of the Indians, the whistling of their shot, and the voice of my father, whom I heard cry out, What now! What now! so terrified me; though he seemed to be handling a gun, that I endeavored to make my escape. My brother ran one way and I another; and looking over my shoulder, I saw a stout fellow, painted, pursuing me with a gun; and a cutlass glittering in his hand, which I expected every moment in my brains: I presently fell down, and the Indian took me by the left hand, offered me no abuse, but seized my arms, lifted me up, and pointed to the place where the people were at work about the hay; and led me that way.

As we passed, we crossed my father, who looked very pale and bloody, and walked very slowly. When we came to the place, I saw two men shot down on the flats, and one or two more knocked on the head with hatchets, crying out, O Lord, etc.! There the Indians brought two captives, one man and my brother James, he that endeavored to escape by running from the house, when I did. After they had done what mischief they could, sat down, making us sit with them: and after some time arose, pointing to us to go eastward. They marched about a quarter of a mile and then made a halt, and brought my father to us: and made proposals to him by old Moxus, who told him that they were strange Indians who shot him, and that he was sorry for it: my father replied, that he was a dying man, and wanted no favor of them, but to pray with his children; which being granted, he recommended us to the protection and blessing of God Almighty; then gave us the best advice, and took his leave for this life, hoping in God that we should meet in a better. He parted with a cheerful voice, but looked very pale by reason of his great loss of blood, which boiled out of his shoes: . . . the Indians led him aside: I heard the blows of the hatchet, but neither shriek nor groan!

II. A CAPTIVE'S WINTER

John Gyles, 1678-1755

One winter as we were moving from place to place, our hunters killed some moose; and one lying some miles from our wigwams, a young Indian and myself were ordered to fetch part of it. We set out in the morning when the weather was promising, but it proved a very cold, cloudy day. It was late in the evening we arrived at the place where the moose lay; so that we had no time to provide materials for fire or shelter. At the same time a storm came on very thick of snow, and continued until the next morning. We made a small fire with what little rubbish we could find around us, which with the heat of our bodies melted the snow upon us as fast as it fell,

and filled our clothes with water. Nevertheless, early in the morning, we took our loads of moose-flesh, and set out, in order to return to our wigwams: we had not travelled far before my moose-skin coat (which was the only garment that I had on my back, and the hair was in most places worn off) was froze stiff round my knees like a hoop, as likewise my snow-shoes and shoe-clouts to my feet! Thus I marched the whole day without fire or food! At first I was in great pain, then my flesh numbed, and I felt at times extreme sick, and thought I could not travel one foot further; but wonderfully revived again. After long travelling I felt very drowsy, and had thoughts of setting down; which had I done, without doubt I had fallen on my final sleep; as my dear companion, Evans, had done before; for my Indian companion, being better clothed, had left me long before: but again my spirits revived as much as if I had received the richest cordial! Some hours after sunset I recovered the wigwam, and crawled in with my snow-shoes on. The Indians cried out, *The captive is froze to death!*

They took off my pack, and where that lay against my back was the only place that was not frozen. The Indians cut off my shoes, and stripped the clouts from my feet, which were as void of feeling as any frozen flesh could be: but I had not sat long by the fire, before the blood began to circulate, and my feet to my ankles turned black, and swelled with bloody blisters, and were inexpressibly painful. The Indians said one to another, *His feet will rot, and he'll die.* Nevertheless, I slept well at night. Soon after the skin came off my feet from my ankles, whole like a shoe, and left my toes naked without a nail, and the ends of my great toe-bones bare, which in a little time turned black, so that I was obliged to cut the first joint off with my knife. The Indians gave me rags to bind up my feet, and advised me to apply fir-balsam, but withal said, that they believed it was not worthwhile to use means, for I should certainly die. But by the use of my elbows and a stick in each hand, I shoved myself on my bottom, over the

snow, from one tree to another, till I got some fir-balsam, then burned it in a clam-shell till it was of a consistence like salve, and applied it to my feet and ankles, and by the divine blessing within a week I could go about upon my heels with my staff. And through God's goodness, we had provision enough, so that we did not remove under ten or fifteen days, and then the Indians made two little hoops something in form as a snow-shoe, and seized them to my feet: and I followed them in their track on my heels from place to place; sometimes half leg deep in snow and water, which gave me the most acute pain imaginable, but I was forced to walk or die. But within a year my feet were entirely well, and the nails came on my great toes: so that a very critical eye, could scarce perceive any part missing, or that they had been froze at all!

—*Memoirs of Odd Adventures and
Strange Deliverances*

19

A FAREWELL IN THE WILDERNESS, 1704

John Williams, 1664-1729

When we came to our lodging place, the first night, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some small branches of the spruce-tree to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town * fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit they killed my negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town, or in the way.

In the night an Englishman made his escape; in the morning (March 1), I was called for, and ordered by the general to tell the English, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me was un-

* Deerfield.

willing to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and God for a father and friend; as also, that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, "The will of the Lord be done." My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her; saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children with us; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other grace sufficient for what God should call us to, after our being parted from one another. She spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the English, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift; and after that to travel up a small mountain; my strength was almost spent, before I came to the top of it. No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburdened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife; but he refused, and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her,

and heard that, passing through the above-said river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and bloodthirsty savage who took her slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful. And yet such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss and the loss of my children was great; our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away, in mercy to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, (and joined to the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, to rest in peace, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us,) could have kept us from sinking under, at that time. That Scripture, Job i. 21, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,"—was brought to my mind, and from it, that an afflicting God was to be glorified; with some other places of Scripture, to persuade to a patient bearing my afflictions.

We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier burden on my spirits than on my back. I begged of God to overrule, in his providence, that the corpse of one so dear to me, and of one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a Christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air and beasts of the earth; a mercy that God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbors, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, carry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after.

—*The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion*

A SCALP-BOUNTY RAID ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

Caleb Lyman

Some time in the month of May, 1704, there came intelligence from Albany, of a number of enemy Indians up Connecticut river, who had built a fort, and planted corn, at a place called Cowassuck. On the fifth of June following, we set out (by order of authority) from Northampton, and went nine days journey into the wilderness, (through much difficulty, by reason of the enemy's hunting and scouting in the woods, as we perceived by their tracks and firing) and then came across some fresh tracks, which we followed until we came in sight of the abovesaid river: supposing there might be a number of Indians at hand, we being not far from the place where the fort was said to be built. Here we made a halt, to consult what methods to take; and soon concluded to send out a spy, with green leaves for a cap and vest, to prevent his own discovery, and to find out the enemy. But before our spy was gone out of sight, we saw two Indians, at a considerable distance from us, in a canoe, and so immediately called him: and soon after we heard the firing of a gun up the river. Upon which we concluded to keep close till sun-set; and then if we could make any further discovery of the enemy, to attack them, if possible, in the night. And accordingly when the evening came on, we moved towards the river, and soon perceived a smoke, at about half a mile's distance, as we thought, where we afterwards found they had taken up their lodging. But so great was the difficulty, that (though we used our utmost care and diligence in it) we were not able to make the approach till about two o'clock in the morning, when we came within twelve rods of the wigwam where they lay. But here we met with a new difficulty, which we feared would have ruined our design. For the ground was so covered over with dry sticks and brush, for the space of five rods, that we could not pass, with-

out making such a crackling, as we thought would alarm the enemy, and give them time to escape. But while we were contriving to compass our design, God in his good providence so ordered, that a very small cloud arose, which gave a smart clap of thunder, and a sudden shower of rain. And this opportunity we embraced, to run through the thicket; and so came undiscovered within sight of the wigwam; and perceived by their noise, that the enemy were awake. But however, being unwilling to lose any time, we crept on our hands and knees till we were within three or four rods of them. Then we arose, and ran to the side of the wigwam, and fired in upon them: and flinging down our guns, we surrounded them with our clubs and hatchets and knocked down several we met with. But after all our diligence, two of their number made their escape from us: one mortally wounded, and the other not hurt, as we afterwards heard.

When we came to look over the slain, we found seven dead upon the spot: six of whom we scalped, and left the other unscalped. (Our Indians saying, they would give one to the country, since we had each of us one, and so concluded we should be rich enough.) When the action was thus over, we took our scalps and plunder, such as guns, skins, etc., and the enemy's canoes, in which we came down the river about twelve miles by break of day, and then thought it prudence to dismiss and break the canoes, knowing there were some of the enemy betwixt us and home.

And now, all our care being how to make a safe and comfortable return, we first looked over our provision, and found we had not more than enough for one small refreshment: and being above one hundred miles from any English settlement, we were very thoughtful how we should subsist by the way. For having tracked about thirty of the enemy a little before us, we could not hunt for our subsistence for fear of discovery; and so were obliged to eat buds of trees, grass and strawberry leaves, for the space of four or five days, till through the goodness of God, we safely arrived at Northampton, on the

19th or 20th of the aforesaid June. And some time after, (upon our humble petition to the Great and General Court, to consider the service we had done) we received thirty-one pounds reward. And I have only this to observe, that in consequence of this action, the enemy were generally alarmed, and immediately forsook their fort and corn at Cowassuck, and never returned to this day that we could hear of, to renew their settlement in that place.

—*Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts*

IV

Geneva and New England

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THE Puritans of New England had come to its shores in no negative mood of escape; their aim was the founding in the wilderness of a new, holy, and glorious commonwealth justified by religion. The measure of all their acts they found in Calvinism, never guessing that it was less a religion than a legal system whose intellectual interest was the building up of the case of God against Man. The creation of a powerful mind whose original interest had been the law, its churches had the cold formality of courts, its ministers the functions of ordained jurists. The logic of this impressive scheme of arbitrary damnation led them back to a deity of blind and incomprehensible will whom they sought in the Old Testament rather than in the New, finding there as well, and taking to themselves, the Hebrew concept of an appointed people wresting a new land from its inhabitants. The liberation of the new and American community from this ancestral ideal of the theocratic state was largely the result of the collapse of the witchcraft delusion, and the following gales of self-reproach and common sense which swept from Massachusetts out over the growing and busy settlements.

The Puritans were English extremists; they stand outside the norm of the English mind, and their true kinship of temper is not with the English but with the Scots. They were moved primarily by ideas, and in the inheritance of this trait lies the living importance of the strain.

I. CAPTAIN PHIPS AND THE SPANISH TREASURE

Cotton Mather, 1662-1727

Captain Phips arriving with a ship and tender at Port de la Plata, made a stout canoe of a stately cotton-tree, so large as to carry eight or ten oars, for the making of which periaga (as they call it) he did, with the same industry that he did everything else, employ his own hand and adze, and endure no little hardship, lying abroad in the woods many nights together. This periaga, with the tender, being anchored at a place convenient, the periaga kept busking to and again, but could only discover a reef of rising shoals thereabouts, called "The Boilers,"—which, rising to be within two or three foot of the surface of the sea, were yet so steep, that a ship striking on them, would immediately sink down, who could say how many fathom, into the ocean? Here they could get no other pay for their long peeping among the boilers, but only such as caused them to think upon returning to their captain with the bad news of their total disappointment. Nevertheless, as they were upon the return, one of the men looking over the side of the periaga, into the calm water, he spied a sea feather, growing, as he judged, out of a rock; whereupon they bade one of their Indians to dive, and fetch this feather, that they might, however, carry home something with them, and make, at least, as fair a triumph as Caligula's. The diver bringing up the feather, brought therewithal a surprising story, that he perceived a number of great guns in the watery world where he had found his feather; the report of which great guns exceedingly astonished the whole company; and at once turned their despondencies for their ill success into assurances that they had now lit upon the true spot of ground which they had been

looking for; and they were further confirmed in these assurances, when, upon further diving, the Indian fetched up a sow, as they styled it, or a lump of silver worth perhaps two or three hundred pounds. Upon this they prudently buoyed the place, that they might readily find it again; and they went back unto their captain, whom for some while they distressed with nothing but such bad news as they formerly thought they must have carried him: nevertheless, they so slipped in the sow of silver on one side under the table, where they were now sitting with the captain, and hearing him express his resolutions to wait still patiently upon the providence of God under these disappointments, that when he should look on one side, he might see that odd thing before him. At last he saw it; seeing it, he cried out with some agony, "Why! what is this? whence comes this?" And then, with changed countenances, they told him how and where they got it. "Then," said he, "thanks be to God! we are made;" and so away they went, all hands to work.

II. A WONDER OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD

Cotton Mather, 1662-1727

In June, 1682, Mary the wife of Antonio Hortado, dwelling near the Salmon-Falls, heard a voice at the door of her house, calling, "What do you here?" and about an hour after had a blow on her eye, that almost spoiled her. Two or three days after, a great stone was thrown along the house; which the people going to take up, was unaccountably gone. A frying pan then in the chimney rang so loud, that the people at an hundred rods distance heard it; and the said Mary with her husband, going over the river in a canoe, they saw the head of a man, and, about three foot off, the tail of a cat, swimming before the canoe, but no body to join them; and the same apparition again followed the canoe when they returned: but at their landing it first disappeared. A stone thrown by an invisible hand after this, caused a swelling and a soreness in

her head; and she was bitten on both arms black and blue, and her breast scratched; the impression of the teeth, which were like a man's teeth, being seen by many.

They deserted their house on these occasions, and though at a neighbour's house, they were at first haunted with apparitions, the satanical molestations quickly ceased. When Antonio returned unto his own house, at his entrance there, he heard one walking in his chamber, and saw the boards buckle under the feet of the walker; and yet there was no body there. For this cause he went back to dwell on the other side of the river; but thinking he might plant his ground, though he left his house, he had five rods of good log-fence thrown down at once, and the footing of neat cattle plainly to be seen almost between every row of corn in the field; yet no cattle seen there, nor any damage done to his corn, or so much as a leaf of it cropped.

—*Magnalia Christi Americana*

22

THE PROTEST OF A CONDEMNED WITCH

Mary Easty, d. 1692

To the Honorable Judge and Bench now sitting in Judicature in Salem, and the Reverend Ministers, the Petition of Mary Easty humbly sheweth,

That whereas your humble poor petitioner being condemned to die, doth humbly beg of you to take it into your judicious and pious consideration, that your humble and poor petitioner knowing her own innocence, and seeing plainly the wiles and subtlety of my accusers by myself, cannot but judge charitably of others that are going the same way with myself; I was confined a whole month on the same account that I am now condemned for, and then cleared by the afflicted persons, as some of your honours know, and in two days' time I was cried out upon again, and have been confined, and am now con-

demned to die; the Lord above knew my innocence then, and likewise does now, as at the great day will be known to men and angels. I petition your honours not for my own life, for I know I must die, and my appointed time is set; but (the Lord he knows it is) if it be possible that no more innocent blood may be shed, which undoubtedly cannot be avoided in the way and course you go in. I question not but your honours do to the utmost of your powers in the discovery and detection of witchcraft and witches, and would not be guilty of innocent blood for the world; but by my own innocence I know you are in the wrong way, the Lord in his infinite mercy direct you in this great work, if it be his blessed will, that innocent blood be not shed; I would humbly beg of you, that your honours would be pleased to examine some of those confessing witches, I being confident there are several of them have belied themselves and others, as will appear, if not in this world, I am sure in the world to come, where I am going; and I question not but yourselves will see an alteration in these things: they say myself and others have made a league with the devil; we cannot confess; I know, and the Lord knows (as will shortly appear) they belie me, and so I question not but they do others: the Lord alone who is the searcher of all hearts, knows that as I shall answer it at the tribunal-seat, that I know not the least thing of witchcraft, therefore I cannot, I durst not belie my own soul. I beg your honours not to deny this my humble petition from a poor dying innocent person, and I question not but the Lord will give a blessing to your endeavours.

—Records of the Court of Salem

THE PENITENCE OF THE JURORS OF SALEM

Thomas Fisk and Others

We whose names are underwritten, being in the year 1692 called to serve as jurors in court at Salem, on trial of many

who were by some suspected guilty of doing acts of witchcraft upon the bodies of sundry persons—we confess that we ourselves were not capable to understand, nor able to withstand, the mysterious delusions of the powers of darkness and prince of the air, but were, for want of knowledge in ourselves and better information from others, prevailed with to take up with such evidence against the accused as, on further consideration and better information, we justly fear was insufficient for the touching the lives of any (Deut. XVII, 6), whereby we fear we have been instrumental, with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon ourselves and this people of the Lord the guilt of innocent blood; which sin the Lord saith in Scripture he would not pardon (2 Kings XXIV, 4)—that is, we suppose, in regard of his temporal judgments. We do therefore hereby signify to all in general, and to the surviving sufferers in special, our deep sense of, and sorrow for, our errors in acting on such evidence to the condemning of any person; and do hereby declare, that we justly fear that we were sadly deluded and mistaken—for which we are much disquieted and distressed in our minds, and do therefore humbly beg forgiveness, first of God, for Christ's sake, for this our error, and pray that God would not impute the guilt of it to ourselves nor others: and we also pray that we may be considered candidly and aright by the living sufferers, as being then under the power of a strong and general delusion, utterly unacquainted with, and not experienced in, matters of that nature.

We do heartily ask forgiveness of you all, whom we have justly offended; and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again, on such grounds, for the whole world—praying you to accept of this in way of satisfaction for our offence, and that you would bless the inheritance of the Lord, that he may be entreated for the land.

—*Records of the Town of Salem, 1697*

EPISODES ON A JOURNEY TO NEW YORK, 1704

I. TRAVELLER'S LUCK AT AN INN

Madame Sarah Knight, 1666-1727

Tuesday, October the third, about 8 in the morning, I with the post proceeded forward without observing anything remarkable; and about two, afternoon, arrived at the post's second stage, where the western post met him and exchanged letters. Here, having called for something to eat, the woman brought in a twisted thing like a cable, but something whiter; and laying it on the board, tugged for life to bring it into a capacity to spread; which having with great pains accomplished, she served in a dish of pork and cabbage, I suppose the remains of dinner. The sauce was of a deep purple, which I thought was boiled in her dye kettle; the bread was Indian, and everything on the table service agreeable to these. I, being hungry, got a little down; but my stomach was soon cloyed, and what cabbage I swallowed served me for a cud the whole day after.

II. A COUNTRY STORE

Madame Sarah Knight, 1666-1727

Being at a merchant's house, in comes a tall country fellow with his alfogeos * full of tobacco; for they seldom lose their cud, but keep chewing and spitting as long as their eyes are open—he advanced to the middle of the room, makes an awkward nod, and spitting a large deal of aromatic tincture, he gave a scrape with his shovel like shoe, leaving a small shovel full of dirt on the floor, made a full stop, hugging his own pretty body with his hands under his arms, stood staring round him, like a cat let out of a basket. At last, like the creature Balaam rode on, he opened his mouth and said: have you

* Pouched cheeks, sea-lingo of the XVIIth century.

any ribbon for hatbands to sell, I pray? The questions and answers about the pay being past, the ribbon is brought and opened. Bumpkin simpers, cries its confounded gay I vow; and beckoning to the door, in comes Jone Tawdry, dropping about 50 courtseys, and stands by him: he shows her the ribbon. Law you, says she, its right gent, do you take it, tis dreadful pretty. Then she inquires, have you any hood silk, I pray? which being brought and bought, Have you any thread silk to sew it with says she, which being accomodated with they departed. They generally stand after they come in a great while speechless, and sometimes don't say a word till they are asked what they want, which I impute to the awe they stand in of the merchants, who they are constantly almost indebted to; and must take what they bring without liberty to choose for themselves; but they serve them as well, making the merchants stay long enough for their pay.

III. NEW YORK

Madame Sarah Knight, 1666-1727

The city of New York is a pleasant well compacted place, situated on a commodious river which is a fine harbour for shipping. The buildings brick generally, very stately and high, though not altogether like ours in Boston. The bricks in some of the houses are of divers colours and laid in checkers and being glazed, look very agreeable. The inside of them are neat to admiration (the wooden work for only the walls are plastered) and the summers and joist are planed and kept very white scoured as so is all the partitions if made of boards. The fire places have no jambs (as ours have) but the backs run flush with the walls, and the hearth is of tiles and is as far out into the room at the ends as before the fire, which is generally five foot in the lower rooms, and the piece over where the mantel tree should be is made as ours with joiner's work, and as I suppose is fastened to iron rods inside. The house where the vendue was, had chimney corners like ours, and they and

the hearths were laid with the finest tile that I ever see, and the stair cases laid all with white tile which is ever clean, and so are the walls of the kitchen which had a brick floor. They were making great preparations to receive their governor, Lord Cornbury from the Jerseys, and for that end raised the militia to guard him on shore to the fort.

They are generally of the Church of England and have a New England gentleman for their minister, and a very fine church set out with all the customary requisites. There are also a Dutch and divers conventicles as they call them, viz. Baptist, Quaker, etc. They are not strict in keeping the Sabbath as in Boston and other places where I had been, but seem to deal with great exactness as far as I see or deal with. They are sociable to one another and courteous and civil to strangers and fare well in their houses. The English go very fashionable in their dress. But the Dutch, especially the middling sort, differ from our women, in their habit go loose, wear French muches which are like a cap and a head band in one, leaving their ears bare, which are set out with jewels of a large size and many in number. And their fingers hooped with rings, some with large stones in them of many colours as were their pendants in their ears, which you should see very old women wear as well as young.

They have vendues very frequently and make their earnings very well by them, for they treat with good liquor liberally, and the customers drink as liberally and generally pay for't as well, by paying for that which they bid up briskly for, after the sack has gone plentifully about, though sometimes good penny worths are got there. Their diversions in the winter is riding sleighs about three or four miles out of town, where they have houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery, and some go to friends' houses who handsomely treat them. Mr. Burroughs carried his spouse and daughter and myself out to one Madame Dowes, a gentlewoman that lived at a farm house, who gave us a handsome entertainment of five or six dishes and choice beer and metheglin, cider, etc. all

which she said was the produce of her farm. I believe we met 50 or 60 sleighs that day—they fly with great swiftness and some are so furious that they'll turn out of the path for none except a laden cart. Nor do they spare for any diversion the place affords, and sociable to a degree, their tables being as free to their neighbours as to themselves.

Having here transacted the affair I went upon and some other that fell in the way, after about a fortnight's stay there I left New York with no little regret, and Thursday, December 21, set out for New Haven with my kinsman Trowbridge.

—*A Journal Kept by Madame Knight*

25

THE DIARIST IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Samuel Sewall, 1652-1730

March 19, 1718. . . . I write Mr. Denison's will, being desired by a messenger from Roxbury with minutes. . . . March 22. Stormy day. Mr. Pierpont comes in and tells me that Mr. Denison of Roxbury was dead. . . . March 26. Mr. Simeon Stoddard carried me, Mr. Bromfield, and Anthony Stoddard Esq^{re}, in his coach to Mr. Denison's funeral. Mr. Walter prayed very well: said Mr. Denison was a man of Truth, and of Trust, a man of Prayer, Integrity, and Piety. Bearers, Mr. Danforth of Dorchester, Mr. John White, Anthony Stoddard Esq^{re}, Col. William Dudley, Major Bowls, Mr. Ebenezer Thayer. Major Denison led the widow. Governor Dudley and I went next the mourners. Went back to the house in a coach; at coming away, I prayed to God to keep house with the widow. March 27. Nobody in the Fore-Seat but Col. Lynde. Mr. Thacher of Milton, Mr. Danforth of Dorchester, and Major Price dine with us. Mr. Danforth gives the Widow Denison high commendation for her Piety, Prudence, Diligence, Humility.

July 2. I give Mrs. Denison her oath to the inventory of her husband's goods. At night when all were gone to bed, Cousin Moody went with me into the new hall, read the history of Rebecca's Courtship and prayed with me respecting my widowed condition. July 16. Went and visited Mrs. Denison. Gave her King George's effigies in copper; and an English crown of King Charles II, 1677. Eat curds with her; I craved a blessing and returned thanks; came home after it. July 25. I go in the hackney coach to Roxbury. Call at Mr. Walter's who is not at home; nor Governor Dudley nor his lady. Visit Mrs. Denison; she invites me to eat. I give her two cases with a knife and fork in each; one, turtle shell tackling; the other long with ivory handles, squared, cost 4s. 6d.; pound of raisins with proportionable almonds. Visited her brother and sister Weld.

Aug. 6. Visited Mrs. Denison, carried her sister Weld, the widow and Mrs. Weld to her brother, where we were courteously entertained. Brought Mr. Edmund Weld's wife home with me in the coach; she is in much darkness. Gave Mrs. Denison a psalm-book neatly bound in England with Turkey leather. Aug. 27. I ride and visit Mrs. Denison, leave my horse at the Grey Hound. She mentions her discouragements by reason of discourses she heard; I prayed God to direct her and me.

Oct. 15. Visit Mrs. Denison on horseback; present her with a pair of shoe buckles cost 5s. 3d.

Nov. 1. My son from Brookline being here I took his horse and visited Mrs. Denison. I told her 'twas time now to finish our business. Asked her what I should allow her, she not speaking. I told her I was willing to give her £250 per annum during her life, if it should please God to take me out of the world before her. She answered she had better keep as she was than to give a certainty for an uncertainty. She should pay dear for dwelling at Boston. I desired her to make proposals but she made none. I had thought of publication next Thursday. But

now I seem to be far from it. May God who has the pity of a father, direct and help me! Nov. 28. I went this day in the coach; had a fire made in the chamber where I spake with her before. I enquired how she had done these three or four weeks. Afterwards I told her our conversation had been such when I was with her last that it seemed to be a direction in Providence not to proceed any further; she said it must be what I pleased, or to that purpose. . . . She asked me if I would drink; I told her Yes. She gave me cider, apples and a glass of wine; gathered together the little things I had given her and offered them to me; but I would take none of them. Told her I wished her well, should be glad to hear of her welfare. She seemed to say she should not take in hand a thing of this nature. Thanked me for what I had given her and desired my prayers. I gave Abijah Weld an angel. Got home about 9 at night. My bowels yearn towards Mrs. Denison; but I think God directs me in his Providence to desist.

—The Diary of Samuel Sewall

V

Manners and Customs South of the Chesapeake

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THE established South was a part of the English eighteenth century. Politically, this world of planters great and small, country folk, apprentices, runaways, travelling craftsmen, and younger sons sent roving by colonial statutes of primogeniture, was more liberal than the mother country, extending the voting suffrage with a largeness already American, but it was not ruled by votes or voters, but by an inheritance of manners and customs living on in its English blood. These values of living were upheld by a sort of colonial gentry as varied in origin as the gentry of England, but unlike the entrenched gentry of England, taking themselves and their world with an American grain of salt. It was not an "aristocracy,"—the term is misused when employed in American history. The mood of this landed class was Anglican, it was at ease with life, well-bred, not eager for a change, and given to taking things for granted. Its sons were not infrequently sent to English schools, its daughters read the eighteenth century poets; brick houses gave an air of permanence.

Virginia and Maryland planted tobacco, the Carolinas, rice and indigo. Great efforts were made to produce silk but without success. Slavery was but a convention of the time, no more to be weighed and questioned than the arrival of periwigs from London, the right to a good dinner after a foxhunt, or the Sunday morning text.

AN INDIAN FEAST IN THE CAROLINAS

John Lawson, d. 1711

When all the viands were brought in, the first figure began with kicking out the dogs, which are seemingly wolves made tame with starving and beating, they being the worst dog masters in the world; so that it is an infallible cure for sore eyes, ever to see an Indian's dog fat. They are of a quite contrary disposition to horses. Some of their kings have gotten by great chance, a jade, stolen by some neighboring Indian, and transported farther into the country and sold, or bought sometimes of a Christian that trades amongst them. These creatures they continually cram and feed with maize, and what the horse will eat, till he is as fat as a hog—never making any farther use of him than to fetch a deer home, that is killed somewhere near the Indian's plantation.

After the dogs had fled the room, the company was summoned by beat of drum; the music being made of a dressed deer's skin, tied hard upon an earthen porridge pot. Presently in came fine men dressed up with feathers, their faces being covered with vizards made of gourds; round their ankles and knees were hung bells of several sorts; having wooden falchions in their hands, (such as stage fencers commonly use); in this dress they danced about an hour, showing many strange gestures, and brandishing their wooden weapons as if they were going to fight each other; oftentimes walking very nimbly round the room, without making the least noise with their bells, a thing I much admired at; again turning their bodies, arms and legs, into such frightful postures, that you would have guessed they had been quite raving mad: at last, they cut two or three high capers and left the room. In their

stead came in a parcel of women and girls, to the number of thirty odd, every one taking place according to her degree of stature—the tallest leading the dance and the least of all being placed last; with these they made a circular dance, like a ring representing the shape of the fire they danced about. Many of these had great horse bells about their legs and small hawk bells about their necks. They had musicians, who were two old men, one of whom beat a drum, while the other rattled with a gourd that had corn in it to make a noise withal. To these instruments they both sung a mournful ditty; the burthen of their song was, in remembrance of their former greatness, and numbers of their nation, the famous exploits of their renowned ancestors, and all actions of moment that had, in former days, been performed by their forefathers.

—*The History of Carolina*

27

I. OSPREY AND EAGLE BY VIRGINIAN WATERS

Robert Beverly, 1673-1722

'Tis a good diversion to observe, the manner of the fishing-hawk's preying upon fish, which may be seen every fair day all the summer long, and especially in a morning. At the first coming of the fish in the spring, these birds of prey are surprisingly eager. I believe, in the dead of winter, they fish farther off at sea, or remain among the craggy uninhabited islands upon the sea coast. I have often been pleasantly entertained by seeing these hawks take the fish out of the water, and as they were flying away with their quarry, the bald eagles take it from them again. I have often observed the first of these hover over the water and rest upon the wing some minutes together, without the least change of place, and then from a vast height dart directly into the water, and there plunge down for the space of half a minute or more, and at last bring up with him a fish which he could hardly rise with;

then, having got upon the wing again, he would shake himself so powerfully that he threw the water like a mist about him; afterwards away he'd fly to the woods with his game, if he were not overlooked by the bald eagle and robbed by the way, which very frequently happens. For the bald eagle no sooner perceives a hawk that has taken his prey but he immediately pursues and strives to get above him in the air, which if he can once attain, the hawk for fear of being torn by him, lets the fish drop, and so by the loss of his dinner compounds for his own safety. The poor fish is no sooner loosed from the hawk's talons, but the eagle shoots himself with wonderful swiftness after it, and catches it in the air, leaving all further pursuit of the hawk, which has no other remedy but to go and fish for another.

These fishing hawks, in more plentiful seasons, will catch a fish and loiter about with it in the air, on purpose to have chase with an eagle; and when he does not appear soon enough the hawk will make a saucy noise, and insolently defy him. This has been frequently seen by persons who have observed their fishings.

II. THE INHABITANTS OF VIRGINIA, 1705

Robert Beverley, 1673-1722

Those that went over to that country first, were chiefly single men who had not the incumbrance of wives and children in England; and if they had, they did not expose them to the fatigue and hazard of so long a voyage, until they saw how it should fare with themselves. From hence it came to pass, that when they were settled there in a comfortable way of subsisting a family, they grew sensible of the misfortune of wanting wives, and such as had left wives in England sent for them, but the single men were put to their shifts. They excepted against the Indian women on account of their being pagans, as well as their complexions, and for fear they should conspire with those of their own nation to destroy their hus-

bands. Under this difficulty they had no hopes, but that the plenty in which they lived might invite modest women, of small fortunes, to go over thither from England. However, they would not receive any, but such as could carry sufficient certificate of their modesty and good behavior. Those, if they were but moderately qualified in all other respects, might depend upon marrying very well in those days, without any fortune. Nay, the first planters were so far from expecting money with a woman, that 'twas a common thing for them to buy a deserving wife, that carried good testimonials of her character, at the price of one hundred pounds, and make themselves believe they had a bargain.

But this way of peopling the colony was only at first. For after the advantages of the climate, and the fruitfulness of the soil were well known, and all the dangers incident to infant settlements were over, people of the better condition retired thither with their families, either to increase the estates they had before, or else to avoid being persecuted for their principles of religion or government.

Thus, in the time of the rebellion in England, several good cavalier families went thither with their effects, to escape the tyranny of the usurper, or acknowledgement of his title. And so again, upon the restoration, many people of the opposite party took refuge there, to shelter themselves from the king's resentment. But Virginia had not many of these last, because that country was famous for holding out the longest for the royal family, of any of the English dominions. For which reason the Roundheads went, for the most part, to New England, as did most of those that in the reign of King Charles II were molested on account of their religion, though some of these fell likewise to the share of Virginia. As for malefactors condemned to transportation, though the greedy planter will always buy them, yet it is to be feared they will be very injurious to the country, which has already suffered many murders and robberies, the effect of that new law of England.

—*History and Present State of Virginia*

THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA AND HIS GENTLEMEN GO
EXPLORING, 1716*John Fontaine*

1st September. At eight we mounted our horses, and made the first five miles of our way through a very pleasant plain, which lies where Rappahannoc River forks. I saw there the largest timber, the finest and deepest mould, and the best grass that I ever did see. We had some of our baggage put out of order, and our company dismounted, by hornets stinging the horses. This was some hindrance, and did a little damage, but afforded a great deal of diversion. We killed three bears this day, which exercised the horses as well as the men. We saw two foxes but did not pursue them; we killed several deer. About five of the clock, we came to a run of water at the foot of a hill, where we pitched our tents. We called the encampment Dr. Robinson's Camp, and the river, Blind Run. We had good pasturage for our horses, and every one was cook for himself. We made our beds with bushes as before. On this day we had thirteen miles.

5th. A fair day. At nine we were mounted; we were obliged to have axe-men to clear the way in some places. We followed the windings of James River, observing that it came from the very top of the mountains. We killed two rattlesnakes during our ascent. In some places it was very steep, in others, it was so that we could ride up. About one of the clock we got to the top of the mountain; about four miles and a half, and we came to the very head spring of James River, where it runs no bigger than a man's arm, from under a large stone. We drank King George's health, and all the Royal Family's, at the very top of the Appalachian mountains. About a musket-shot from the spring there is another, which rises and runs down on the other side; it goes west-

ward, and we thought we could go down that way, but we met with such prodigious precipices, that we were obliged to return to the top again. We found some trees which had been formerly marked, I suppose, by the Northern Indians, and following these trees, we found a good, safe descent. Several of our company were for returning; but the Governor persuaded them to continue on. About five, we were down on the other side, and continued our way for about seven miles further, until we came to a large river, by the side of which we encamped. We made this day fourteen miles. I, being somewhat more curious than the rest, went on a high rock on the top of the mountain, to see fine prospects, and I lost my gun. We saw, when we were over the mountains, the footing of elks and buffaloes, and their beds. We saw a vine which bore a sort of wild cucumber, and a shrub with a fruit like unto a currant. We eat very good wild grapes. We called this place Spotswood Camp, after our governor.

6th. We crossed the river, which we called Euphrates. It is very deep; the main course of the water is north; it is four-score yards wide in the narrowest part. We drank some healths on the other side, and returned; after which I went a swimming in it. We could not find any fordable place, except the one by which we crossed, and it was deep in several places. I got some grasshoppers and fished; and another and I, we catched a dish of fish, some perch, and a fish they call chub. The others went a hunting, and killed deer and turkeys. The Governor had graving irons, but could not grave anything, the stones were so hard. I graved my name on a tree by the river side; and the Governor buried a bottle with a paper inclosed, on which he writ that he took possession of this place in the name and for King George the First of England. We had a good dinner, and after it we got the men together, and loaded all their arms, and we drank the King's health in champagne, and fired a volley—the Princess's health in burgundy, and fired a volley, and all the rest of the Royal Family in claret, and a volley. We drank the Governor's health

and fired another volley. We had several sorts of liquors, viz., Virginia red wine and white wine, Irish usquebaugh, brandy, shrub, two sorts of rum, champagne, canary, cherry, punch, water, cider, etc.

I sent two of the rangers to look for my gun, which I dropped in the mountains; they found it, and brought it to me at night, and I gave them a pistol for their trouble. We called the highest mountain Mount George, and the one we crossed over Mount Spotswood.

—*Memoirs of a Huguenot Family*

29

VIRGINIAN NEGROES, 1724

Hugh Jones, 1670-1760

The negroes live in small cottages called quarters, in about six in a gang, under the direction of an overseer or bailiff; who takes care that they tend such land as the owner allots and orders, upon which they raise hogs and cattle, and plant Indian corn (or maize) and tobacco for the use of their master; out of which the overseer has a dividend (or share) in proportion to the number of hands including himself; this with several privileges is his salary, and is an ample recompence for his pains, and encouragement of his industrious care, as to the labour, health, and provision of the negroes.

The negroes are very numerous, some gentlemen having hundreds of them of all sorts, to whom they bring great profit; for the sake of which they are obliged to keep them well, and not over-work, starve, or famish them, besides other inducements to favour them; which is done in a great degree, to such especially that are laborious, careful, and honest; though indeed some masters, careless of their own interest or reputation, are too cruel and negligent.

The negroes are not only increased by fresh supplies from

Africa and the West India Islands, but also are very prolific among themselves; and they that are born there talk good English, and affect our language, habits, and customs; and though they be naturally of a barbarous and cruel temper, yet are they kept under by severe discipline upon occasion, and by good laws are prevented from running away, injuring their English, or neglecting their business.

Their work (or chimerical hard slavery) is not very laborious; their greatest hardship consisting in that they and their posterity are not at their own liberty or disposal, but are the property of their owners; and when they are free, they know not how to provide so well for themselves generally; neither did they live so plentifully nor (many of them) so easily in their own country, where they are made slaves to one another, or taken captive by their enemies.

The children belong to the master of the woman that bears them; and such as are born of a negro and an European are called mulattoes; but such as are born of an Indian and negro are called mustees.

—*The Present State of Virginia*

30

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH

Anthony Gavin

St. James Parish, Goochland, August 5, 1738

RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD:

I received your Lordship's blessing in May, 1735, and by bad weather we were obliged to go up to Maryland, and from thence five weeks after I came to Williamsburg, and was kindly received by our Governor and Mr. Commissary Blair. I got immediately a parish, which I served nine months; but hearing that a frontier-parish was vacant, and that the people of the mountains had never seen a clergyman since they were

settled there, I desired the Governor's consent to leave an easy parish for this I do now serve. I have three churches, twenty-three and twenty-four miles from the glebe, in which I officiate every third Sunday; and, besides these three, I have seven places of service up in the mountains, where the clerks read prayers,—four clerks in the seven places. I go twice a year to preach in twelve places, which I reckon better than four hundred miles backward and forward, and ford nineteen times the North and South Rivers. I have taken four trips already, and the 20th instant I go up again. In my first journey I baptized white people, 209; blacks, 172; Quakers, 15; Anabaptists, 2; and of the white people there were baptized from twenty to twenty-five years of age, 4; from twelve to twenty, 35; and from eight to twelve, 189. I found, on my first coming into the parish, but six persons that received the sacrament, which my predecessors never administered but in the lower church; and, blessed be God, I have now one hundred and thirty-six that receive twice a year, and in the lower part three times a year, which fills my heart with joy, and makes all my pains and fatigues very agreeable to me. I struggle with many difficulties with Quakers, who are countenanced by high-minded men, but I wrestle with wickedness in high places, and the Lord gives me utterance to speak boldly as I ought to speak. I find that my strength faileth me; but I hope the Lord will be my strength and helper, that I may fight the good fight and finish my course in the ministry which is given me to fulfil the word of God.

There is one thing which grieves my heart,—viz.: to see Episcopacy so little regarded in this Colony, and the cognizance of spiritual affairs left to Governors and Council by the laws of this Colony. And next to this, it gives me a great deal of uneasiness to see the greatest part of our brethren taken up in farming and buying slaves, which in my humble opinion is unlawful for any Christian and particularly for clergymen. By this the souls committed to their care must suffer; and

this evil cannot be redressed, for want of a yearly convocation, which has not been called these ten years.

—*A Letter to the Bishop of London*

31

I. THE NOTABLE CURE OF A PLANTER BY AN INDIAN

John Brickell, M.D.

Thus I have related their manner in curing several distempers; I shall now only mention one strange account more, which was attested by the planter himself, and several other credible persons in those parts.

There was an honest and substantial planter in those parts who was afflicted with a strange and lingering distemper, not usual amongst the Christians, under which he emaciated and grew every month worse and worse; this disorder continued for some years, during which time he had made use of the best and ablest doctors and surgeons in those parts, but all to no purpose, for the disorder still persevered. In the beginning of this distemper the patient was very wealthy, and had several slaves which he was obliged to sell to satisfy the doctors. But one day it happened, as he and his wife were commiserating his miserable condition, and that in all appearance he could not expect to recover, and that death must speedily put a period to his days, and then in what misery he should leave his poor wife and family, since all his negroes were already gone and disposed of. Whilst he and his wife were thus debating the misfortunes that in all probability might attend the family after his death, an Indian happened to come into the house, who was well acquainted with the family, and hearing their discourse (and having a very great regard and value for the sick man from whom he received many favours) made this reply to what he had heard them talk of, Brother, you have had a long fit of sickness, you have given away your slaves to the English doctors, what made you do so, and now be-

come poor? They do not know how to cure you, for it is an Indian distemper that troubles you, and they know not the nature of it. If it had been a distemper known in their country, probably they could have cured you. But had you employed me at first, I could have cured you for a small matter without taking your slaves from you that provided corn and other necessaries for you, and your family's support. And yet if you will give me a blanket to keep me warm and some powder and shot, to kill deer with, I will do my best still to recover your health.

The poor man being very much dejected with the misfortunes that he had already met with, made the Indian this reply. I know my distemper is now past the power of man to cure, and if our English doctors could not cure it, I am thoroughly persuaded that the Indians cannot.

But his wife accosted him in the most endearing and mild terms and told him, he did not know but God might be pleased to give a greater blessing to the Indians undertaking than he had done to the English, and likewise said, if it should please God that you should die, I cannot be much more miserable by giving that small trifle to the Indian which he demands. Therefore I beg of you to take my advice and try him.

At length by the many persuasions and importunities of his wife and family he consented. And when the bargain was concluded, the Indian went into the woods and brought with him several kinds of roots and herbs, whereof he made a strong decoction and gave it to the patient to drink, and immediately ordered him to go to bed, adding that it would not be long before he would return again to visit him. The patient punctually performed everything as he was ordered by the Indian, and had not been long in bed before the potion that was administered made him sweat after the most violent manner that could be, and during its operation he smelled so offensively to himself and all those that were near him that scarce anyone could bear to go into the house or room where he lay.

Late in the evening the Indian comes to visit the patient with a great rattlesnake alive (which terrified the family almost out of their senses) and told the sick man that he must take it to bed with him, at which the patient was in the greatest consternation in the world, and told the Indian that he might as well die of the distemper he had, as to be killed with the bite of the rattlesnake. To which the Indian replied he could not bite him nor do him any harm, for he had already taken out his poison and teeth, and showed him by opening and putting his finger into the snake's mouth, that they all were gone. At last by many persuasions and entreaties of all that were present, he admitted of the snake's company, which the Indian put about the patient's middle and ordered nobody to take it away, or even to meddle with it upon any account, which was strictly observed, although the snake girded him as hard for a great while as if he had been drawn in by a belt. At last he found the pressure grow weaker and weaker, till by degrees he felt it not; and opening the bed the snake was found dead, and the patient thought himself grown much better. The Indian returned the next morning to visit his patient, and finding the snake dead, was very much transported, and told the sick man the distemper was dead along with the snake, which proved as he said, for the man very speedily afterwards recovered his health, and became perfect well, and lived for many years after this strange and wonderful cure.

II. THE WILD TURKEYS

John Brickell, M.D.

The turkeys are here wild, in great plenty, and exceeding large; I have shot some of them which weighed forty pounds, and I have been credibly informed, that some of them weighed sixty. You shall see five hundred or more of them in a flock together; sometimes the wild breed with the tame, which they account makes them very hardy. I am satisfied it does, for the Indians frequently find their nests, and bring their eggs to the

Christians, which are hatched under hens, ducks, tame turkeys, etc. As soon as they are out of the shell, they will fend for themselves, and are more easily brought up than a chicken with us. Notwithstanding they are thus hatched, and familiarly bred up, yet they still retain a wild nature, and commonly, when they are a year and a half old, and grown large, run wild into the woods, and can never be brought into the house to roost, but perch on some high tree near it, and are always observed to separate themselves from the tame sort, although (at the same time) they tread and breed together.

—*The Natural History of North Carolina*

VI

The East Peopled and Possessed

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FROM the uncertain frontier in Maine and the claims of France to the frontier of Georgia and the claims of Spain, the coast was now a sequence of governments and communities. Each had had its worldly ups and downs, the value of provincial money was here and there uncertain, all sought for something to sell, casting about for some ideal colonial staple necessary to England or the West Indies, new races and strains had arrived and made themselves at home, the French Huguenots in the Carolinas, the embittered "Scotch-Irish" in the western settlements, the Germans in Pennsylvania; Celtic Irish names and Scot were no longer rarities. There were beginning to be Americans who had never been British. Where society was reasonably homogeneous, and was still influenced by the mores of England, an imitative ghost of the class-system continued in authority, but in the undetermined world of new peoples and change, it was losing its meaning. Cities and commerce were becoming increasingly important; the people lived with little money but lived well; there was an interest in ideas. The Indians in contact with this civilization, living upon the frontiers and suffering rather than benefiting from the relation with whites, had many of them lost their own arts and sunk into an ugly parody of the white man's way of living acted out in poverty and drunkenness.

AN ADDRESS MADE IN LONDON TO QUEEN ANNE, 1710

Five Mohawk Sachems

GREAT QUEEN:

We have undertaken a long voyage, which none of our predecessors could be prevailed upon to undertake, to see our great queen, and relate to her those things which we thought absolutely necessary for the good of her, and us her allies, on the other side of the water.

We doubt not but that our great queen has been acquainted with our long and tedious war, in conjunction with her children, against her enemies the French; and that we have been as a strong wall for their security; even to the loss of our best men. We were mightily rejoiced when we heard our great queen had resolved to send an army to reduce Canada, and immediately, in token of friendship, we hung up the kettle and took up the hatchet, and with one consent assisted Colonel Nicholson in making preparations on this side the lake; but at length we were told that our great queen, by some important affairs, was prevented in her design at present, which made us sorrowful, lest the French, who had hitherto dreaded us, should now think us unable to make war against them. The reduction of Canada is of great weight to our free hunting, so that if our great queen should not be mindful of us, we must, with our families, forsake our country and seek other habitations, or stand neuter, either of which will be much against our inclinations.

In token of the sincerity of these nations, we do in their names present our great queen with these belts of wampum, and, in hopes of our great queen's favor, leave it to her most gracious consideration.

—*Documentary History of the State of New York*

A PREFERENCE IN MISSIONARIES

Sir William Johnson, 1715-1774

I shall be very glad to know what progress, if any, hath been made in the Indian Book of Common Prayer as it being a work very much wanted, and greatly enquired after by the Indians. And in case any other parts may be required towards the completing of the same, or that the manuscripts which I sent you require any addition, I shall on notice thereof, use all my endeavors to obtain what may appear further necessary.

I am of the opinion that this edition will conduce to incline the Christian Indians to the Established Church, which will have a better effect upon them than what I see arises from their inclination to the Presbyterian as all those Indians who are instructed by the dissenting ministers, who are the only clergy in these parts, have imbibed an air of the most enthusiastical cant, and are in short intermixed with the greatest distortion of the features and zealous belchings of the spirit, resembling the most bigoted Puritans their whole time being spent in singing psalms amongst the country people, whereby they neglect their hunting and most worldly affairs, and are in short become very worthless members of society.

—*Letter to Henry Barclay*

I. THE FIVE NATIONS

Cadwallader Colden, 1688-1776

The Five Nations (as their name denotes) consist of so many tribes or nations, joined together by a league or confederacy, like the United Provinces, and without any superiority of the one over the other. This union has continued so long,

that the Christians know nothing of the original of it: the people in it are known by the English under the names of Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas.

Each of these nations is again divided into three tribes or families, who distinguish themselves by three different arms or ensigns, the tortoise, the bear, and the wolf; and the sachems, or old men of these families, put this ensign, or mark of their family to every public paper, when they sign it.

Each of these nations is an absolute republic by itself, and every castle in each nation makes an independent republic, and is governed in all public affairs by its own sachems or old men. The authority of these rulers is gained by, and consists wholly in the opinion the rest of the nation have of their wisdom and integrity. They never execute their resolutions by force upon any of their people. Honour and esteem are their principal rewards; as shame, and being despised, their punishments. They have certain customs, which they observe in their public transactions with other nations, and in their private affairs among themselves; which it is scandalous for any one among them not to observe, and these always draw after them either public or private resentment, whenever they are broke.

Their leaders and captains, in like manner, obtain their authority, by the general opinion of their courage and conduct, and lose it by a failure in those virtues.

The Five Nations think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, and call themselves *Ongue-honwe*; that is, men surpassing all others. This opinion, which they take care to cultivate into their children, gives them that courage, which has been so terrible to all the nations of North America; and they have taken such care to impress the same opinion of their people on all their neighbours, that they, on all occasions, yield the most submissive obedience to them. I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in the country, their Indians

raised a cry from hill to hill, *A Mohawk! A Mohawk!* upon which they all fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting to make the least resistance, whatever odds were on their side.

—*The History of the Five Indian Nations*

II. THE COMMERCE OF NEW YORK, 1723

Cadwallader Colden, 1688-1776

The trade of New York is chiefly to Britain and the British Plantations in the West Indies; besides which we have our wines from Madeira and a considerable trade with Cura-coa; some with Surinam and some little private trade with the French Islands. The trade to the West Indies is wholly to the advantage of this province the balance being everywhere in our favour so that we have money remitted from every place we trade with, but chiefly from Curacao and Jamaica, these places taking off great quantities of flour for the Spanish trade. The trade to Barbadoes is more considerable than to any of the rest, provisions being carried thither not only for the supply of that island but likewise for transportation to the Spanish coast while the Assiento Factors were settled there, and to the French Islands, so that though we consume more of the produce of that island in rum sugar and molasses than of all the others put together we have money frequently remitted from thence on bills of exchange for England. The trade to Madeira is to our loss, this province consuming more wine from thence than can be purchased with our commodities, which obliges the merchant either to send money or to pay the balance of bills of exchange for London. But whatever advantages we have by the West India Trade we are so hard put to it to make even with England, that the money imported for the West Indies seldom continued six months in the province, before it is remitted for England. The current cash being wholly in the paper bills of this province and a few Lyon dollars.

In the time of the last war when the great scarcity of provisions happened in France, we had a very profitable trade with Lisbon for wheat, by which several have made estates but that trade was of no long duration, for the distance made the carriage so chargeable being the ships were obliged to return empty, that the trade could not be carried on any longer without loss, after wheat fell to its usual price, though the wheat of America, be of greater value there than the European, and we cannot hope for a return of this trade unless such a general scarcity of provisions happens over Europe as did then.

The staple commodity of the province is flour and bread which is sent to all parts of the West Indies as we are allowed to trade with. Besides wheat, pipe staves and a little bees wax to Madeira, we send likewise a considerable quantity of pork, bacon, hogshead staves, some beef, butter and a few candles to the West Indies. The great bulk of our commodities in proportion to their value, is the reason we cannot trade directly to the Spanish coast as they do from the West Indies it being necessary to employ armed vessels to prevent injuries from the Spaniards and pirates, but we sometimes send vessels into the Bays of Campeche and Honduras, to purchase logwood and we have it imported from thence frequently by strangers. This commodity is entirely exported again for England.

From Barbadoes we import rum, molasses and sugar which are all consumed in the province, from Antigua and the adjacent islands, molasses and some rum for the country consumption, and sometimes sugar and cotton for exportation to England, from Jamaica some rum, molasses and the best Muscovada sugar for the consumption of the country and sometimes logwood, but the principal returns from thence are in Spanish money, from Curacoa the returns are in Spanish money and cocoa which is exported again for England. Surinam returns nothing besides molasses and a little rum which are consumed in the province, in the time of war when the

English could not trade with the French there was some considerable trade to the Island St. Thomas, the Danes from thence supplying the French with our provisions. We have cotton from thence and now from the French Islands we sometimes have cocoa, sugar and indigo, the far greatest part of which are exported again from England.

Several of our neighbours upon the continent cannot well subsist without our assistance as to provisions for we yearly send wheat and flour to Boston and Rhode Island as well as to South Carolina though not in any great quantity. Pennsylvania only rivals us in our trade to the West Indies, but they have not that credit in their manufactures that this province has.

—*Documentary History of the State of New York*

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NEW YORK AND THE NEW YORKERS, C. 1750

William Smith, 1728-1798

The city of New York consists principally of merchants, shopkeepers, and tradesmen, who sustain the reputation of honest, punctual, and fair dealers. With respect to riches, there is not so great an inequality amongst us as is common in Boston and some other places. Every man of industry and integrity has it in his power to live well, and many are the instances of persons who came here distressed by their poverty, who now enjoy easy and plentiful fortunes.

New York is one of the most social places on the continent. The men collect themselves into weekly evening clubs. The ladies, in winter, are frequently entertained either at concerts of music or assemblies, and make a very good appearance. They are comely and dress well, and scarce any of them have distorted shapes. Tinctured with a Dutch education, they manage their families with becoming parsimony, good providence, and singular neatness. The practice of extravagant gaming,

common to the fashionable part of the fair sex, in some places, is a vice with which my countrywomen cannot justly be charged. There is nothing they so generally neglect as reading, and indeed all the arts for the improvement of the mind, in which, I confess, we have set them an example. They are modest, temperate, and charitable; naturally, sprightly, sensible, and good-humoured; and, by the helps of a more elevated education, would possess all the accomplishments desirable in the sex. Our schools are in the lowest order—the instructors want instruction; and, through a long shameful neglect of all the arts and sciences, our common speech is extremely corrupt, and the evidences of a bad taste, both as to thought and language, are visible in all our proceedings, public and private.

The people, both in town and country, are sober, industrious, and hospitable, though intent upon gain. The richer sort keep very plentiful tables, abounding with great varieties of flesh, fish, fowl, and all kinds of vegetables. The common drinks are beer, cider, weak punch, and Madeira wine. For dessert, we have fruits in vast plenty, of different kinds and various species.

Gentlemen of estates rarely reside in the country, and hence few or no experiments have yet been made in agriculture. The farms being large, our husbandmen, for that reason, have little recourse to art for manuring and improving their lands; but it is said, that nature has furnished us with sufficient helps, whenever necessity calls us to use them. It is much owing to the disproportion between the number of our inhabitants, and the vast tracts remaining still to be settled, that we have not, as yet, entered upon scarce any other manufactures than such as are indispensably necessary for our home convenience. Felt-making, which is perhaps the most natural of any we could fall upon, was begun some years ago, and hats were exported to the West Indies with great success, till lately prohibited by an act of parliament.

—*The History of the Province of New York*

MAN, THE ENEMY OF GOD

Jonathan Edwards, 1703-1758

What other account can you give of your own carriage, but only your being God's enemy? What other account can be given of your opposing God in your ways; walking so exceeding contrary to him, contrary to his counsels, contrary to his commands, and contrary to his glory? What other account can be given of your casting so much contempt upon God; your setting him so low; your acting so much against his authority, and against his kingdom and interest in the world? What other account can be given of your so setting your will in opposition to God's will, and that so obstinately, for so long a time, against so many warnings as you have had? What other account can be given of your joining so much with Satan, in the opposition he is making to the kingdom of God in the world? And that you will join with him against God, though it be so much against your own interest, and though you expose yourself by it to everlasting misery?

Such like behaviour in one man towards another, would be sufficient evidence of enmity. If he should be seen to behave thus, and that it was his constant manner, none would want better evidence that he was an enemy to his neighbour. If you yourself had a servant that carried it towards you, as you do towards God, you would not think there was need of any greater evidence of his being your enemy. Suppose your servant should manifest much contempt of you; and disregard your commands as much as you do the commands of God; should go directly contrary, and in many ways act the very reverse of your commands; should seem to set himself in ways that were contrary to your will obstinately and incorrigibly, without any amendment from your repeated calls, warnings, and threatenings; and should act so cross to you day and night, as you do to God: would he not be justly

deemed your enemy? Suppose, further, when you sought one thing, he would seek the contrary; when you did any work, he would, as much as in him lay, undo and destroy that work; and suppose he should continually drive at such ends, as tended to overthrow the ends you aimed at: when you sought to bring to pass any design, he would endeavour to overthrow your design; and set himself as much against your interest as you do yourself against God's honour. And suppose you should, moreover, see him, from time to time, with those who were your declared mortal enemies; making them his counsellors, and hearkening to their counsels, as much as you do to Satan's temptations: should you not think you had sufficient evidence that he was your enemy;—Therefore consider seriously your own ways, and weigh your own behaviour. *How canst thou say, I am not polluted?—see thy way in the valley, know what thou hast done.* Jer. II, 23.

—*Man the Enemy of God*

37

I. A SIGHT OF EASTERN BUFFALO

William Byrd, 1674-1744

We took up our quarters upon Sugar-tree Creek, in the same camp we had lain in when we came up, and happened to be entertained at supper with a rarity we had never had the fortune to meet with before, during the whole expedition.

A little wide of this creek, one of the men had the luck to meet with a young buffalo of two years old. It was a bull, which, notwithstanding he was no older, was as big as an ordinary ox. His legs are very thick and very short, and his hoofs exceedingly broad. His back rose into a kind of bunch a little above the shoulders, which I believe contributes not a little to that creature's enormous strength. His body is vastly deep from the shoulders to the brisket, sometimes 6 feet in those that are full grown. The portly figure of this animal is dis-

graced by a shabby little tail, not above 12 inches long. This he cocks up on end whenever he's in a passion, and, instead of lowing or bellowing, grunts with no better grace than a hog.

The hair growing on his head and neck is long and shagged, and so soft that it will spin into thread not unlike mohair, which might be wove into a sort of camlet. Some people have stockings knit of it, that would have served an Israelite during his forty years' march through the wilderness.

Its horns are short and strong, of which the Indians make large spoons, which they say will split and fall to pieces whenever poison is put into them. Its colour is a dirty brown, and its hide so thick that it is scarce penetrable. However, it makes very spongy sole leather by the ordinary method of tanning, though this fault might by good contrivance be mended.

As thick as this poor beast's hide was, a bullet made shift to enter it and fetch him down. It was found all alone, though buffaloes seldom are.

—*The History of the Dividing Line*

II. NEW BLOOD AND NEW COLONISTS

William Byrd, 1674-1744

I expect every day the arrival of a little ship, with Switzers and Germans, to settle upon part of my land at Roanoke. But they have been now thirteen weeks at sea, so that I am under great apprehensions for them. They have purchased thirty-three thousand acres only, in one body; so that there are seventy-two thousand still remaining, to which your friend, Gasper Wister, is very welcome, if he, or any of his countrymen, are so inclined. I am greatly obliged to you for your good character, and by the grace of God shall endeavour never to forfeit it upon any temptation of advantage. The land is really very good, for so large a quantity; the climate moderate and wholesome; the river navigable to the great Falls; and the road to James River very dry and level. Besides, I have now a

bill depending before our Assembly, to make all foreigners that shall seat upon our frontiers, free from taxes for seven years, which I have reason to believe will pass.

If these, and many other advantages, which I have not room to mention, will tempt any of your Germans to remove hither, I shall be very glad—upon the easy terms mentioned in my paper; and if you will be so good as employ your interest and kind offices with them, for that purpose, it will be an obligation ever to be acknowledged by him who wishes everything that is good to you and your household, and is, without guile,

Sir, your hearty friend and humble servant,

W. BYRD.

—*Letter to William Bartram*

38

I. MAKING AN INDIAN TREATY, 1744

Witham Marsh

The honourable the commissioners of Virginia gave our commissioners, and the several Maryland gentlemen, an invitation to dine with them in the court-house, which we did, betwixt one and two. During our dinner, the deputies of the Six Nations, with their followers and attendants, to the number of 252, arrived in town. Several of their squaws, or wives, with some small children, rode on horseback, which is very unusual with them. They brought their fire-arms and bows and arrows, as well as tomahawks. A great concourse of people followed them. They marched in very good order, with Cannasateego, one of the Onondago chiefs, at their head; who, when he came near to the court-house wherein we were dining, sung, in the Indian language, a song, inviting us to a renewal of all treaties heretofore made, and that now to be made.

Mr. Weiser, the interpreter, who is highly esteemed by

the Indians, and is one of their council of state, (though a German by birth) conducted them to some vacant lots in the back part of the town, where sundry poles and boards were placed. On these, and some boughs of trees from the woods, the Indians made wigwams, or cabins, wherein they resided during the treaty. They will not, on any occasion whatsoever, dwell, or even stay, in houses built by white people.

They placed their cabins according to the rank each nation of them holds in their grand council. The Onondagoes nation was placed on the right hand and upper end; then the others, according to their several dignities.

After dining, and drinking the loyal healths, all the younger gentlemen of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, went with Mr. Conrad Weiser to the Indian camp, where they had erected their several cabins. We viewed them all, and heartily welcomed Cannasateego, and Tachanuntie, (alias the Black Prince) two chiefs of the Onondagoes, to town. They shaked us by the hands, and seemed very well pleased with us. I gave them some snuff, for which they returned me thanks in their language.

Our interpreter, Mr. Weiser, desired us, whilst we were here, not to talk much of the Indians, nor laugh at their dress, or make any remarks on their behaviour: if we did, it would be very much resented by them, and might cause some differences to arise betwixt the white people and them. Besides, most of them understood English, though they will not speak it when they are in treaty.

The Indians, in general, were poorly dressed, having old matchcoats, and those ragged; few, or no shirts, and those they had, as black as the Scotchman made the Jamaicans, when he wrote in his letter they were as black as that ● [blot].

When they had rested some little space of time, several of them began to paint themselves with divers sorts of colours, which rendered them frightful. Some of the others rubbed

bear's grease on their faces, and then laid upon that a white paint. When we had made a sufficient survey of them and their cabins, we went to the court-house, where the Indians were expected to meet the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Hon. George Thomas, Esq., and to be by him congratulated on their arrival at this town.

II. INDIAN TRADERS

Witham Marsh

Betwixt 8 and 9, this night, supped with my brother secretary, Mr. Black, in his lodgings at Mr. George Sanderson's. We had pleasant company, good wine, and lime-punch. From hence I went to Worrall's, where, in my room, three very impudent Indian traders had taken possession of my bed, and caused another to be there made; but after some disputes, our landlord made these scoundrels quit their beds, and leave the parson and myself in quiet possession.

These traders, for the most part, are as wild as some of the most savage Indians, amongst whom they trade for skins, furs, etc., for sundry kinds of European goods, and strong liquors. They go back in the country, above 300 miles from the white inhabitants; here they live with the Indian hunters till they have disposed of their cargoes; and then, on horses, carry their skins, etc., to Philadelphia, where they are bought by the merchants there, and from thence exported to London. It is a very beneficial trade, though hazardous to their persons and lives; for the weather is so excessively cold where they trade, which is near the lakes of Canada, and their cabins so poorly made to defend themselves from the bitter winters, that they often perish: and on the other hand, they are liable to the insults and savage fury of the drunken Indians, by selling to them rum, and other spirituous liquors. The government, as yet, have not provided a law, prohibiting the selling such liquors, although it has been pressed by his honour, who is

but too sensible of the ill effects produced by the Indian traders carrying so much to barter with the hunters of the Six Nations.

I rested well, after dispossessing these intruding guests; but this happened by my giving orders to my landlord's servants, this morning, to wash our room with cold water, and to take my bed from its bedstead, and lay it on the floor; and by this means the bugs and fleas were defeated of their prey.

—*Journal of a Treaty Held with the Six Nations, Lancaster, Pennsylvania*

39

I. A PROPOSAL FOR PROMOTING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790

The English are possessed of a long tract of continent, from Nova Scotia to Georgia, extending north and south through different climates, having different soils, producing different plants, mines and minerals, and capable of different improvements, manufactures, etc.

The first drudgery of settling new colonies, which confines the attention of people to mere necessaries, is now pretty well over; and there are many in every province in circumstances that set them at ease, and afford leisure to cultivate the finer arts, and improve the common stock of knowledge. To such of these who are men of speculation, many hints must from time to time arise, many observations occur, which if well-examined, pursued and improved, might produce discoveries to the advantage of some or all of the British Plantations, or to the benefit of mankind in general.

But as, from the extent of the country, such persons are widely separated, and seldom can see and converse, or be acquainted with each other, so that many useful particulars remain uncommunicated, die with the discoverers, and are lost

to mankind; it is, to remedy this inconvenience for the future, proposed,

That one society be formed of virtuosi or ingenious men residing in the several colonies, to be called The American Philosophical Society who are to maintain a constant correspondence.

That Philadelphia being the city nearest the center of the continent-colonies, communicating with all of them northward and southward by post, and with all the islands by sea, and having the advantage of a good growing library, be the center of the society.

That at Philadelphia there be always at least seven members, viz. a physician, a botanist, a mathematician, a chemist, a mechanician, a geographer, and a natural philosopher, besides a president, treasurer and secretary.

That these members meet once a month, or oftener, at their own expense, to communicate to each other their observations, experiments, etc., to receive, read and consider such letters, communications, or queries as shall be sent from distant members; to direct the dispersing of copies of such communications as are valuable, to other distant members, in order to procure their sentiments thereupon, etc.

That the subjects of the correspondence be, all new-discovered plants, herbs, trees, roots, etc. their virtues, uses, etc.; methods of propagating them, and making such as are useful, but particular to some plantations, more general; improvements of vegetable juices, as ciders, wines, etc.; new methods of curing or preventing diseases; all new-discovered fossils in different countries, as mines, minerals, quarries; etc. new and useful improvements in any branch of mathematics; new discoveries in chemistry, such as improvements in distillation, brewing, assaying of ores; etc. new mechanical inventions for saving labour; as mills, carriages, etc. and for raising and conveying of water, draining of meadows, etc.; all new arts, trades, manufactures, etc. that may be proposed or thought of, surveys, maps and charts of particular parts of the sea-coasts,

or inland countries; course and junction of rivers and great roads, situation of lakes and mountains, nature of the soil, productions; etc. new methods of improving the breed of useful animals; introducing other sorts from foreign countries; new improvements in planting, gardening, clearing land, etc.; and all philosophical experiments that let light into the nature of things, tend to increase the power of man over matter, and multiply the conveniences or pleasures of life.

II. THE SILVER SPOON

Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790

We have an English proverb that says, "He that would thrive, must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxuries will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and China in our house, which afterward, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

III. POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790

In 1732 I first published my Almanack, under the name of Richard Saunders; it was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanack*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want, to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction.

—*The Autobiography*

VII

The Politics and Wars of Europe on the Trading Paths of America

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HOLDING the two great natural gates of the continent, the mouths of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, the colonial adventure of France had a geographic and strategic magnificence of plan which made the English effort seem haphazard and disorganized. The adventure had begun casually, with the usual explorations and disasters, but presently the genius of Richelieu seized upon it, giving it form and discipline, and making it essentially one of the ventures of the state. Picturesque as it was, at once bold and patient, having both intelligence and "panache," it was true to the French mind in being an idea as much as an outer reality: the *courreur de bois* and the functionary met upon this ground, and to the achievement of the design came the powerful aid of the intelligence, energy and discipline of the Catholic church.

This was the formidable rival which lay to the north and west of the English colonies, seeking to confine them to the coast. Had the French not incurred the long resentment of the Five Nations, had emigration from France been more plentiful, had the Mother Country been less continuously engaged in wars at home, the historic result would very likely have been a balance of power. But the European wars ignited their new fires in the American woods, the Five Nations spread terror among the French, the French Indian allies sacked the New England and later the western settlements, regular troops entered the picture, and presently a Canada abandoned by a hard-pressed France, fell to the British Crown. The Louisiana possessions were saved from the Lion by a cession to Spain.

A SPEECH OF DEFIANCE, 1752

The Abenakis of St. François

TO THE DEPUTY OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, BROTHER:

We shall talk to you as if we were speaking to your Governor in Boston. We hear on all sides that this Governor and the Bostonnais say the Abenakis are bad people. It is in vain that you charge us with bad hearts; it is always you, our brothers, who have attacked us; you have a sweet tongue, but a heart of gall. I admit, that when you begin it we can defend ourselves.

We tell you, brother, that we are not anxious for war. We like nothing better than to be at peace, and it needs only that our English brothers keep peace with us. We wish to keep possession of the lands on which we live. We will not give up an inch of the land which we inhabit, beyond that long ago decided upon by our brothers. We forbid you absolutely from killing a single beaver or taking one bit of wood on our lands. If you want wood we will sell it to you, but you shall not have it without our permission. Who has authorized you to have our lands measured? We pray the Governor of Boston to have these surveyors punished, for we cannot believe they are acting under his orders. You are then the arbiters of peace between us. As soon as you cease to encroach upon these lands, we shall be at peace.

When peace was made we expected to enjoy it with the French, but at the same moment we learned that you, our English brothers, had killed one of our men and had hidden him in the ice.

When we demanded why you had killed him, you prom-

ised us satisfaction, but your ill-will towards us has been shown by your inaction during seven months, and we resolved to defend ourselves, and have destroyed a house. Since that a man and a woman of our village are missing. We have learned their sad fate by an Englishwoman who is now with us, who affirms that this man and woman were killed by the English in her presence, and as positive proof of this she has brought us a bag which we recognize as having belonged to these unfortunates. We were touched by this murder as we ought to be, and we avenged ourselves last year. The English that we have killed this year, and the two others taken prisoners, may attribute their hard fate to the fact that they have been caught hunting on our lands, and we repeat with all the firmness of which we are capable, that we will kill all the English that we find on our lands,—if any of you are caught on our lands you will be killed.

—*The Massachusetts Archives*

41

A CAPTIVE MADE AN INDIAN

James Smith, 1737-1814

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers, in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown; this they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they plaited at full length, and then stuck it full of silver brooches.

After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off

with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head, face, and body, in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street, and gave the alarm halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick; and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood around the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief, holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done, he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them; I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English, (for I believe they began to be afraid of me,) and said *no hurt you*. On this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of moccasins, and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills, and red hair—also a tinsel laced cappo. They again painted my

head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket-fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco; also spunk, flint, and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was a profound silence—every one was smoking; but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was as followeth: "My son, you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnawago nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear—we are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you that we are to love and to defend one another; therefore, you are to consider yourself as one of our people." At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech; for, from that day, I never knew them to make any distinction, between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

—An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences

I. A SENECA LAMENT

Mary Jemison, 1743-1833

“Oh, our brother! Alas! He is dead—he has gone; he will never return! Friendless he died on the field of the slain, where his bones are yet lying unburied! Oh, who will not mourn his sad fate? No tears dropped around him; oh, no! No tears of his sisters were there! He fell in his prime, when his arm was most needed to keep us from danger! Alas! he has gone! and left us in sorrow, his loss to bewail: Oh where is his spirit? His spirit went naked, and hungry it wanders, and thirsty and wounded it groans to return! Oh helpless and wretched, our brother has gone! No blanket nor food to nourish and warm him; nor candles to light him, nor weapons of war:—Oh, none of these comforts had he! But well we remember his deeds!—The deer he could take on the chase! The panther shrunk back at the sight of his strength! His enemies fell at his feet! He was brave and courageous in war! As the fawn he was harmless: his friendship was ardent: his temper was gentle: his pity was great! Oh! our friend, our companion is dead! Our brother, our brother, alas! he is gone! But why do we grieve for his loss? In the strength of a warrior, undaunted he left us, to fight by the side of the chiefs! His war-whoop was shrill! His rifle well aimed laid his enemies low: his tomahawk drank of their blood: and his knife flayed their scalps while yet covered with gore! And why do we mourn? Though he fell on the field of the slain, with glory he fell, and his spirit went up to the land of his fathers in war! Then why do we mourn? With transports of joy they received him, and fed him, and clothed him, and welcomed him there! Oh friends, he is happy; then dry up your tears! His spirit has seen our distress, and sent us a helper whom with pleasure we greet. Dicewamis has come: then let us receive her with joy! She is handsome and pleasant!

Oh! she is our sister, and gladly we welcome her here. In the place of our brother she stands in our tribe. With care we will guard her from trouble; and may she be happy till her spirit shall leave us."

II. WIFE TO AN INDIAN

Mary Jemison, 1743-1833

I had then been with the Indians four summers and four winters, and had become so far accustomed to their mode of living, habits, dispositions, that my anxiety to get away, to be set at liberty, and leave them, had almost subsided. With them was my home; my family was there, and there I had many friends to whom I was warmly attached in consideration of the favors, affection and friendship with which they had uniformly treated me, from the time of my adoption. Our labor was not severe; and that of one year was exactly similar, in almost every respect, to that of the others, without that endless variety that is to be observed in the common labor of the white people. Notwithstanding the Indian women have all the fuel and bread to procure, and the cooking to perform, their task is probably not harder than that of white women, who have those articles provided for them; and their cares certainly are not half as numerous, nor as great. In the summer season, we planted, tended and harvested our corn, and generally had all our children with us; but had no master to oversee or drive us, so that we could work as leisurely as we pleased. We had no ploughs on the Ohio; but performed the whole process of planting and hoeing with a small tool that resembled, in some respects, a hoe with a very short handle.

Our cooking consisted in pounding our corn into samp or hominy, boiling the hominy, making now and then a cake and baking it in the ashes, and in boiling or roasting our venison. As our cooking and eating utensils consisted of a hominy block and pestle, a small kettle, a knife or two, and a few vessels of bark and wood, it required but little time to keep them in order for use.

Spinning, weaving, sewing, stocking knitting and the like, are arts which have never been practised in the Indian tribes generally. After the revolutionary war, I learned to sew, so that I could make my own clothing after a poor fashion; but the other domestic arts I have been wholly ignorant of the application of, since my captivity. In the season of hunting, it is our business, in addition to our cooking, to bring home the game that was taken by the Indians, dress it, and carefully preserve the eatable meat, and prepare or dress the skins. Our clothing was fastened together with strings of deer skin, and tied on with the same.

In that manner we lived, without any of those jealousies, quarrels, and revengeful battles between families and individuals, which have been common in the Indian tribes since the introduction of ardent spirits amongst them.

The use of ardent spirits amongst the Indians, and the attempts which have been made to civilize and christianize them by the white people, has constantly made them worse and worse; increased their vices, and robbed them of many of their virtues; and will ultimately produce their extermination. I have seen, in a number of instances, the effects of education upon some of our Indians, who were taken when young, from their families, and placed at school before they had had an opportunity to contract many Indian habits, and there kept till they arrived to manhood; but I have never seen one of those but what was an Indian in every respect after he returned. Indians must and will be Indians, in spite of all the means that can be used for their cultivation in the sciences and arts.

—*A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison*

AMERICAN PRISONERS IN CANADA

Mrs. James Johnson

After a disagreeable voyage of three days, we made St. John's the 16th of September, where we again experienced the politeness of a French commander. I, with my child, was kindly lodged in the same room with himself and lady. In the morning we still found misfortune treading close at our heels: we must again be delivered to our savage masters, and take another passage in the boats for Chamblee*; when within three miles of which, Labarree, myself and child, with our two masters, were put on shore. We were ignorant of our destiny; and parting from my husband and friends was a severe trial, without knowing whether we were ever to meet them again. We walked on to Chamblee; here our fears were dissipated by meeting our friends. In the garrison of this place we found all the hospitality our necessities required. Here for the first, after my captivity, I lodged on a bed. Brandy was handed about in large bowls, and we lived in high style. The next morning we were put in the custody of our old masters, who took us to the canoes, in which we had a painful voyage that day and the following night to Sorell, where we arrived on the 19th. A hospitable friar came to the shore to see us, and invited us to his house. He gave us a good breakfast, and drank our better healths in a tumbler of brandy. He took compassionate notice of my child, and ordered it some suitable food. But the Indians hurried us off before it could eat. He then went with us to the shore, and ordered his servant to carry the food, prepared for the child, to the canoe, where he waited till I fed it. The friar was a very genteel man, and gave us his benediction at parting in feeling language. We then rowed on till the middle of the afternoon, when we landed on a barren heath, and by the help of a fire cooked an Indian dinner; after which

* Chambley, in the Montreal region.

the war dance was held and another infernal yelling. The prisoners were obliged to sing till they were hoarse, and dance round the fire.

We had now arrived within a few miles of the village of St. Francis, to which place our masters belonged. Whenever the warriors return from an excursion against an enemy, their return to the tribe or village must be designated by war-like ceremonial; the captives or spoil, which may happen to crown their valor, must be conducted in a triumphant form, and decorated to every possible advantage. For this end we must now submit to painting: their vermillion, with which they were ever supplied, was mixed with bear's grease, and every cheek, chin, and forehead must have a dash. We then rowed on within a mile of the town, where we stopped at a French house to dine: the prisoners were served with soup meagre and bread. After dinner two savages proceeded to the village to carry the glad tidings of our arrival. The whole atmosphere soon resounded from every quarter with whoops, yells, shrieks, and screams. St. Francis, from the noise that came from it, might be supposed the center of the pandemonium. Our masters were not backward; they made every response they possibly could. The whole time we were sailing from the French house the noise was direful to be heard. Two hours before sunset we came to the landing at the village. No sooner had we landed than the yelling in the town was redoubled; a cloud of savages, of all sizes and sexes, soon appeared running towards us. When they reached the boats they formed themselves into a long parade, leaving a small space through which we must pass. Each Indian then took his prisoner by his hand, and, after ordering him to sing the war song, began to march through the gantlet. We expected a severe beating before we got through; but were agreeably disappointed when we found that each Indian only gave us a tap on the shoulder. We were led directly to the houses, each taking his prisoner to his own wigwam. When I entered my master's door his brother saluted me with a large belt of

wampum, and my master presented me with another. Both were put over my shoulders, and crossed behind and before. My new home was not the most agreeable: a large wigwam, without a floor, with a fire in the center, and only a few water vessels and dishes to eat from, made of birch bark, and tools for cookery, made clumsily of wood, for furniture, will not be thought a pleasing residence to one accustomed to civilized life.

—*Indian Narratives*

44

THE END OF NEW FRANCE

The Boston Post Boy

We heartily congratulate our readers on the most remarkable success which it has pleased Heaven to afford unto his Majesty's arms, in the reduction of Quebec, the capital of Canada: this conquest was preceded by a victory over more than three times our number, and which has entirely broke the French power in America. The slain on the enemy's side were numerous; but ours, though inconsiderable, is aggravated to the highest degree in that General Wolfe is among the number of the slain—his zeal for his Majesty's honour was unrivaled—his bravery and activity, as an officer, had made him the darling of the soldiery. He lived to see the enemy fly before him, and then expired in a full blaze of glory.

The further particulars of this great event, as far as are yet come to hand, are as follows.

John Atwood, of the Schooner *Betsy*, testifieth and saith, that on the 13th of September he sailed from Point Orlean; that on said day he heard a great firing of cannon, and three days after his arrival at Louisbourg, which was on or about the second of September, one Captain Weston (belonging to Plymouth) arrived there from the river, and brought several letters from the army and navy, informing, and as he otherwise heard, that General Wolfe having landed on the 13th of

September (first mentioned) above Quebec, was attacked by Monsieur Montcalm, with the main body of the French army; that the action lasted but fifteen minutes only; the English sustained three fires before they returned any; that the first fire they made, broke the French horse, and brought on a general confusion among them, they retired or rather fled, and the English pursued them to their trenches, and immediately drove them out and pursued them to the walls of Quebec—that General Wolfe was killed after forcing the trenches: the English then retreated to proper distance, and raised a battery of thirty-six or thirty-eight guns against it, which being finished in three days, General Townsend sent in a message to the French, demanding the surrender of the city, which they did very soon, but upon what terms he cannot say—that it was said we lost four or five hundred men in the action, and the French fifteen hundred killed and taken.

Captain Atwood further added, that Monsieur Montcalm and the second in command were killed; and Gen. Monckton wounded in the lungs.

—Issue of October 15th, 1759

VIII

*The American Scene Takes the Imagination of
the People*

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THE American does not appear in a generation; the forces of the country needed time to shape him to their will. He is not a figure of the seventeenth century. It is in the eighteenth century that he begins to emerge, a new human being, no longer interested in the resemblances of things American to things European, but in their differences. He has become conscious of America as a place, and aware of the American scale. The huge, sunlit, Red Indian land is his, with its tensions of heat and cold, its tropical violences of summer storm, its incomparable and elegiac autumn, its cloudless winter nights of stars over the wilderness and the snow.

The forest miracle of Niagara, for so many generations the dramatic core of the American scene, the great river the Mississippi, the Indian mounds of the prairies, the Indian himself, the native and different plant, animal and bird—all these become a part of the conscious heritage: they find their way into books: they bring new pride. The peculiarly American things, the buffalo, the wild turkey, the towering corn, the rattlesnake which so imposed itself upon the architectural imagination of the Central American peoples, the sunflower, the goldenrod, a new awareness of them is at hand; they are part of nationality.

MOUNDBUILDER RUINS BY THE MISSISSIPPI

Jonathan Carver, 1710-1780

On day having landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles below Lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far, before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance, a partial elevation that had the appearance of an intrenchment. On a nearer inspection I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the River. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation also, I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the River; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way that commanded it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracts were worn across it by the feet of the elks and deer, and from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since, for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an

exact plan of it. To show that this description is not the offspring of a heated imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on enquiry since my return, that Mons. St. Pierre and several traders have, at different times, taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto (according to the general received opinion) been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breast-work even at present is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and leave to future explorers of these distant regions to discover whether it is a production of nature or art.

—*Travels in Interior Parts of America*

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I. THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA

Robert Rogers, 1731-1795

Little Niagara Fort is nothing more than a stockade, and is about two miles distant from the easterly end of the Great Island, on the east-side of the river.

Near this fort is a remarkable fall, or cataract, in the river, which deserves a particular description. This cataract is called the Falls of Niagara, which, in the language of the Five Nations, signifies a fall of water. The course of the river here is south-south-east, and about half a mile wide, where the rock crosses it, not in a direct line, but in the form of a half-moon. Above the fall is an island of about half a mile in length, the lower end of which comes to the edge of the fall. The current of the river above the island is quite slow; but as it approaches the island, and is divided by it, it runs more swiftly, and, before it comes to the fall, with such violence, as

often throws the water to a considerable height, especially on the west side of the island, the whole stream appearing in a foam, for even here the descent is equal to the side of a pretty steep hill. When it comes to the perpendicular fall, which is an hundred and fifty feet, no words can express the consternation of travellers at first view, seeing so great a body of water falling, or rather violently thrown, from so great an height, upon the rocks below, from which it again rebounds to a very great height, appearing white as snow, being all converted into foam, through those repeated violent agitations. The noise of this fall is often heard at the distance of fifteen miles, and sometimes much further. The vapour arising from the fall may sometimes be seen at a great distance, appearing like a cloud, or pillar of smoke, and in it the appearance of a rainbow, whenever the sun and the position of the traveller favours. Many beasts and fowls here lose their lives, by attempting to swim or cross the stream in the rapids, and are found dashed in pieces below; and sometimes the Indians have met with the like fate, either through their carelessness or drunkenness. There are smaller falls in the river for several miles below, which renders it unnavigable. The bank of the river, on the east-side from the fall downwards, is 300 feet high, till you come to another fort of ours, distant from Little Niagara nine miles, and this length they are obliged to carry by land, on account of the rapids above and below the cataract. The land on the other side rises gradually, and perhaps no place in the world is frequented by such a number of eagles as this, invited hither by the carnage before mentioned, that is here made of deer, elks, bears, etc., on which they feed. The land on the west-side of the river St. Lawrence, from this fort, or landing place, to Lake Ontario, is owned by the Messissaugaus, and is tolerably good. The timber is chiefly chestnut. The easterly side is owned by the Five Nations, and is thinly timbered with lofty oaks, which, at first view, one would be apt to think were artificially transposed.

II. THE MIDLAND WEST

Robert Rogers, 1731-1795

Lake Superior is upwards of two thousand miles in circumference, and very deep, excepting near the west end, where are several islands; and near where the river joins it is a large island, separated from the main by a strait of not more than five or six miles wide. The soil of this island is very good, and on it are several Indian towns. The banks to the north, south, and east are very high and steep in some places, being more than two hundred feet above the surface of the water, and almost perpendicular; so that it is very difficult landing at any place, except where the rivers fall in. On the north and east of this lake, the lands are broken and mountainous, intermixed with many small ponds and brooks of water; on the south and west of the lake, after you leave the banks, the country is level and good quite to the Mississippi, having large plains covered with tall grass; there being scarce any trees or under-wood upon them for hundreds of miles together: in other places, the oak, maple and locust trees are lofty and fair. There are some good islands in the north-bay of this lake, of forty or fifty miles in length from north to south; but not near so wide.

The Indians in this territory certainly enjoy in the greatest plenty what they look upon to be the necessities, and even the luxuries of life. Here are fish, fowl, and beasts of every size and kind, common to the climate, in the greatest abundance; nor do I see any reason why this should not become a rich and valuable country, should it ever be inhabited by a civilized people.

—*A Concise Account of North America*

I. THE AGRICULTURE AND COOKERY OF THE SOUTHERN INDIANS

James Adair, 1719-1780

The chief part of the Indians begin to plant their out-fields, when the wild fruit is so ripe, as to draw off the birds from picking up the grain. This is their general rule, which is in the beginning of May, about the time the traders set off for the English settlements. Among several nations of Indians, each town usually works together. Previous thereto, an "old beloved" man warns the inhabitants to be ready to plant on a prefixed day. At the dawn of it, one by order goes aloft, and whoops to them with shrill calls, "that the new year is far advanced,—that he who expects to eat, must work,—and that he who will not work, must expect to pay the fine according to old custom, or leave the town, as they will not sweat themselves for an healthy idle waster." At such times, may be seen many war-chieftains working in common with the people, though as great emperors, as those the Spaniards bestowed on the old simple Mexicans and Peruvians, and equal in power, (i. e., persuasive force) with the imperial and puissant Powhatan of Virginia, whom our generous writers raised to that prodigious pitch of power and grandeur, to rival the Spanish accounts. About an hour after sun-rise, they enter the field agreed on by lot, and fall to work with great cheerfulness; sometimes one of their orators cheers them with jests and humorous old tales, and sings several of their most agreeable wild tunes, beating also with a stick in his right hand, on the top of an earthen pot covered with a wet and well-stretched deerskin: thus they proceed from field to field, till their seed is sown.

Corn is their chief produce, and main dependence. Of this they have three sorts; one of which hath been already mentioned. The second sort is yellow and flinty, which they call "hominy-corn." The third is the largest, of a very white and

soft grain, termed "bread-corn." In July, when the chestnuts and corn are green and full grown, they half boil the former, and take off the rind; and having sliced the milky, swelled, long rows of the latter, the women pound it in a large wooden-mortar, which is wide at the mouth, and gradually narrows to the bottom: then they knead both together, wrap them up in green corn-blades of various sizes, about an inch thick, and boil them well, as they do every kind of seethed food. This sort of bread is very tempting to the taste, and reckoned most delicious to their strong palates.

II. THE ESCAPE OF A SENECA WARRIOR FROM THE CATAWBAS

James Adair, 1719-1780

A party of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Catawbas, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods, the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress; on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock, four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift, and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight, before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph: but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame, for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility, than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery tortures. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such

punishments on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health, and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably, this would have been the case with the major part of white people, under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well, as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies. For, when they were taking him unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath till he made the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank; but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running every way, like blood-hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him, from the time to took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done, and intended to do him. He first turned his backside toward them, and slapped it with his hand; then moving round, he put up the shrill war whoo whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.

—*The History of the American Indians*

I. THE GENEROUS SERPENT

John Bartram, 1699-1777

About two hundred yards from our camp was a cool spring, amidst a grove of the odoriferous Myrica; the winding

path to this salubrious fountain led through a grassy savannah; I visited the spring several times in the night, but little did I know, or any of my careless drowsy companions, that every time we visited the fountain we were in imminent danger, as I am going to relate; early in the morning, excited by unconquerable thirst, I arose and went to the spring, and having, thoughtless of harm or danger, nearly half past the dewy vale, along the serpentine foot path, my hasty steps were suddenly stopped by the sight of a hideous serpent, the formidable rattlesnake, in a high spiral coil, forming a circular mound half the height of my knees, within six inches of the narrow path; as soon as I recovered my senses and strength from so sudden a surprise, I started back out of his reach, where I stood to view him: he lay quiet whilst I surveyed him, appearing no way surprised or disturbed, but kept his half-shut eyes fixed on me; my imagination and spirits were in a tumult, almost equally divided betwixt thanksgiving to the Supreme Creator and Preserver, and the dignified nature of the generous though terrible creature, who had suffered us all to pass many times by him during the night, without injuring us in the least, although we must have touched him, or our steps guided therefrom by a supreme guardian spirit: I hastened back to acquaint my associates, but with a determination to protect the life of the generous serpent; I presently brought my companions to the place, who were, beyond expression, surprised and terrified at the sight of the animal, and in a moment acknowledged their escape from destruction to be miraculous; and I am proud to assert, that all of us, except one person, agreed to let him lay undisturbed, and that person at length was prevailed upon to suffer him to escape.

II. A TEMPEST IN GEORGIA

John Bartram, 1699-1777

It was now after noon; I approached a charming vale, amidst sublimely high forests, awful shades! darkness gathers

around, far distant thunder rolls over the trembling hills; the black clouds with august majesty and power, moves slowly forwards, shading regions of towering hills, and threatening all the destructions of a thunder storm; all around is now still as death, not a whisper is heard, but a total inactivity and silence seems to pervade the earth; the birds afraid to utter a chirrup, and in low tremulous voices take leave of each other, seeking covert and safety; every insect is silenced, and nothing heard but the roaring of the approaching hurricane; the mighty cloud now expands its sable wings, extending from North to South, and is driven irresistibly on by the tumultuous winds, spreading his livid wings around the gloomy concave, armed with terrors of thunder and fiery shafts of lightning; now the lofty forests bend low beneath its fury, their limbs and wavy boughs are tossed about and catch hold of each other; the mountains tremble and seem to reel about, and the ancient hills to be shaken to their foundations: the furious storm sweeps along, smoking through the vale and over the resounding hills; the face of the earth is obscured by the deluge descending from the firmament, and I am deafened by the din of thunder; the tempestuous scene damps my spirits, and my horse sinks under me at the tremendous peals, as I hasten on for the plain.

The storm abating, I saw an Indian hunting cabin on the side of a hill, a very agreeable prospect, especially in my present condition: I made up to it and took quiet possession, there being no one to dispute it with me except a few bats and whip-poor-wills, who had repaired thither for shelter from the violence of the hurricane.

—*The Observations*

I. THE CONVEYANCE OF A SLAVE

John Woolman, 1720-1772

My employer, having a negro woman, sold her, and desired me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who

bought her. The thing was sudden; and though I felt uneasy at the thoughts of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures, yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our Society, who bought her; so through weakness I gave way, and wrote it; but at the executing of it I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the Friend that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. This, in some degree, abated my uneasiness; yet as often as I reflected seriously upon it I thought I should have been clearer if I had desired to be excused from it, as a thing against my conscience; for such it was. Some time after this a young man of our society spoke to me to write a conveyance of a slave to him, he having lately taken a negro into his house. I told him I was not easy to write it; for, though many of our meeting and in other places kept slaves, I still believed the practice was not right, and desired to be excused from the writing. I spoke to him in good-will; and he told me that keeping slaves was not altogether agreeable to his mind; but that the slave being a gift made to his wife he had accepted her.

II. A WILDERNESS PATH

John Woolman, 1720-1772

Near our tent, on the sides of large trees peeled for that purpose, were various representations of men going to and returning from the wars, and of some being killed in battle. This was a path heretofore used by warriors, and as I walked about viewing those Indian histories, which were painted mostly in red or black, and thinking on the innumerable afflictions which the proud, fierce spirit produceth in the world, also on the toils and fatigues of warriors in travelling over mountains and deserts; on their miseries and distresses when far from home and wounded by their enemies; of their bruises

and great weariness in chasing one another over the rocks and mountains; of the restless, unquiet state of mind of those who live in this spirit, and of the hatred which mutually grows up in the minds of their children,—the desire to cherish the spirit of love and peace among these people arose very fresh in me. This was the first night that we lodged in the woods, and being wet with travelling in the rain, as were also our blankets, the ground, our tent, and the bushes under which we purposed to lay, all looked discouraging; but I believed it was the Lord who had thus far brought me forward, and that he would dispose of me as he saw good, and so I felt easy. We kindled a fire, with our tent open to it, then laid some bushes next the ground, and put our blankets upon them for our bed, and, lying down, got some sleep. In the morning, feeling a little unwell, I went into the river; the water was cold, but soon after I felt fresh and well. About eight o'clock we set forward and crossed a high mountain supposed to be upward of four miles over, the north side being the steepest. About noon we were overtaken by one of the Moravian brethren going to Wehaloosing, and an Indian man with him who could talk English; and we being together while our horses ate grass had some friendly conversation; but they, travelling faster than we, soon left us. This Moravian, I understood, had this spring spent some time at Wehaloosing, and was invited by some of the Indians to come again.

—*John Woolman's Journal*

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BEE HUNTING IN THE AMERICAN FOREST

Hector St. Jean Crèvecoeur, 1735-1813

After I have done sowing, by way of recreation, I prepare for a week's jaunt in the woods, not to hunt either the deer or the bears, as my neighbours do, but to catch the more harm-

less bees. I cannot boast that this chase is so noble, or so famous among men, but I find it less fatiguing, and full as profitable; and the last consideration is the only one that moves me. I take with me my dog, as a companion, for he is useless as to this game; my gun, for no man you know ought to enter the woods without one; my blanket, some provisions, some wax, vermillion, honey, and a small pocket compass. With these implements I proceed to such woods as are at a considerable distance from any settlements. I carefully examine whether they abound with large trees, if so, I make a small fire on some flat stones, in a convenient place; on the fire I put some wax; close by this fire, on another stone, I drop honey in distinct drops, which I surround with small quantities of vermillion, laid on the stone; and then I retire carefully to watch whether any bees appear. If there are any in that neighbourhood, I rest assured that the smell of the burnt wax will unavoidably attract them; they will soon find out the honey, for they are fond of preying on that which is not their own; and in their approach they will necessarily tinge themselves with some particles of vermillion, which will adhere long to their bodies. I next fix my compass, to find out their course, which they keep invariably strait, when they are returning home loaded. By the assistance of my watch, I observe how long those are returning which are marked with vermillion. Thus possessed of the course, and, in some measure, of the distance, which I can easily guess at, I follow the first, and seldom fail of coming to the tree where those republics are lodged. I then mark it; and thus, with patience, I have found out sometimes eleven swarms in a season; and it is inconceivable what a quantity of honey these trees will sometimes afford.

—*The Letters of an American Farmer*

THE ROMANTIC WILDERNESS

Daniel Boone, 1734-1820

On the first of May, 1770, my brother returned home by himself, for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt or sugar, or even a horse or dog. I passed a few days uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy, if I had further indulged the thought.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, when the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season, expelled every gloomy thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales ceased, a profound calm ensued—not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand I surveyed the famous Ohio, rolling in silent dignity and marking the western boundary with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water and feasted on the loin of a buck which a few hours before I had killed. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep, and awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as at first, after which I returned to my old camp, which had not been disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane brakes to avoid the savages, who I believe, often visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the

beauties of nature I found in this country. Until the 27th of July I spent the time in an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me according to appointment, at our old camp. Soon after we left the place and proceeded to the Cumberland river, reconnoitering that part of the country and giving names to the different rivers.

In March, 1771, I returned to my family, being determined to bring them, as soon as possible, at the risk of my life and fortune, to reside in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise.

—*Discovery, Settlement and Present State*

IX

Taxation Without Representation

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TEN years of pamphleteering and discontent prefaced the outbreak of the Revolution. The arguments of the patriots, read today, often seem over-rhetorical, but the country was deeply moved, it felt itself in genuine danger, its pride was roused, and the essential point of the argument, for all its flourish, was sound. A taxation, imposed in England, entirely at English will, galling merely as an idea, could well become a means of destruction as the calculated ruin of the woolen industries of Ulster had proved to an earlier generation. Behind the case in point, moreover, stood a historical background not only of loyalty but of intermittent protest and disputation (the seizure of Americans by press gangs from British warships having been resented and fought with particular bitterness) and there was always smuggling, especially in New England, where the Crown official lived in a world ancestrally alienated from the norm of English ways. The lengthening quarrel presently involved the East India Company and a Parliamentary import on tea, there were riots at Boston and patriotic mobs and outrages, the Boston Port Bill, March, 1774, cut off the commerce of the city, the other colonies joined in a general indignation, and in every town the young men took to drilling in companies. A detachment of British regulars went to Concord to seize military material, the Battle of Lexington drew first blood, and the next day the country rose.

A SERMON ON THE STAMP ACT, 1765

Rev. Stephen Johnson

The calamities which impend over us, and which we are now to deplore and deprecate are the heaviest the churches and inhabitants of this land have ever felt, from any earthly power; and threaten (in our apprehension) no less than slavery and ruin to this great people, in this widely extended continent. Who does not know? Who has not heard, that the fatal decree is already past, which seems to determine the unhappy fate of all America, and the West India islands? Unhappy decree! full of woe! which imposes a burden (as is conceived) far beyond our circumstances to bear, and strips us of very important privileges; and (in our view) partly by its natural operation, and partly as a precedent, it highly endangers our slavery and wretchedness, unless God in infinite mercy interposes and changes the British councils, or opens some other way of our deliverance. In a situation so extremely alarming! well do our civil rulers call us to fasting and mourning, to deep humiliation, and earnest supplication to the God of Israel, the God of our fathers and of all our salvation.

—*Some Important Observations*

THE LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN FARMER

John Dickinson, 1732-1808

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN:

I am a farmer, settled, after a variety of fortunes, near the banks of the river Delaware, in the province of Pennsyl-

vania. I received a liberal education, and have been engaged in the busy scenes of life; but am now convinced, that a man may be as happy without bustle, as with it. My farm is small; my servants are few, and good; I have a little money at interest; I wish for no more; my employment in my own affairs is easy; and with a contented grateful mind, undisturbed by worldly hopes or fears, relating to myself, I am completing the number of days allotted to me by Divine goodness.

Being generally master of my time, I spend a good deal of it in a library, which I think the most valuable part of my small estate; and being acquainted with two or three gentlemen of abilities and learning, who honour me with their friendship, I have acquired, I believe, a greater knowledge in history, and the laws and constitution of my country, than is generally attained by men of my class, many of them not being so fortunate as I have been in the opportunities of getting information.

From my infancy I was taught by my honoured parents to love humanity and liberty. Inquiry and experience have since confirmed my reverence for the lessons then given me, by convincing me more fully of their truth and excellence. Benevolence towards mankind, excites wishes for their welfare, and such wishes endear the means of fulfilling them. These can be found in liberty only, and therefore her sacred cause ought to be espoused by every man, on every occasion, to the utmost of his power. As a charitable, but poor person does not withhold his mite, because he cannot relieve all the distresses of the miserable, so should not any honest man suppress his sentiments concerning freedom, however small their influence is likely to be. Perhaps he "may touch some wheel," that will have an effect greater than he could reasonably expect.

These being my sentiments, I am encouraged to offer to you, my countrymen, my thoughts on some late transactions, that appear to me to be of the utmost importance to you.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN:

Our great advocate, Mr. Pitt, in his speeches on the debate concerning the repeal of the stamp-act, acknowledged, that Great Britain could restrain our manufactures. His words are these—"This kingdom, as the supreme governing and legislative power, has always bound the colonies by her regulations and restrictions in trade, in navigation, in manufactures—in everything except that of taking their money out of their pockets, without their consent." Again he says, "We may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent."

Here then, my dear countrymen, rouse yourselves, and behold the ruin hanging over your heads. If you once admit that Great Britain may lay duties upon her exportations to us, for the purpose of levying money on us only, she then will have nothing to do, but to lay those duties on the articles which she prohibits us to manufacture—and the tragedy of American liberty is finished. We have been prohibited from procuring manufactures, in all cases, any where but from Great-Britain (excepting linens, which we are permitted to import directly from Ireland). We have been prohibited, in some cases, from manufacturing for ourselves; and may be prohibited in others. We are therefore exactly in the situation of a city besieged, which is surrounded by the works of the besiegers in every part but one. If that is closed up, no step can be taken, but to surrender at discretion. If Great-Britain can order us to come to her for necessaries we want, and can order us to pay what taxes she pleases before we take them away, or when we land them here, we are as abject slaves as those in wooden shoes, and with uncombed hair.

—Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania

PORTRAIT OF A SUPPOSED ENGLISH MANUFACTURER

Francis Hopkinson, 1737-1791

A manufacturer has been brought up a maker of pin-heads: he has been at this business forty years, and of course makes pin-heads with great dexterity; but he cannot make a whole pin for his life. He thinks it is the perfection of human nature to make pin-heads. He leaves other matters to inferior abilities. It is enough for him, that he believes in the Athanasian Creed, reverences the splendour of the court, and makes pin-heads. This he conceives to be the sum-total of religion, politics, and trade. He is sure that London is the finest city in the world; Black-friars bridge the most superb of all possible bridges; and the river Thames, the largest river in the universe. It is in vain to tell him that there are many rivers in America, in comparison of which the Thames is but a ditch; that there are single provinces there larger than all England; and that the colonies, formerly belonging to Great-Britain, now independent states, are vastly more extensive than England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, taken all together—He cannot conceive this. He goes into his best parlour, and looks on a map of England, four feet square; on the other side of the room he sees a map of North and South America, not more than two feet square, and exclaims—How can these things be!—It is altogether impossible! He has read the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and he hears this wonderful account of America—he believes the one as much as the other—that a giant should rise out of the sea, or that the Delaware should be larger than the Thames, are equally incredible to him. Talk to him of the British constitution, he will tell you it is a glorious constitution—Ask him what it is, and he is ignorant of its first principles; but he is sure that he can make and sell pin-heads under it. Mention the freedom of elections, and he will tell that he does not meddle in these matters; that he lives

in a borough; and that it is impossible but that Squire Goose-Cap must represent that borough in parliament—because Squire Goose-Cap is acquainted with the prime minister, and his lady comes every Sunday to the parish church in a brocaded gown; and sits in a pew lined with green cloth—How then can it be otherwise—but these are things in which he is not concerned. He believes in the Athanasian Creed, honours the king, and makes pin-heads—and what more can be expected of man.

It is not so in America. The lowest tradesman there is not without some degree of general knowledge. They turn their hands to everything; their situation obliges them to do so. A farmer there cannot run to an artist upon every trifling occasion—He must make and mend and contrive for himself. This, I observed in my travels through that country. In many towns, and in every city, they have public libraries. Not a tradesman but will find time to read. He acquires knowledge imperceptibly. He is amused with voyages and travels, and becomes acquainted with the geography, customs, and commerce of other countries. He reads political disquisitions, and learns the great outlines of his rights as a man and as a citizen.—He dips a little into philosophy, and knows that the apparent motion of the sun is occasioned by the real motion of the earth—in a word, he is sure that, notwithstanding the determination of the king, lords, and commons to the contrary, two and two can never make five.

—*Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings*

The tea destroyed was contained in three ships, laying near each other, at what was called at that time Griffin's wharf, and were surrounded by armed ships of war; the com-

manders of which had publicly declared, that if the rebels, as they were pleased to style the Bostonians, should not withdraw their opposition to the landing of the tea before a certain day, the 17th day of December, 1773, they should on that day force it on shore, under the cover of their cannon's mouth. On the day preceding the seventeenth, there was a meeting of the citizens of the county of Suffolk, convened at one of the churches in Boston, for the purpose of consulting on what measures might be considered expedient to prevent the landing of the tea, or secure the people from the collection of the duty. At that meeting a committee was appointed to wait on Governor Hutchinson, and request him to inform them whether he would take any measures to satisfy the people on the object of the meeting. To the first application of this committee, the governor told them he would give them a definite answer by five o'clock in the afternoon. At the hour appointed, the committee again repaired to the governor's house, and on inquiry found he had gone to his country seat at Milton, a distance of about six miles. When the committee returned and informed the meeting of the absence of the governor, there was a confused murmur among the members, and the meeting was immediately dissolved, many of them crying out, Let every man do his duty, and be true to this country; and there was a general huzza for Griffin's wharf.

It was now evening, and I immediately dressed myself in the costume of an Indian, equipped with a small hatchet, which I and my associates denominated the tomahawk, with which, and a club, after having painted my face and hands with coal dust in the shop of a blacksmith, I repaired to Griffin's wharf, where the ships lay that contained the tea. When I first appeared in the street, after being thus disguised, I fell in with many who were dressed, equipped and painted as I was, and who fell in with me, and marched in order to the place of our destination. When we arrived at the wharf, there were three of our number who assumed an authority to direct our operations, to which we readily submitted. They divided

us into three parties, for the purpose of boarding the three ships which contained the tea at the same time. The name of him who commanded the division to which I was assigned, was Leonard Pitt. The names of the other commanders I never knew. We were immediately ordered by the respective commanders to board all the ships at the same time, which we promptly obeyed. The commander of the division to which I belonged, as soon as we were on board the ship, appointed me boatswain, and ordered me to go to the captain and demand of him the keys to the hatches and a dozen candles. I made the demand accordingly, and the captain promptly replied, and delivered the articles; but requested me at the same time to do no damage to the ship or rigging. We then were ordered by our commander to open the hatches, and take out all the chests of tea and throw them overboard, and we immediately proceeded to execute his orders; first cutting and splitting the chests with our tomahawks, so as thoroughly to expose them to the effects of the water. In about three hours from the time we went on board, we had thus broken and thrown overboard every tea chest to be found in the ship; while those in the other ships were disposing of the tea in the same way, at the same time. We were surrounded by British armed ships, but no attempt was made to resist us. We then quietly retired to our several places of residence, without having any conversation with each other, or taking any measures to discover who were our associates; nor do I recollect of our having had the knowledge of the name of a single individual concerned in that affair, except that of Leonard Pitt, the commander of my division, who I have mentioned. There appeared to be an understanding that each individual should volunteer his services, keep his own secret, and risk the consequences for himself. No disorder took place during that transaction, and it was observed at that time, that the stillest night ensued that Boston had enjoyed for many months.

—*Barber's History and Antiquities of New England*

A VIRGINIAN RETURNS FROM LONDON

William Shepard

Leaving Burwell's carriage at New Canton, for he could come no farther over the roads, his horses being tired, I rode to Maysville with Mr. Pattison, and felt as I approached my own country a dreadful pain at the heart because of the primitive land I had returned to, returned to forever as it might be. The snow had almost left the trees, the mud piled high on our wheels, and for conversation I could hear nothing more than the latest declarations of the leaders of the rebellion, so wild, childish and yet brave that I was both ashamed and proud. I tried a few reasonable words on the part of Britain, arguing for peace. My companion looked at me angrily. I said no more, understanding in that bitter look that he was no longer of sound mind on this subject but subject to constant alarms and ill humours.

At Maysville Mr. Cabell asked me to the tavern with eight others, men of Buckingham, in whom we took pleasure in the days before I left Virginia, almost seven years past, after which there was talk of the rebellion to which I said nothing but looked at the exalted faces around me. I observed that shortly the whole tavern company gathered to listen to the oratory. Mr. Cabell, noticing my silence, remarked I seemed to disagree with the company, to which I answered I did, acknowledging the great sins of the British to the colonies but expressing a belief that there was enough spirit of agreement between the contestants to discover a way to peace, quoting the words I had from leaders in Oxford and London: that the King was not all of the Kingdom, but a sadly biased man and the friends of the colonies were the ones to listen to, not the obeisant followers of the sad monarch. Mr. Cabell said he was personally a reasonable man and that he was willing I should talk more about it if it pleased me. I noticed an eagerness in the assenting noises of

the company which should have warned me of a trap, but I was glad of the opportunity to show my learning and to make presents of my information, and in my best manner, calm and judicious, I opened the subject, stating both sides, as well as I could without ill temper or prejudice. I quoted my friends among the statesmen of the Enemy, I detailed the benefits to accrue from peace between the two parties, I made what I thought was a good speech. But suddenly moved by the indignant amazement of some of the men at another table, I paused, and came to an end, without passion. Mr. Pattison excused himself and left with Mr. Josias Jones, unfortunately one of the company, in a manner of great vehemence, his face red, Mr. Jones swearing aloud.

We proceeded with the wine when, shortly, Mr. P. returned with Mr. Jones and another officer and I was told I was arrested for treasonable acts and speech upon the denunciation of the two. I was roughly awakened from my childish faith in reason by the looks of pleasure and the mutter of applause from the company. I had on my brown Spanish cloak, which the officer plucked me by, and I, absurdly, caught back the thick folds as a shield, bade him stand back and pulled out my sword, putting myself in a corner for protection. There was a silence, then bedlamite execration, a sugar bowl hurled at me shattering on my breast and powdering me all over most comically. I measured my position quickly, assumed a manner of indifference, and handed my sword to the officer with all politeness. To the party of the table I said you have given me little assurance of your noble purpose by this boy's act of malice. Men are not fit to govern themselves until they grow up and can't do it in their infancy. I told them when I was free of this most ruffianly entertainment I expected to fight each one of them taking Mr. Pattison first, but excepting from the general challenge the gallant Mr. Jones whose insults did not affect me. Mr. Cabell somewhat apologetically began a speech which I stopped by turning my back, the rabble making that noise I had heard before in France

and at Madrid when the unpopular politician showed himself on the steps of the Palace.

The jail was very cold. I had trouble getting a fire laid, but bribed the jailor to that act of mercy with a piece of silver. He then came to entertain me, sitting beside the fire with his fiddle, showing me such good nature that I, musing over my welcome to Buckingham, listened with some pleasure. I had much news from him. But as to the enmity between the two countries which is really by will of blood only one, he said, you will learn not to think aloud in this place, for we are going to have a hard time and we can't have treasonable talk to weaken our cause. He said, you are most fortunate in not having old man Pat Henry here at the tavern, he would have addressed the people and you would have been treated badly. I listened but did not argue. He played the fiddle amusingly and with natural talent. The following day I was permitted to leave the jail after admonitions from the justices, which I heard in complete silence. And so I drove home, hating my position, met like a foreign thief after seven years absence.

The family was unprepared for my coming and exhibited pleasure. I felt an old man as I noticed the changes around me, the boys grown to men, my wife changed, her beauty deepened as though a sculptor had cut the lines of her face again making them more decisive and mature. I took my fiddle into this room and played an air I learned in Sevilla from a street musician, my family applauding the song not my playing which is not good now that my wrist is getting stiff. This place is beautiful. The fields. The mountain. My own trees. The foxes barking in the ravine. The moon a great pearl. The slaves happy and comfortable. My family well. Yet when I mentioned my reception at Maysville there was a very unhearty indignation. I am come home to a nest of rebels.

Let me thank God for a safe return and a happy one—it is a happy one. Men's opinions will not kill me nor even, I vow to God, spoil my temper. I pray He will be kind to all our peoples, and give to me more humility. Amen.

THE APPEAL TO ARMS

Patrick Henry, 1736-1799

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of Hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of

liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged, their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased as the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

—*Letters and Speeches*

58

THE RIDE TO LEXINGTON

Paul Revere, 1735-1818

In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775, I was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed ourselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers, and gaining every intelligence of the movements of the tories. We held our meetings at the Green Dragon tavern. We were so careful that our meetings should be kept secret, that every time we met, every person swore upon the Bible, that they would not discover any of our transactions,

but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, Doctors Warren, Church, and one or two more.

In the winter, towards the spring, we frequently took turns, two and two, to watch the soldiers, by patrolling the streets all night. The Saturday night preceding the 19th of April, about 12 o'clock at night, the boats belonging to the transports were all launched, and carried under the sterns of the men of war. (They had been previously hauled up and repaired.) We likewise found that the grenadiers and light infantry were all taken off duty.

From these movements, we expected something serious was to be transacted. On Tuesday evening, the 18th, it was observed, that a number of soldiers were marching towards the bottom of the Common. About 10 o'clock, Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock and Adams were, and acquaint them of the movement, and that it was thought they were the objects. When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington—a Mr. William Dawes.

The Sunday before, by desire of Dr. Warren, I had been to Lexington, to Messrs. Hancock and Adams, who were at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I returned at night through Charles-town; there I agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, that if the British went out by water, we would show two lanterns in the north church steeple; and if by land, one, as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross the Charles River, or get over Boston neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, went to the north part of the town, where I had kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River, a little to the eastward where the Somerset man of war lay. It was then young flood, the ship was winding, and the moon was rising.

They landed me on the Charlestown side. When I got into town, I met Colonel Conant, and several others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting, and went to get me a horse; I got a horse of Deacon Larkin. While the horse was preparing, Richard Devens, Esq. who was one of the Committee of Safety, came to me, and told me, that he came down the road from Lexington, after sundown, that evening; that he met ten British officers, all well mounted, and armed, going up the road.

I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about eleven o'clock, and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback, under a tree. When I got near them, I discovered they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me, and the other to take me. I turned my horse very quick and galloped towards Charlestown neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me, endeavoring to cut me off, got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him, and went through Medford, over the bridge, and up to Menotomy. In Medford, I awaked the Captain of the minute men; and after that, I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington. I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's; I told them my errand, and inquired for Mr. Dawes; they said he had not been there; I related the story of the two officers, and supposed that he must have been stopped, as he ought to have been there before me. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Dawes came: we refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord, to secure the stores.

—*Letter to the Massachusetts Historical Society*

X

The Colonies at War

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THE army which began to collect at Cambridge in Massachusetts was for close upon a year none too certain as to what it had undertaken. It was defending something, it was opposing something, it had sent an expeditionary force to attack the Crown possession of Canada, but it was still confused as to its own meaning and its eventual aims. The Declaration of Independence clarified the situation and emboldened public opinion. The governing Congress might make its mistakes, the new "states" quarrel among themselves, troops go unpaid, money turn to paper, and the whole life of the country be disorganized by six years of poverty and fighting, even so, the end was to be seen and the end was great. In February, 1778, France was won over as an ally. Sustaining the whole cause as much by his integrity and fortitude as by his soldierly skill in using small effectives, emerges the incomparable and very human figure of Washington.

THE SITUATION EXPLAINED TO THE CHEROKEES

William Henry Drayton, 1742-1779

I sent to you, to come to me, that I might explain to you, the causes of the unhappy quarrel between a part of the people in Great Britain, and your brothers the white people living in America. Also, that I might tell you, why our people have put on their shot pouches, and hold their rifles in their hands.

The Men about the Great King have persuaded him, that he and the men in England whom we never elected and appointed to make laws for us, have a right to take our money, out of our pockets without our consent, and to make laws to drag us away from our own country, across the Great Water; and all this, without asking us any thing about the matter, and violently against our consent and good liking. And, unjust and wicked as all this is, yet this is not the worst part of their usage to us. They have by other laws broken our agreement in whatever particular part they pleased; and these men about the Great King, have so teased and persuaded him, that the Great King and the men in England, whom as I told you before, we never appointed to make laws for us, have made one law, which says, the Great King and those men, have a right to bind us by laws of their making, in all cases whatsoever: which is as much as to say, they have a right to treat us and everything belonging to us, just as they please. And this you know is as much as to say, they have a right to take all our money, all our lands, all our cattle and horses and such things; and not only all such things, but our wives and children, in order to make servants of them;

and, besides all these things, to put us in strong-houses, and to put us to death, whenever they please.

Friends and Brother Warriors,—is it not now as plain as the sight at the end of your rifles, that these laws and proceedings are like so many hatchets, chopping our agreement to pieces? Are not these, unjust things? Enough, to make us put on our shot pouches—and especially, when we find, that our brothers over the Great Water, will not only not hearken to the many good talks which we have sent them about these matters; but have really sent over people to take the hatchet up against us.

Oh, my *Brother Warriors*, it is a lamentable thing, that our brothers beyond the Great Water, should use us in this cruel manner. If they use us, their own flesh and blood, in this unjust way, what must you expect—you, who are Red People—you, whom they never saw—you, whom they know only, by the hearing of the ear—you, who have fine lands? You see, by their treatment to us, that agreements even under hand and seal go as nothing with them. Think of these things, my friends, and reflect upon them, day and night.

—*Memoirs of the American Revolution*

I. IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH

Ethan Allen, 1739-1789

Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations, doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take part with my country. And,

while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony, (now state) of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountains Boys, and, if possible, to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner, but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under a necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:

“Friends and fellow soldiers, you have, for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now proposed to advance before you, and in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks.”

The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the center-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the

parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bombproof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him: my first thought was to kill him with my sword; but in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the wide of the head; upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he showed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. De La Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand; when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it; I answered him "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barracks doors were beat down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the tenth day of May, 1775. The sun seemed to

rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

II. THE GIFTS OF IRELAND

Ethan Allen, 1739-1789

Nothing of material consequence happened till the fleet rendezvoused at the cove of Cork, except a violent storm which brought old hardy sailors to their prayers. It was soon rumored in Cork that I was on board the *Solebay*, with a number of prisoners from America; upon which Messrs. Clark & Hays, merchants in company, and a number of other benevolently disposed gentlemen, contributed largely to the relief and support of the prisoners, who were thirty-four in number, and in very needy circumstances. A suit of clothes from head to foot, including an overcoat or surtout, and two shirts were bestowed upon each of them. My suit I received in superfine broadcloths, sufficient for two jackets, and two pair of breeches, overplus of a suit throughout, eight fine Holland shirts and stocks ready made, with a number of pairs of silk and worsted hose, two pair of shoes, two beaver hats, one of which was sent me richly laced with gold, by James Bonwell. The Irish gentlemen furthermore made a large gratuity of wines of the best sort, spirits, gin, loaf and brown sugar, tea and chocolate, with a large round of pickled beef, and a number of fat turkeys, with many other articles, for my sea stores, too tedious to mention here. To the privates they bestowed on each man two pounds of tea, and six pounds of brown sugar. These articles were received on board at a time when the captain and first lieutenant were gone on shore, by the permission of the second lieutenant, a handsome young gentleman, who was then under twenty years of age; his name was Douglass, son of the Admiral Douglass, as I was informed.

As this munificence was so unexpected and plentiful, I

may add needful, it impressed on my mind the highest sense of gratitude towards my benefactors; for I was not only supplied with the necessaries and conveniences of life, but with the grandeurs and superfluities of it. Mr. Hays, one of the donators before-mentioned, came on board, and behaved in the most obliging manner, telling me he hoped my troubles were past; for that the gentlemen of Cork determined to make my sea stores equal to those of the Captain of the *Solebay*; he made an offer of livestock and wherewith to support them; but I knew this would be denied. And to crown all, did send me by another person, fifty guineas, but I could not reconcile receiving the whole to my own feelings, as it might have the appearance of avarice; and therefore received but seven guineas only, and am confident, not only from the exercise of the present well timed generosity, but from a large acquaintance with gentlemen of this nation, that as a people they excel in liberality and bravery.

Two days after the receipt of the aforesaid donations, Captain Symonds came on board, full of envy towards the prisoners, and swore by all that is good, that the damned American rebels should not be feasted at this rate, by the damned rebels of Ireland; he therefore took away all my liquors above-mentioned, except some of the wine which was secreted, and a two gallon jug of old spirits which was reserved for me per favor of Lieutenant Douglass.

—*A Narrative of Colonel Ethan Allen's Captivity*

Just after dinner, on Saturday, 17th ult., I was walking out from my lodgings, quite calm and composed, and all at once the drum beat to arms, and bells rang, and a great noise in Cambridge. Capt. Putnam came by on full gallop. What is

the matter? says I. Have you not heard? No. Why, the regulars are landing at Charlestown, says he; and father says you must all meet, and march immediately to Bunker Hill to oppose the enemy. I waited not, but ran, and got my arms and ammunition, and hastened to my company, (who were in the church for barracks,) and found them nearly ready to march. We soon marched, with our frocks and trousers on over our other clothes, (for our company is in uniform wholly blue, turned up with red,) for we were loath to expose ourselves by our dress, and down we marched. I imagined we arrived at the hill near the close of the battle. When we arrived there was not a company with us in any kind of order, although, when we first set out, perhaps three regiments were by our side, and near us; but here they were scattered, some behind rocks and hay-cocks, and thirty men, perhaps, behind an apple-tree, and frequently twenty men round a wounded man, retreating, when not more than three or four could touch him to advantage. Others were retreating, seemingly without any excuse, and some said they had left the fort with leave of the officers, because they had been all night and day on fatigue, without sleep, victuals, or drink; and some said they had no officers to head them, which, indeed, seemed to be the case. At last I met with a considerable company, who were going off rank and file. I called to the officer that led them, and asked why he retreated? He made me no answer. I halted my men, and told him if he went on it should be at his peril. He still seemed regardless of me. I then ordered my men to make ready. They immediately cocked and declared if I ordered they would fire. Upon that they stopped short, tried to excuse themselves; but I could not tarry to hear him, but ordered him forward, and he complied.

We were then very soon in the heat of action. Before we reached the summit of Bunker Hill, and while we were going over the Neck, we were in imminent danger from the cannon-shot, which buzzed around us like hail. The musketry began before we passed the Neck; and when we were on the

top of the hill, and during our descent to the foot of it on the south, the small as well as cannon shot were incessantly whistling by us. We joined our army on the right of the center, just by a poor stone fence, two or three feet high, and very thin, so that the bullets came through. Here we lost our regularity, as every company had done before us, and fought as they did, every man loading and firing as fast as he could. As near as I could guess, we fought standing about six minutes, my officers and men think.

—*Letters of the Revolution*

62

THE ARNOLD EXPEDITION IN THE WILDERNESS OF MAINE, 1775
George Morison

Oct. 30. This day we went astray, wandering all day over mountains and through bogs as usual. In the after part of the day we came to a small river, waded it, which took us up to our waists, and then marched on with our clothes wet, until night, at which time we were within four or five miles of the camp we left in the morning. The day was very cold, so that we were almost perished before fires could be kindled. Never perhaps was there a more forlorn set of human beings collected together in one place:—every one of us shivering from head to foot, as hungry as wolves, and nothing to eat save the little flour we had left, which we made dough of and baked in the fires, of which we had an abundance, and enough for all the armies in the world. This night many of us made our last scanty meal. Marched this day twenty miles.

Oct. 31. Last night came upon the route our advance party had taken; and this circumstance, trifling as it was, and which was in no manner calculated to afford immediate relief; yet in the midst of those hideous and lonesome depths of the world, the sight of human footsteps revived our fallen spirits. Notwithstanding the disordered state of our march yet each one made out to keen by and support the feebleness of

his comrade. The universal weakness of body that now prevailed over every man increased hourly on account of the total destitution of food; and the craggy mounds over which we had to pass, together with the snow and the cold penetrating through our death-like frames, made our situation completely wretched, and nothing but death was wanting to finish our sufferings. It was a dispiriting, a heartrending sight, to see these men whose weakness was reduced to the lowest degree, struggling among the rocks and in the swamps and falling over the logs. It was no uncommon sight, as we ascended these ruthless mountains, to see those coming down the mountains in our rear, falling down upon one another in the act of mutually assisting each other. Whose heart would not have melted at this spectacle? It would have excited commiseration in the breast of a savage to have beheld those weak creatures, on coming to the brow of one of those awful hills, making a halt, as if calculating whether their strength was sufficient for the descent; at last he casts his eyes to the adjacent hill, and sees his comrades clambering up among the snow and rocks.—He is encouraged—he descends, he stumbles against some obstruction, and falls headlong down the precipice, his gun flying far from him a considerable distance. His comrade staggers down to his assistance, and in his eagerness falls down himself; at length the wretches raise themselves up and go in search of their guns, which they find buried in the snow—they wade through the mire to the foot of the next steep and gaze up at its summit, contemplating what they must suffer before they reach it.—They attempt it, catching at every twig and shrub they can lay hold of—their feet fly from them—they fall down—to rise no more. Alas, alas, our eyes were too often assailed with these horrid spectacles—my heart sickens at the recollection.

Nov. 4. Snowed all night; our encampment very uncomfortable. This morning marched down the river, where the inhabitants are thicker settled, who received us very hospitably.

The people looked on us with amazement; and seemed to doubt whether or not we were human beings. To see a number of famished creatures, more like ghosts than men, issuing from a dismal wilderness, with arms in their hands, was the most astonishing sight they ever beheld. They however administered to our necessities, and loaded us with favours. Advanced this day ten miles.

—*An Interesting Journal of Occurrences*

63

I. THE CHOICE OF WASHINGTON

John Adams, 1735-1826

Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and in as short a speech as the subject would admit, represented the state of the Colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty of collecting another, and the probability that the British army would take advantage of our delays, march out of Boston, and spread desolation as far as they could go. I concluded with a motion, in form, that Congress would adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a General; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a General, yet, as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia who was among us and very well known to all of us, a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the Colonies better than any other person in the Union. Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the

library-room. Mr. Hancock,—who was our President, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance while I was speaking on the state of the Colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy,—heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the President's physiognomy at all. The subject came under debate, and several gentlemen declared themselves against the appointment of Mr. Washington, not on account of any personal objection against him, but because the army were all from New England, had a General of their own, appeared to be satisfied with him, and had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston, which was all they expected or desired at that time. Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, were very explicit in declaring this opinion; Mr. Cushing and several others more faintly expressed their opposition, and their fears of discontents in the army and in New England. Mr. Paine expressed a great opinion of General Ward and a strong friendship for him, having been his classmate at college, or at least his contemporary; but gave no opinion upon the question. The subject was postponed to a future day. In the mean time, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were generally so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated, I believe by Mr. Thomas Johnson of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the army adopted.

II. THE KING OF FRANCE AT DINNER

John Adams, 1735-1826

At nine o'clock we went and saw the king, queen, and royal family, at the *grand couvert*. Whether M. François, a

gentleman who undertook upon this occasion to conduct us, had contrived a plot to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, or whether the royal family had a fancy to see the raw American at their leisure, or whether they were willing to gratify him with a convenient seat, in which he might see all the royal family, and all the splendors of the place, I know not; but the scheme could not have been carried into execution, certainly, without the orders of the king. I was selected, and summoned indeed, from all my company, and ordered to a seat close beside the royal family. The seats on both sides of the hall, arranged like the seats in a theater, were all full of ladies of the first rank and fashion in the kingdom, and there was no room or place for me but in the midst of them. It was not easy to make room for one more person. However, room was made, and I was situated between two ladies, with rows and ranks of ladies above and below me, and on the right hand and on the left, and ladies only. My dress was a decent French dress, becoming the station I held, but not to be compared with the gold, and diamonds, and embroidery, about me. I could neither speak, nor understand the language in a manner to support a conversation, but I had soon the satisfaction to find it was a silent meeting, and that nobody spoke a word, but the royal family, to each other, and they said very little. The eyes of all the assembly were turned upon me, and I felt sufficiently humble and mortified, for I was not a proper object for the criticisms of such a company. I found myself gazed at, as we in America used to gaze at the sachems who came to make speeches to us in Congress, but I thought it very hard if I could not command as much power of face as one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and, therefore, determined that I would assume a cheerful countenance, enjoy the scene around me, and observe it as coolly as an astronomer contemplates the stars. The king was the royal carver for himself and all his family. His majesty ate like a king, and made a royal supper of solid beef, and other things in proportion. The queen took a large spoonful of soup, and displayed

her fine person and graceful manners, in alternately looking at the company in various parts of the hall, and ordering several kinds of seasoning to be brought to her, by which she fitted her supper to her taste. When this was accomplished, her majesty exhibited to the admiring spectators, the magnificent spectacle of a great queen swallowing her royal supper in a single spoonful all at once. This was all performed like perfect clock work; not a feature of her face, nor a motion of any part of her person, especially her arm and her hand, could be criticized as out of order. A little, and but a little, conversation seemed to pass among the royal personages of both sexes, but in so low a voice, that nothing could be understood by any of the audience.

—*Letters and Papers of John Adams*

64

LETTERS TO JOHN ADAMS

Abigail Adams, 1744-1818

Last Thursday, after hearing a very good sermon, I went with the multitude into King Street to hear the Proclamation for Independence read and proclaimed. Some field-pieces with the train were brought there. The troops appeared under arms, and all the inhabitants assembled there (the small-pox prevented many thousands from the country), when Colonel Crafts read from the balcony of the State House the proclamation. Great attention was given to every word. As soon as he ended, the cry from the balcony was, "God save our American States," and then three cheers which rent the air. The bells rang, the privateers fired, the forts and batteries, the cannon were discharged, the platoons followed, and every face appeared joyful. Mr. Bowdoin then gave a sentiment, "Stability and perpetuity to American independence." After dinner, the King's Arms were taken down from the State House, and every vestige of him from every place in which it ap-

peared, and burnt in King Street. Thus ends royal authority in this State. And all the people shall say Amen.

I have spent the three days past almost entirely with you. The weather has been stormy. I have had little company, and I have amused myself in my closet, reading over the letters I have received from you since I have been here.

I have possession of my aunt's chamber, in which, you know, is a very convenient, pretty closet, with a window which looks into her flower garden. In this closet are a number of bookshelves, which are but poorly furnished. However I have a pretty little desk or cabinet here, where I write all my letters and keep my papers, unmolested by any one. I do not covet my neighbor's goods, but I should like to be the owner of such conveniences. I always had a fancy for a closet with a window, which I could more particularly call my own.

I feel anxious for a post day, and am full as solicitous for two letters a week, and as uneasy if I do not get them, as I used to be when I got but one in a month or five weeks. Thus do I presume upon indulgence, and this is human nature. It brings to my mind a sentiment of one of your correspondents, to wit, that "man is the only animal who is hungry with his belly full."

I have nothing new to entertain you with, unless it be an account of a new set of *mobility*, which has lately taken the lead in Boston. You must know that there is a great scarcity of sugar and coffee, articles which the female part of the State is very loath to give up, especially whilst they consider the scarcity occasioned by the merchants having secreted a large quantity. There had been much rout and noise in the town for several weeks. Some stores had been opened by a number of people, and the coffee and sugar carried into the market and dealt out by pounds. It was rumored that an eminent, wealthy, stingy merchant (who is a bachelor) had a hogshead of coffee in his store, which he refused to sell to the committee

under six shillings per pound. A number of females, some say a hundred, some say more, assembled with a cart and trucks, marched down to the warehouse, and demanded the keys, which he refused to deliver. Upon which one of them seized him by his neck, and tossed him into the cart. Upon his finding no quarter, he delivered the keys, when they tipped up the cart and discharged him; then opened the warehouse, hoisted out the coffee themselves, put it into the trucks, and drove off.

It was reported that he had personal chastisement among them; but this, I believe, was not true. A large concourse of men stood amazed, silent spectators of the whole transaction.

Adieu. Your good mother is just come; she desires to be remembered to you; so do my father and sister, who have just left me, and so does she whose greatest happiness consists in being tenderly beloved by her absent friend, and who subscribes herself ever his

PORTIA.

—*Familiar Letters of John and Abigail Adams*

65

FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty,

and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

XI

A Long War, France, and Yorktown

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THE Loyalist of the Revolution is a genuinely tragic figure, for he is essentially the American forced to choose between one side of a parliamentary dispute and the complete overthrow of those standards and protections of the common life stemming from England and the Crown. What he took with him to the founding of British Canada, what he fought for with savagery, was a way of life. In its Southern phase, the Revolution took on something of the embittered aspect of civil war. Guerilla bands and companies of Loyalists, now co-operating with British troops, now fighting on their own, harassed the patriot population and the poorly-supplied patriot army; there was widespread ruin. Largely kept going by French money, the long war dragged on to fatigue and despair. Successful fighting, however, presently brought the national cause up again into the wind, a great new effort of France reached the American shores, Britain lost at a crucial moment the command of the seas, and after Yorktown, the armies settled down to a long period of inaction which presently ripened into peace.

I. THE ACCEPTANCE OF COMMAND

George Washington, Commander-in-Chief, 1732-1799

It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

I have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the Colonies to the command of the Continental Army. It is an honor I by no means aspired to. It is an honor I wished to avoid, as well from an unwillingness to quit the peaceful enjoyment of my family, as from a thorough conviction of my own incapacity and want of experience in the conduct of so momentous a concern; but the partiality of the Congress, added to some political motives, left me without a choice. May God grant, therefore, that my acceptance of it, may be attended with some good to the common cause, and without injury (from want of knowledge) to my own reputation. I can answer but for three things: a firm belief in the justice of our cause, close attention in the prosecution of it, and the strictest integrity.

—*To Mrs. Martha Washington, June, 1775*

II. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

George Washington, Commander-in-Chief, 1732-1799

Having received intelligence which made it probable that a squadron of his most Christian Majesty was approaching our coast, I thought it my duty to meet you with the earliest advice of the situation of the enemy in this quarter. Admiral Arbuthnot arrived at New York the 25th of last month, with a reinforcement under his convoy, consisting from the best

accounts I have been able to obtain of about three thousand men, mostly recruits, and in bad health. This makes the land force of the enemy at New York and its dependencies near fifteen thousand men, distributed in the following manner—on the Island of New York, about 7000; on Long Island, about 5000; on Staten Island, about 1000; at King's ferry up the North River 45 miles from New York about 2000—and a small garrison at Powles Hook, a fortified peninsula on the Jersey shore opposite the city. This distribution is agreeable to the last advices; but the enemy's disposition undergoes very frequent changes, and may have been altered. They have been for some time past drawing a line of works across New York Island, and have lately fortified Governor's Island, near the city. They have also works on Staten Island, and are said to have begun a strong fort at Brooklyn, on Long Island.

The best information of the naval force in the harbor of New York makes it one seventy four, one sixty four, two fifties, and two or three frigates, with a few small armed vessels.

—*Letter to Count d'Estaing, September, 1779*

III. THE CRITICAL SITUATION

George Washington, Commander-in-Chief, 1732-1799

The situation of America at this time is critical. The government is without finances. Its paper credit sunk, and no expedients it can adopt capable of retrieving it. The resources of the country much diminished by a five years' war, in which it has made efforts beyond its ability. Clinton, with an army of ten thousand regular troops (aided by a considerable body of militia, whom, from motives of fear and attachment, he has engaged to take arms), in possession of one of our capital towns, (New York) and a large part of the State to which it belongs. The savages desolating the frontiers. A fleet, superior to that of our allies, not only protects the enemy against any attempt of ours, but to facilitate those which he may project

against us. Lord Cornwallis, with seven or eight thousand men, in complete possession of two States, Georgia and South Carolina; a third, by recent misfortunes, at his mercy. His force is daily increasing by an accession of adherents, whom his successes naturally procure in a country inhabited a great part by emigrants from England and Scotland, who have not been long enough transplanted to exchange their ancient habits and attachments in favor of their new residence.

—*Letter to the Count de Guichon, September, 1780*

IV. PEACE

George Washington, Commander-in-Chief, 1732-1799

We stand, now, an Independent People, and have yet to learn political tactics. We are placed among the nations of the earth, and have a character to establish; but how we shall acquitted ourselves, time must discover. The probability (at least I fear it), is that local or state politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive plan of government, which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art; in a word, that the experience, which is purchased at the price of difficulties and distress, will alone convince us that the honor, power, and true interest of this country must be measured by a continental scale, and that every departure therefrom weakens the Union, and may ultimately break the band which holds us together. To avert these evils, to form a Constitution, that will give consistency, stability, and dignity to the Union, and sufficient powers to the great council of the nation for general purposes, is a duty which is incumbent upon every man, who wishes well to his country, and will meet with my aid as far as it can be rendered in the private walks of life.

—*Letter to the Marquis de Lafayette, April, 1783*

A BATTLE ON THE EAST RIVER

James Plum Martin, 1759-1850

One evening while lying here (Turtle Bay) we heard a heavy cannonade at the city; and before dark saw four of the enemy's ships that had passed the town and were coming up the East River; they anchored just below us. These ships were the *Phoenix*, of 44 guns; the *Roebuck* of 44; the *Rose* of 32; and another the name of which I have forgotten. Half of our regiment was sent off under the command of our Major, to man something that were called "lines," although they were nothing more than a ditch dug along on the bank of the river, with the dirt thrown out towards the water. They stayed in these lines during the night, and returned to the camp in the morning unmolested. The other half of the regiment went the next night, under the command of the Lieut.-Colonel, upon the like errand. We arrived at the lines about dark, and were ordered to leave our packs in a copse wood, under a guard, and go into the lines without them; what was the cause of this piece of *wise* policy I never knew; but I knew the effects of it, which was, that I never saw my knapsack from that day to this; nor did any of the rest of our party, unless they came across them by accident in our retreat. We "manned the lines" and lay quite unmolested during the whole night. We had a chain of sentinels quite up the river for four or five miles in length. At an interval of every half hour, they passed the watchword to each other—"All is well." I heard the British on board their shipping answer, "We will alter your tune before tomorrow night"—and they were as good as their word for once. It was quite a dark night, and at daybreak, the first thing that saluted our eyes, was all the four ships at anchor, with springs upon their cables, and within musket shot of us. The *Phoenix*, lying a little quartering, and her stern toward me, I could read her name as distinctly as though I had been

directly under the stern. As soon as it was fairly light, we saw their boats coming out of a creek or cove, on the Long Island side of the water, filled with British soldiers. When they came to the edge of the tide, they formed their boats in line. They continued to augment these forces from the Island until they appeared like a large clover field in full bloom.

We lay very quiet in our ditch, waiting their motions, till the sun was an hour or two high. We heard a cannonade at the city, but our attention was drawn to our own guests. But they being a little dilatory in their operations, I stepped into an old warehouse which stood close by me, with the door open, inviting me in, and sat down upon a stool; the floor was strewed with papers which had in some former period been used in the concerns of the house, but were then lying in woeful confusion. I was very demurely perusing these papers, when, all of a sudden, there came such a peal of thunder from the British shipping, that I thought my head would go with the sound. I made a frog's leap for the ditch, and lay as still as I possibly could, and began to consider which part of my carcass was to go first. The British played their parts well; indeed, they had nothing to hinder them. We kept the lines till they were almost levelled upon us, when our officers seeing we could make no resistance, and no orders coming from any superior officer, and that we must soon be entirely exposed to the rake of the guns, gave the order to leave the lines. In retreating we had to cross a level clear spot of ground, forty or fifty rods wide, exposed to the whole of the enemy's fire; and they gave it to us in prime order; the grape shot and langrage flew merrily, which served to quicken our motions.

We had not gone far (in the highway) before we saw a party of men, apparently hurrying on in the same direction with ourselves; we endeavored hard to overtake them, but on approaching them we found that they were not of our way

of thinking; they were Hessians. We immediately altered our course and took the main road leading to King's bridge. We had not long been on this road before we saw another party, just ahead of us, whom we knew to be Americans; just as we overtook these, they were fired upon by a party of British from a cornfield, and all was immediately in confusion again. I believe the enemy's party was small; but our people were all militia, and the demons of fear and disorder seemed to take full possession of all and everything on that day. When I came to the spot where the militia were fired upon the ground was literally covered with arms, knapsacks, staves, coats, hats and old oil flasks, perhaps some of those from the Madeira town cellar in New York.

—Recollections of a Revolutionary Soldier

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THE "JERSEY" PRISON-SHIP

Captain Thomas Dring

In the month of May, 1782, I sailed from Providence, Rhode Island, as master's-mate, on board a privateer called the *Chance*. This was a new vessel, on her first cruise. She was owned in Providence, by Messrs. Clarke & Nightingale, and manned chiefly from that place and vicinity. She was commanded by Captain Daniel Aborn, mounted twelve six-pound cannon, and sailed with a complement of about sixty-five men.

Our cruise was but a short one; for in a few days after sailing, we were captured by the British ship-of-war, *Belisarius*, Captain Graves, of twenty-six guns. We were captured in the night; and our crew, having been conveyed on board the enemy's ship, were put in irons the next morning. During the day, the *Belisarius* made two other prizes,—a privateer brig from New London or Stonington, Connecticut, called the *Samson*, of twelve guns, commanded by Captain Brooks, and a merchant schooner from Warren, Rhode Island, commanded

by Captain Charles Collins. The crew of these two vessels, except the principal officers, were also put in irons. These captures were all made on soundings south of Long Island. The putting their prisoners in irons was a necessary precaution on the part of the captors. We were kept confined in the cable tier of the ship, but were occasionally permitted to go on deck during the day, in small parties. The *Belisarius*, then having on board upwards of one hundred and thirty prisoners, soon made her way to New York, in company with her prizes.

Our situation on board this ship was not, indeed, a very enviable one: but, uncomfortable as it was, it was far preferable to that in which we soon expected to be placed, and which we soon found it was our doom to experience.

The ship dropped her anchor abreast of the city, and signals were immediately made that she had prisoners on board. Soon after, two large gondolas or boats came along-side, in one of which was seated the notorious David Sproat, the Commissary of Prisoners. This man was an American refugee, universally detested for the cruelty of his conduct, and the insolence of his manners.

We were then called on deck, and having been released from our irons, were ordered into the boats. This being accomplished, we put off from the ship, under a guard of marines, and proceeded towards our much dreaded place of confinement, which was not then in sight. As we passed along the Long Island shore, against the tide, our progress was very slow. The prisoners were ordered by Sproat to apply themselves to the oars; but not feeling any particular anxiety to expedite our progress, we declined obeying the command. His only reply was, "I'll soon fix you, my lads."

We at length doubled a point, and came in view of the Wale bogt, where lay before us the black hulk of the *Old Jersey*, with her satellites, the three hospital-ships; to which Sproat pointed, in an exulting manner, and said: "There, rebels, *there* is the *cage* for you." Oh! how I wished to be

standing alone with that inhuman wretch upon the green turf at that moment!

The gratings were soon after placed over the hatchways, and fastened down for the night; and I seated myself on the deck, holding my bag with a firm grasp, fearful of losing it among the crowd. I had now ample time to reflect on the horrors of the scene, and to consider the prospect before me. It was impossible to find one of my former shipmates in the darkness; and I had, of course, no one with whom to speak during the long hours of that dreadful night. Surrounded by I knew not whom, except that they were being as wretched as myself; with dismal sounds meeting my ears from every direction; a nauseous and putrid atmosphere filling my lungs at every breath; and a stifled and suffocating heat, which almost deprived me of sense and even of life.

Previous to leaving the boat, I had put on several additional articles of apparel for the purpose of security; but I was soon compelled to disencumber myself of these, and was willing to hazard their loss for a relief from the intolerable heat.

The thoughts of sleep did not enter my mind; and at length, discovering a glimmering of light through the iron gratings of one of the air-ports, I felt that it would be indeed a luxury if I could but obtain a situation near that place, in order to gain one breath of the exterior air. Clinching my hand firmly around my bag, which I dared not leave, I began to advance towards the side of the ship; but was soon greeted with the curses and imprecations of those who were lying on the deck, and whom I had disturbed in attempting to pass over them. I, however, persevered; and at length arrived near the desired spot, but found it already occupied, and no persuasion could induce a single individual to relinquish his place for a moment.

Thus I passed the first dreadful night, waiting with sorrowful forebodings for the coming day.

—*Recollections of The "Jersey" Prison-Ship*

THE "SERAPIS" AND THE "BONHOMME RICHARD"

Nathaniel Fanning, 1775-1805

I shall now proceed to give a circumstantial account of this famous battle, fought on the night of the 22nd day of September, 1779, between the *Good Man Richard*, an American ship of war commanded by John Paul Jones; and the *Serapis*, an English ship of war, commanded by Captain Parsons, off Flamborough Head, upon the German Ocean.

To proceed then with the thread of my journal, from where the two ships were nearly within hail of each other, when Captain Jones ordered the yards slung with chains, and our courses hauled up. By this time the *Serapis* had tacked ship, and bore down to engage us; and at quarter past eight, just as the moon was rising with majestic appearance, the weather being clear, the surface of the great deep perfectly smooth, even as in a mill pond, the enemy hailed thus: 'What ship is that?' (in true bombastic English style, it being hoarse and hardly intelligible). The answer from our ship was, 'Come a little nearer, and I will tell you.' The next question was, by the enemy, in a contemptuous manner, 'What are you laden with?' The answer returned was, if my recollection does not deceive me, 'Round, grape, and double-headed shot.' And instantly, the *Serapis* poured her range of upper and quarter-deck guns into us; as she did not show her lower-deck guns till about ten minutes after the action commenced. The reason of this, I could not learn but suppose they intended to have taken us without the aid of their lower-deck guns. We returned the enemy's fire, and thus the battle began.

About this time, the enemy's light sails, which were filled onto the *Serapis'* cranes over her quarter-deck sails caught fire; this communicated itself to her rigging and from thence to ours; thus were both ships on fire at one and the same time;

therefore the firing on both sides ceased till it was extinguished by the contending parties, after which the action was renewed again. By this time, the topmen in our tops had taken possession of the enemy's tops, which was done by reason of the *Serapis'* yards being locked together with ours, that we could with ease go from our main top into the enemy's fore top, and so on from our fore top into the *Serapis'* main top. Having knowledge of this, we transported from our own into the enemy's tops, stink pots, flasks, hand grenades, etc., which we threw in among the enemy whenever they made their appearance.

The officers, headed by the captain of the *Serapis*, now came on board of our ship; the latter, (Captain Parsons) enquired for Captain Jones, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Mase, our purser. They met, and the former accosted the latter, in presenting his sword, in this manner: 'It is with the greatest reluctance that I am now obliged to resign you this, for it is painful to me, more particularly at this time, when compelled to deliver up my sword to a man, who may be said to fight *with a halter around his neck!*' Jones, after receiving his sword, made this reply: 'Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner for it.' Captain Parsons then asked Jones what countrymen his crew principally consisted of; the latter said, 'Americans.' 'Very well,' said the former, 'it has been *diamond cut diamond*, with us.' Captain Parsons' officers had, previous to coming on board of our ship, delivered their side arms to Lieutenant Dale. Captain Parsons in his conversation with Captain Jones, owned that the Americans were equally as brave as the English. The two captains now withdrew into the cabin, and there drank a glass or two of wine together. Both ships were now separated from each other, and were mere wrecks; the *Serapis'* three masts having nothing to support them, fell overboard with all the sails, tops, yards, rigging, etc., belonging to them, making a hideous noise in the water;

they had been shot off by our guns in the early part of the action. The main-mast about one foot about the ship's gangway and quarter-deck; the fore-mast just below the fore top, and the mizzen mast about ten feet above her quarter-deck. Several eighteen pound shot had gone through our main-mast, and most of the shrouds belonging to it were cut away, so that nothing kept it standing but the stoppers, put on them by the quarter-masters, where the shrouds had been shot away. We that were stationed on the main top found it, during a part of the action, a very ticklish situation, from which we were ordered down upon the quarter-deck as soon as the English had struck.

—*Narrative of the Adventures of an
American Naval Officer*

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THE DEFEAT OF BURGOYNE

Horatio Gates, 1729-1806

The voice of fame, ere this reaches you, will tell how greatly fortunate we have been in this department. Burgoyne and his whole army have laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves to me and my Yankees. Thanks to the giver of all victory for this triumphant success. I got here night before last, and all now are camped upon the heights to the south of this city. Major General Phillips, who wrote me that saucy note last year from St. Johns, with Lord Petersham, Major Ackland, son of Sir Thomas, and his lady, daughter of Lord Ilchester, sister to the famous Lady Susan, and about a dozen members of parliament, Scotch lords, etc., are among the captured. I wrote to J. Boone, by Mr. Fluck, an engineer, whom I permitted to pass to Canada, and who goes immediately from thence to England. I could not help, in a modest manner, putting him in mind of the *fête champêtre* that I three years ago told him Burgoyne would meet with if he

came to America. If Old England is not by this lesson taught humility, then she is an obstinate old slut, bent upon her ruin. I long much to see you, and have, therefore, sent the bearers to Albany by the way of Reading, where you will be received and entertained by Mrs. Potts. Before you leave Reading, you must take advice whether to come by Nazareth or Bethlehem; after that your road up the country by Van Camp's, through the Minisinks, to Hurley and Esopus, is plain and well known to the bearer.

Don't let Bob's zeal to get to papa, hurry you faster than, considering the length of the journey, you ought to come. If you come by Bethlehem, there is a Mr. Oakley, who holds an office under Mifflin, who will provide you with everything you may have occasion for, and will introduce you to Madame Langton, and the Bishop and Mrs. Ilsley, etc. Perhaps you may get ruffles to your apron; if they are finished I desire you will bespeak them.

Tell my dear Bob not to be too elated at this great good fortune of his father. He and I have seen many days adverse as well as prosperous. Let us through life endeavor to bear both with an equal mind. General Burgoyne has promised me to deliver any letters I please to commit to his care in England. I think to send a few to some principal men there. Perhaps they may have a good effect for both countries. I would fain have the mother reconciled to her child, and consent, since she is big enough to be married, to let her rule and govern her own house. I hope Lady Harriet Ackland will be here when you arrive. She is the most amiable, delicate little piece of quality you ever beheld. Her husband is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen, learned, sensible, and an Englishman to all intents and purposes; has been a most confounded tory, but I hope to make him as good a whig as myself before we separate. You must expect bad and cold days upon the journey; therefore, prepare against it. I thank God I am pretty well; have had a bad cold, with loss of appetite from being continually harassed with so much business; but I hope to find

some rest in winter and much comfort in your's and Bob's company. I will try and get some good tea for you from some of the English officers. Accept my tenderest wishes for your health and safety, and assure my dear Bob how much I am interested in his welfare. Heaven grant us a happy meeting.

—*Letter to Mrs. Gates, 1777*

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A MEMORY OF THE HESSIANS

Charles Nielson

Among those of the German troops who surrendered, were the Hesse-Hanau regiment, Riedesel's dragoons and Specht's regiment, the most remarkable of the whole. The Hessians were extremely dirty in their persons, and had a collection of wild animals in their train—the only thing American they had captured. Here could be seen an artillery-man leading a black grizzly bear, who every now and then would rear upon his hind legs as if he were tired of going upon all fours, or occasionally growl his disapprobation at being pulled along by his chain. In the same manner a tamed deer would be seen tripping lightly after a grenadier. Young foxes were also observed looking sagaciously at the spectators from the top of a baggage wagon, or a young racoon securely clutched under the arm of a sharp shooter. There were a great many women accompanying the Germans, and a miserable looking set of oddly dressed, gypsy featured females they were.

On the night of the surrender, a number of Indians and squaws, the relics of Burgoyne's aboriginal force, were quartered under a strong guard for safe keeping. Without this precaution their lives would not have been safe from the exasperated militia.

—*Reminiscences*

THE ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE PRIVATE

Joel Shepard

Soon after this wee were oredred back to fort Herkimer. Then we fared rather hard for a while. The inhabitants had got their work mostley out of the way and done so that the soldiers could git no small jobs to doo. Therefore we had to rub rather hard. Cold Weather was coming on and wee poorly off for clothing. I told a soldier by the name of Richardson that I could make something of a basket if wee could git some basket stuff and know of a black ash swamp not far off. He and I goes to our captain to git a pass. The Captain he was a very good Oficer but very rough in his conversation. He swore at every word. Wee went and asked him for a pass. He swore the Indians would have our scalps Before wee got back. He and I went. We found a stick that would doo. Richardson cut down the stadle and I Equinortered round back. But there was no Indian apeared. Richardson cut the stick and shoul-dered it and steared for the fort. We made of the stuff a two bushel basket, Richardson goes and sells the basket for its full of pot[at]joes and we drove the business of basket making. We bought a half a bushel of corn and we ground it out in the duch hand mill. We bought milk and wee could have Samp and milk. Wee could git most kinds of provisions for our baskets. Wee bought half a barel of Cider that wee put in a duchmans celler, and when the inhabitants come to kill their Stock of beef Wee could git beef for baskets. Their was a widow woman said she wanted some baskets but she had no way to pay for them for she and her little girl had a hard time of it to rais their own food. I told the widow that I would contrive for her. She said, you yankeys understand how to contrive. I asked the widow if her husband did not leave no old woolin clothes. She said he did. Then I said, go to work and make Richardson and I each a pare of full cloth mitens

that would answer to stand Centuary thes cold nights, and she did, and she mended up and packed some considerable old clothes which made Richardson and myself comfortable, and he paid her off honorably. She would mend up our clothes and find paches. We would cut up her wood at the door and doo any small job she wanted to have done.

The Captain would generally come into the Baracks once a week and lok around and see how we fared. He was a good oficer but very rough in his Conversation. He swore more or less in all his conversation. Captain New Come in one morn-ing. Richardson was a gitting our brakfast and he was a frying some pork and I was to work on a basket. At last he turned to me with an oath and said, It seems that you have been steeling pork by the looks of your breakfast. Then I said, ther is two things to B concidered. One thing is to know a thing, the other is to bee sure of it after you think you doo know it. He laughed and swore some more. I told the captain that Richardson and I lived as well as I would wish to live. That was not all. When wee see a soldier look pale and feeble with hunger wee had often asked him to take a cut with us. The Captain smiled and said with an Oath that wee lived better than the oficers did. I told him that might bee and not live very well either. I told him if he had not been to breakfast to set down and take a cut with us, it would not impoverish us any for wee had enough and to spare. He said he would. With an Oath he picked up a stick and whittled him a fork, I shoved him a shingle and went to work. Wee had beef and pork, fried plenty of potatoes, a plate of butter and some duch cheese. I told Richardson that i thought we had better by a little cyder. Cyder among the rest, said the Captain. I told him that wee did not pretend to live without the comforts of life. Richardson stepped into a duchmans seller and got a canteen of cyder which held three pints, but a little before wee had done Breakfast the Captain said, come now, bee honest about the mater, and tell me how you came by this good living.

Then I said, you have asked me a civil question, I will give you a Civil answer. Perhaps you remember that Richardson and myself came to you to git a pass to go into the woods to git a stick of basket timber. I think I doo, said the captain. And wee went and got the stick and I have made baskets ever since. I told how I came to know how to make baskets. The Captain stope his discours for a small space then said, a man that has got Economy must bee born with it or he canot have it, and you have it because you were born with it. When you went into the Army you took your Economy along with you.

—*The New England Quarterly*

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I. AN ARMY ILL-PROVIDED

General Nathanael Greene, 1742-1786

For upwards of two months, more than one third of our men were entirely naked, with nothing but a breech cloth about them, and never came out of their tents; and the rest were as ragged as wolves. Our condition was little better in the article of provisions. Our beef was perfect carrion; and even bad as it was, we were often without any. An army thus clothed and thus fed, may be considered in a desperate situation. However, we have struggled through it. Our supplies of provisions are better but scanty and uncertain. Some clothing is arrived, and, added to what the governor procured, render the troops pretty comfortable, and the army very contented and easy, especially as we have it now in our power to issue rum eight times a month.

II. THE WAR IN THE CAROLINAS

General Nathanael Greene, 1742-1786

The difficulty of carrying on the war in this department is much greater than my imagination had extended to. The

word difficulty when applied to the state of things here, as it is used to the northward, is almost without meaning, it falls so far short of the real state of things. The inhabitants are spread over a great extent of country, and one family remote from the other, and not a manufactory scarcely in the whole state, nor are there tools or artificers to be had for any purpose whatever. What adds to our distress is, the greater part of the troops are almost naked, and we subsist by daily collections, and in a country that has been ravaged and plundered by both friends and enemies. The great bodies of militia that have been kept on foot, from the manner of their coming out all on horseback has laid waste the whole country. The expense and destruction that follows this policy must ruin any nation on earth, and the very mode of the defense must terminate in the ruin of the people. With the militia everybody is a general, and the powers of government are so feeble, that it is with the utmost difficulty you can restrain them from plundering one another. The people don't want spirit and enterprise, but they must go to war in their own way or not at all. Nothing can save this country but a good permanent army conducted with great prudence and caution, for the impatience of the people to drive off the enemy would precipitate an officer into a thousand misfortunes, and the mode of conducting the war which is most to the liking of the inhabitants, is the least likely to effect their salvation. Everything here depends upon opinion, and it is equally dangerous to go forward as to stand still, for if you lose the confidence of the people you lose all support, and if you rush into danger you hazard everything. Lord Cornwallis has a much greater force on foot than we have and much better provided. I am in a critical situation, but shall make the most of it.

—Life and Letters

THE FRENCH FLEET SEEN BY AN AMERICAN PRIVATEER

William Drowne

A fine day, with a similar breeze. At about noon No-man's Land was descried, and we are now standing right in for Newport harbor, with a large fleet in sight, under Block Island, one of which, a ship of the line, is in chase of us, but without giving us the least concern, (though four others, in consequence of a signal, are making towards us from under Point Judith,) as they are undoubtedly a part of the French fleet going (as we were informed the other day) to invest, or rather block up New York.

Four o'clock, P.M. At anchor in Newport harbor, 'midst a formidable French fleet of the line, the Admiral of which, (Monsieur De Ternay,) in an elegant eighty-gun ship, (the Duke de Bourgogne). We ran alongside, with colors, etc., displaying to the best advantage,—his ship, as well as the rest, being manned to view us, their quarter decks and galleys lined with officers. On our luffing under his stern, we saluted him with thirteen guns and three cheers, we thanking him with one gun and a single huzza. To our surprise and astonishment we were informed that the fleet we saw and were chased by a few hours since is an *English* one! What have we not escaped! We can scarcely believe our own senses! and we are ready to ask, "is this existence real or a dream?" for we were so near four of them as to distinguish their colors, (which were French,) very obviously; nor did we take the least pains to avoid them, so certain were we of their being those of our benevolent ally; and when we reflect a moment on the extreme precariousness of the situation we were then in, (as we had no intimation or conception of a *British* fleet being off,) and of the amazing chance we run of being ere this time in irons in *Yankee Bay*, we can't but shudder at an idea so big with horror! But, thanks, to Him who commands all things with

his nod, we are thus far safe. And the Captain, with his eyes sparkling with gratitude and pleasure, declares he absolutely believes that the enchantment is at last broken, which, for his sake, I sincerely hope to be the case, and that he may in the future have free egress and regress, without hindrance or molestation.

The Admiral sent one of his Lieutenants on board, (a very genteel officer,) who politely welcomed the Captain into the harbor, expressed in a very delicate and sensible manner his ardent wishes to assist America, was sorry a superior fleet of the enemy had at this juncture blocked them up, but with a becoming confidence, presumed it would not long be the case, etc., etc. Soon after he was gone another officer was sent with a message from the Admiral, requesting the Captain's company on board the flag-ship, where he now is, and had he not been sent for just as he had, we should have been up to Providence by sunset.

To attempt a description of the beauteous scene with which we are now surrounded—the grand and elegant appearance of the fleet, the noble air of the officers, the innumerable train of skiffs and barges (with awnings) passing and repassing from ship to ship, the extensive encampment in view on the island, etc., etc.,—would find employ for more time than I am at present disposed to devote to descriptive service, especially as I am conscious that the grandeur and magnificence of the scene far surpasses anything I could say to illustrate the subject.

—*Papers of William Droune*

Oct. 17th, 1781. The whole of our works are now mounted with cannon and mortars, not less than one hundred pieces of

heavy ordnance have been in continual operation during the last twenty four hours. The whole peninsula trembles under the incessant thunderings of our infernal machines; we have leveled some of their works in ruins and silenced their guns; they have almost ceased firing. We are so near as to have a distinct view of the dreadful havoc and destruction of their works, and even see the men in their lines torn to pieces by the bursting of our shells. But the scene is drawing to a close. Lord Cornwallis at length realizing the extreme hazard of his deplorable situation, and finding it in vain any longer to resist, has this forenoon come to the humiliating expedient of sending out a flag, requesting a cessation of hostilities for twenty four hours, that commissioners may be appointed to prepare and adjust the terms of capitulation. Two or three flags passed in the course of the day, and General Washington consented to a cessation of hostilities for two hours only, that his Lordship may suggest his proposals as a basis for a treaty, which being in part accepted, a suspension of hostilities will be continued till tomorrow.

Oct. 19th. At about twelve o'clock, the combined army was arranged and drawn up in two lines extending more than a mile in length. The Americans were drawn up in a line on the right side of the road, and the French occupied the left. At the head of the former the great American commander, mounted on his noble courser, took his station, attended by his aids. At the head of the latter was posted the excellent Count Rochambeau and his suite. The French troops, in complete uniform, displayed a martial and noble appearance, their band of music, of which the timbrel formed a part, is a delightful novelty, and produced while marching to the ground, a most enchanting effect. The Americans, though not all in uniform nor their dress so neat, yet exhibited an erect soldierly air, and every countenance beamed with satisfaction and joy. The concourse of spectators from the country was prodigious, in point of numbers probably equal to the military, but universal silence

and order prevailed. It was about two o'clock when the captive army advanced through the line formed for their reception. Every eye was prepared to gaze on Lord Cornwallis, the object of peculiar interest and solicitude; but he disappointed our anxious expectations; pretending indisposition, he made General O'Harra his substitute as the leader of his army. This officer was followed by the conquered troops in a slow and solemn step, with shouldered arms, colors cased and drums beating a British march. Having arrived at the head of the line, General O'Harra, elegantly mounted, advanced to his Excellency the Commander in Chief, taking off his hat, and apologized for the non appearance of Earl Cornwallis. With his usual dignity and politeness his Excellency pointed to Major General Lincoln for directions, by whom the British army was conducted into a spacious field where it was intended they should ground their arms.

*—A Military Journal During the
American Revolutionary War*

XII

The New Union by Land and Sea

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THE new Union had its beginning in the same year as the French Revolution,—1789. No longer united by a common aim, the states had been drifting since the war, their prejudices and jealousies assembled in a confederation which had lost its meaning and was not permitted power. From this situation, so full of danger not only to the welfare of the people but to their qualities of character and temper, America was saved by the adoption of the Constitution. Elected president of the "United States," Washington returned to public life, torn all unwilling from Virginia agriculture, from the named fields of a great plantation, the ordered crops, and homely wisdom of the earth which were the joy of his heart. Venerated by the people in an almost Roman manner, and above all, implicitly trusted, it is the character and integrity of Washington which sustain the beginning Union and assure it of order and a fair trial.

The primary concern of first administrations was the maintenance of peace. Times were difficult, France was turning Europe into a battlefield of armies and ideas, and many in the Union wished to take sides. The succession of John Adams to the presidency, bringing to it an excellent intelligence, a travelled point of view, and an abrupt New England conscience, was a real stroke of good fortune for the state. Federalist and anti-Federalist disputed, more settlers moved "west," the New England port towns built ships, traded anywhere and everywhere and made money, and the forgotten handicrafts of America, the pottery, the farm weaving, and the woodcarving had interest and beauty. An undeclared naval

war of fierce single combats was fought with ships of war of the French Directory, and the Jefferson administration took in hand the piratic North African states who had been raiding American commerce in the Mediterranean. The quality of life was no longer British Colonial. It resembled rather the houses and furniture of the period, solid, comfortable, and provincially handsome.

I. THE UNION AND THE STATES

Alexander Hamilton, 1757-1804

It should not be forgotten that a disposition in the States governments to encroach upon the rights of the Union is quite as probable as a disposition in the Union to encroach upon the rights of the State governments. What side would be likely to prevail in such a conflict, must depend on the means which the contending parties could employ towards insuring success. As in republics, strength is always on the side of the people, and as there are weighty reasons to induce a belief that the State governments will commonly possess most influence over them, the natural conclusion is that such contests will be most apt to end to the disadvantage of the Union; and that there is greater probability of encroachments by the members upon the Federal head, than by the Federal head upon the members. But it is evident that all conjectures of this kind must be extremely vague and fallible; and that it is by far the safest course to lay them altogether aside, and to confine our attention wholly to the nature and extent of the powers as they are delineated in the Constitution. Every thing beyond this must be left to the prudence and firmness of the people; who, as they will hold the scales in their own hands, it is to be hoped, will always take care to preserve the constitutional equilibrium between the general and the State governments. Upon this ground, which is evidently the true one, it will not be difficult to obviate the objections which have been made to an indefinite power of taxation in the United States.

—*The Federalist*

II. THE CONSTITUTION AND THE COURTS

Alexander Hamilton, 1757-1804

If it be said that the legislative body are themselves the constitutional judges of their own powers, and that the construction they put upon them is conclusive upon the other departments, it may be answered, that this cannot be the natural presumption, where it is not to be collected from any particular provisions in the Constitution. It is not otherwise to be supposed, that the Constitution could intend to enable the representatives of the people to substitute their *will* to that of their constituents. It is far more rational to suppose, that the courts were designed to be an intermediate body between the people and the legislature, in order, among other things, to keep the latter within the limits assigned to their authority. The interpretation of the laws is the proper and peculiar province of the courts. A constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning, as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. If there should happen to be an irreconcilable variance between the two, that which has the superior obligation and validity ought, of course, to be preferred to the statute, the intention of the people to the intention of their agents.

—*The Federalist*

III. DEMOCRACY

Alexander Hamilton, 1757-1804

It has been observed that a pure democracy, if it were practicable, would be the most perfect government. Experience has proved, that no position in politics is more false than this. The ancient democracies, in which the people themselves deliberated, never possessed one feature of good government. Their very character was tyranny; their figure deformity. When they assembled, the field of debate presented an un-

governable mob, not only incapable of deliberation, but prepared for every enormity. In these assemblies the enemies of the people brought forward their plans of ambition systematically. They were opposed by their enemies of another party; and it became a matter of contingency, whether the people subjected themselves to be led blindly by one tyrant or by another.

—*Speech on the Compromises of the Constitution*

77

I. A POLICY OF PEACE

Washington, President and Country Gentleman

Peace has been the order of the day with me since the disturbances in Europe first commenced. My policy has been, and will continue to be, while I have the honor to remain in the administration of the government, to be upon friendly terms with, but independent of all the nations of the earth; to share in the broils of none; to fulfil our own engagements; to supply the wants and be carrier for them all; being thoroughly convinced that it is our policy and interest so to do. Nothing short of self-respect, and that justice which is essential to a national character, ought to involve us in war; for I am sure, if this country is preserved in tranquillity twenty years longer, it may bid defiance in a just cause to any power whatever; such in that time will be its population, wealth and resources.

—*Letter to Gouverneur Morris, March, 1795*

II. A QUESTION FOR STATESMEN

Washington, President and Country Gentleman

We are either a united people under one head and for federal purposes, or we are thirteen independent sovereignties, eternally counteracting each other. If the former, whatever

such a majority of the States, as the constitution points out, conceives to be for the benefit of the whole, should, in my humble opinion, be submitted to by the minority. Let the southern States always be represented; let them act more in union; let them declare freely and boldly what is for the interest of, and what is prejudicial to, their constituents; and there will be, there must be, an accommodating spirit. In the establishment of a navigation act, this in a particular manner ought, and will doubtless be attended to. If the assent of nine, or as some propose of eleven States, is necessary to give validity to a commercial system, it insures this measure, or it cannot be obtained.

Wherein then lies the danger? But if your fears are in danger of being realized, cannot certain provisos in the ordinance guard against the evil; I see no difficulty in this, if the southern delegates would give their attendance in Congress, and follow the example, if it should be set them, of hanging together to counteract combinations. I confess to you candidly, that I can foresee no evil greater than disunion; than those unreasonable jealousies, (I say *unreasonable*, because I would have a *proper* jealousy always awake, and the United States on the watch to prevent individual States from infracting the constitution with impunity,) which are continually poisoning our minds and filling them with imaginary evils to the prevention of real ones.

—*Letter to James McHenry, August, 1785*

III. TO THE KEEPER OF AN INN

Washington, President and Country Gentleman

SIR:

Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and

to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but, that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to "The President of the United States, New York." I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant.

—*Letter to Samuel Taft, November, 1789*

78

I. FRANKLIN AND MME. HELVETIUS

Abigail Adams, 1744-1818

If I was agreeably disappointed in London, I am as much disappointed in Paris. It is the very dirtiest place I ever saw. There are some buildings and some squares, which are tolerable; but in general the streets are narrow, the shops, the houses, inelegant and dirty, the streets full of lumber and stone, with which they build. Boston cannot boast so elegant public buildings; but, in every other respect, it is as much superior in my eyes to Paris, as London is to Boston. To have had Paris tolerable to me, I should not have gone to London. As to the people here, they are more given to hospitality than in England, it is said. I have been in company with but one French lady since I arrived; for strangers here make the first visit, and nobody will know you until you have waited upon them in form.

This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, "Ah! mon Dieu, where is

Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?" You must suppose her speaking all this in French. "How I look!" said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lute-string, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze, than ever my maids wore, was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Helas! Franklin"; then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age and a widow.

II. THE FEDERAL CITY AND THE WHITE HOUSE

Abigail Adams, 1744-1818

I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles upon the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide, or a path. Fortunately, a straggling black

came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide, to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlours and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do it. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why, our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we can-

not get grates made and set. We have, indeed, come into *a new country*.

You must keep all this to yourself, and, when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlour, and one for a levee-room. Upstairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now; but, when completed, it will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and, the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it.

—*Familiar Letters of John and Abigail Adams*

THE INVENTION OF THE COTTON GIN

Eli Whitney, 1765-1825

DEAR PARENT:

I went from N. York with the family of the late Major-General Greene to Georgia. I went immediately with the family to their Plantation about twelve miles from Savannah with an expectation of spending four or five days and then proceed into Carolina to take the school as I have mentioned in former letters. During this time I heard much said of the

extreme difficulty of ginning Cotton, that is, separating it from its seeds. There were a number of very respectable Gentlemen at Mrs. Greene's who all agreed that if a machine could be invented which would clean the cotton with expedition, it would be a great thing both to the Country and to the inventor. I involuntarily happened to be thinking on the subject and struck out a plan of a Machine in my mind, which I communicated to Miller (who is agent to the Executors of Genl. Greene and resides in the family, a man of respectability and property), he was pleased with the plan and said if I would pursue it and try an experiment to see if it would answer, he would be at the whole expense, I should lose nothing but my time and if I succeeded we would share the profits. Previous to this I found I was like to be disappointed in my school, that is, instead of a hundred, I found I could get only fifty Guineas a year. I, however, held the refusal of the school until I tried some experiments. In about ten Days I made a little model, for which I was offered, if I would give up all right and title to it, a Hundred Guineas. I concluded to relinquish my school and turn my attention to perfecting the Machine. I made one before I came away which required the labor of one man to turn it and with which one man will clean ten times as much cotton as he can in any other way before known and also cleanse it much better than in the usual mode. This machine may be turned by water or with a horse, with the greatest ease, and one man and a horse will do more than fifty men with the old machines. It makes the labor fifty times less, without throwing any class of People out of the business.

With respects to Mama I am,

kind Parent, your most obt. Sone,

Mr. Eli Whitney

ELI WHITNEY, Junr.

—Letter of September 11th, 1793

PORTRAIT OF A FIRST BACKWOODSMAN

Benjamin Rush, 1745-1813

The first settler in the woods is generally a man who has outlived his credit or fortune in the cultivated parts of the state. His time for migrating is in the month of April. His first object is to build a small cabin of rough logs for himself and family. The floor of this cabin is of earth, the roof is of split logs—the light is received through the door, and, in some instances, through a small window made of greased paper. A coarser building adjoining this cabin affords a shelter to a cow and a pair of poor horses. The labor of erecting these buildings is succeeded by killing the trees on a few acres of ground near his cabin; this is done by cutting a circle round the trees, two or three feet from the ground. The ground around these trees is then ploughed and Indian-corn planted in it. The season for planting this grain is about the 20th of May. It grows generally on new ground with but little cultivation, and yields in the month of October following, from forty to fifty bushels by the acre. After the first of September it affords a good deal of nourishment to his family, in its green or unripe state, in the form of what is called *roasting ears*. His family is fed during the summer by a small quantity of grain which he carries with him, and by fish and game. His cows and horses feed upon wild grass, or the succulent twigs of the woods. For the first year he endures a great deal of distress from hunger—cold—and a variety of accidental causes, but he seldom complains or sinks under them. As he lives in the neighbourhood of Indians, he soon acquires a strong tincture of their manners. His exertions, while they continue, are violent; but they are succeeded by long intervals of rest. His pleasures consist chiefly in fishing and hunting. He loves spirituous liquors, and he eats, drinks and sleeps in dirt and rags in his little cabin. In his intercourse with the world he mani-

fests all the arts which characterize the Indians of our country. In this situation he passes two or three years. In proportion as population increases around him, he becomes uneasy and dissatisfied. Formerly his cattle ranged at large, but now his neighbours call upon him to confine them within fences, to prevent their trespassing upon their fields of grain. Formerly he fed his family with wild animals, but these, which fly from the face of man, now cease to afford him an easy subsistence, and he is compelled to raise domestic animals for the support of his family. Above all, he revolts against the operation of laws. He cannot bear to surrender up a single natural right for all the benefits of government,—and therefore he abandons his little settlement, and seeks a retreat in the woods, where he again submits to all the toils which have been mentioned. There are instances of many men who have broken ground on bare creation, not less than four different times in this way, in different and more advanced parts of the state.

—*Essays, Literary, Moral & Philosophical*

81

I. A BLOCK HOUSE FORT IN THE ALLEGHENIES

Joseph Doddridge, 1769-1826

The fort to which my father belonged was, during the first years of the war, three-quarters of a mile from his farm; but when this fort went to decay, and became unfit for defense, a new one was built at his own house. I well remember that, when a little boy, the family were sometimes waked up in the dead of night, by an express with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door, or back window, and by a gentle tapping waked the family. This was easily done, as an habitual fear made us ever watchful and sensible to the slightest alarm. The whole family were instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and other implements of war. My stepmother waked up and dressed the

children as well as she could, and being myself the oldest of the children, I had to take my share of the burdens to be carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a horse in the night to aid us in removing to the fort. Besides the little children, we caught up what articles of clothing and provision we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or even stir the fire. All this was done with the utmost dispatch and the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to awaken the youngest child. To the rest it was enough to say *Indian* and not a whimper was heard afterwards. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort who were in the evening at their homes, were all in their little fortress before the dawn of the next morning. In the course of the succeeding day, their household furniture was brought in by parties of the men under arms.

Some families belonging to each fort were much less under the influence of fear than others, and who, after an alarm had subsided, in spite of every remonstrance, would remove home, while their more prudent neighbors remained in the fort. Such families were denominated *foolhardy* and gave no small amount of trouble by creating such frequent necessities of sending runners to warn them of their danger, and sometimes parties of our men to protect them during their removal.

II. THE DRESS OF THE ALLEGHENY FRONTIER

Joseph Doddridge, 1769-1826

On the frontiers, and particularly amongst those who were much in the habit of hunting, and going on scouts and campaigns, the dress of the men was partly Indian, and partly that of civilized nations.

The hunting shirt was universally worn. This was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large, and sometimes handsomely fringed with a ravelled piece of cloth of a different color from

that of the hunting shirt itself. The bosom of this dress served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, jerk, tow for wiping the barrel of the rifle, or any other necessary for the hunter or warrior. The belt, which was always tied behind, answered several purposes, besides that of holding the dress together. In cold weather the mittens, and sometimes the bullet-bag, occupied the front part of it. To the right side was suspended the tomahawk and to the left the scalping knife in its leathern sheath. The hunting shirt was generally made of linsey, sometimes of coarse linen, and a few of dressed deer skins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. In the later years of the Indian war our young men became more enamored of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the matchcoat. The drawers were laid aside and the leggins made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech clout was adopted. This was a piece of linen or cloth nearly a yard long, and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt before and behind leaving the ends for flaps hanging before and behind over the belt. These flaps were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech clout, strings which supported the long leggins were attached. When this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting shirt the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked.

The young warrior instead of being abashed by this nudity was proud of his Indian like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance, however, did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies.

A REPLY TO A MISSIONARY AGENT, 1811

Red Jacket, of the Senecas, 1756-1830

You say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

Listen to what we say.

There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for his red children, because He loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, not enemies. They told us they had fled from their country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request; and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight

against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother; Continue to listen.

You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion; why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

We do not understand these things.

—*Native Eloquence*

83

I. A TOUCH OF YUCATAN IN EAST FLORIDA

William Bartram, 1739-1823

At about fifty yards distance from the landing place, stands a magnificent Indian mount. About fifteen years ago I visited this place, at which time there were no settlements of white people, but all appeared wild and savage; yet in that uncultivated state it possessed an almost inexpressible air of grandeur,

which was now entirely changed. At that time there was a very considerable extent of old fields round about the mount; there was also a large orange grove, together with palms and live oaks, extending from near the mount, along the banks, downwards, all of which has since been cleared away to make room for planting ground. But what greatly contributed towards completing the magnificence of the scene, was a noble Indian highway, which led from the great mount, on a straight line, three quarters of a mile, first through a point or wing of the orange grove, and continuing thence through an awful forest of live oaks, it was terminated by palms and laurel magnolias, on the verge of an oblong artificial lake, which was on the edge of an extensive green level savanna. This grand highway was about fifty yards wide, sunk a little below the common level, and the earth thrown up on each side, making a bank of about two feet high. Neither nature nor art could anywhere present a more striking contrast, as you approached this savanna. The glittering water pond played on the sight through the dark grove, like a brilliant diamond, on the bosom of the illumined savanna, bordered with various flowery shrubs and plants; and as we advanced into the plain, the sight was agreeably relieved by a distant view of the forests, which partly environed the green expanse on the left hand, whilst the imagination was still flattered and entertained by the far distant misty points of the surrounding forests, which projected into the plain, alternately appearing and disappearing, making a grand sweep round on the right, to the distant banks of the great lake. But that venerable grove is now no more. All has been cleared away and planted with indigo, corn, and cotton, but since deserted: there was now scarcely five acres of ground under fence. It appeared like a desert to a great extent, and terminated, on the land side, by frightful thickets, and open pine forests.

II. A COMBAT OF ALLIGATORS

William Bartram, 1739-1823

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder. When immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy turbulent waters and sedge on the distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of these plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

—*The Travels*

A GIRLHOOD IN FEDERALIST NEW ENGLAND

Sarah Anna Emery

My grandfather's family presented a perfect type of an orderly Puritan household. A clergyman's daughter, Grandmother Little gave an air of refinement and decorum to her small realm, seldom seen in a farmer's or mechanic's domicile.

At my Grandfather Little's, three daughters, Betsy, Sukey and Hannah, and the three sons still remained under the paternal roof; there were also three young men, apprentices, learning the trade of a shoemaker. Grandsir at that time carried on a brisk business, as business was reckoned in those days, in a shop near the dwelling—this, and the care of a good-sized farm, kept every one busy. Family worship and breakfast over, the "men folks" went to their labor, and grandmam' and the girls began the day's routine. The two youngest girls assisting alternately week by week in the housework and spinning. The weaving was usually put out to some neighboring woman, though sometimes an assistant was hired to weave at the house for a few weeks. In the cold weather, the morning work finished, and the dinner put over the fire to boil, grandmam' would seat herself by the window with her basket, and call me to a stool by her side, where I industriously stitched through the day, now and then recreating with a run to the chamber where my aunt, unless the weather was very severe, usually spun, or to the shop or barn with Uncle Joe, my boy uncle, a great rogue, but my very best friend and crony. Company often came of an afternoon, for though my grandmother seldom visited, she was "given to hospitality," and the neighbors, relatives and town's folks fully appreciated and enjoyed the attractions of her house and tea table.

At dark my work was laid aside. Uncle Joe and I occupied the form in the chimney corner of an evening, cracking nuts, parching corn in the ashes with a crooked stick, roast-

ing apples and telling stories or riddles, or playing fox and geese on a board, chalked for the game, with a red kernel of corn for the fox and yellow for geese.

At nine o'clock grandsir and the young men came. Grand-sir would seat himself in his arm-chair, before the fire to toast his feet, grandmam' lay aside her knitting and draw her low one to the corner beside our form. The nuts, corn and apples were passed round, and sometimes a mug of flip was made. After all had become warmed and refreshed, the Bible was laid on the stand, a fresh candle lighted, and the old gentleman reverently read a chapter, then a lengthy prayer was offered, through which we all stood with heads bowed devoutly, though I am sorry to say that grandmam's thoughts were sometimes called to this mundane sphere, by that incorrigible Joe, and her low "sh" could often be detected, as she thwarted some mischief, or prevented some prank, played with the dire intent of making me laugh.

—Reminiscences of a Nonagenarian

85

I. TRADING OUT OF SALEM: BORDEAUX DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Richard Jeffry Cleveland, 1773-1860

Arriving safely at Bordeaux, late in November, we there passed the winter of 1794-95, a winter of remarkable severity, and such as is rarely experienced in that part of France. The running ice made sad havoc with all those ships which were not seasonably removed from the effect of its greatest force. The cables of some were cut off, and they drifted on shore; the bottoms of others were cut through, and they sunk at their anchors. The cold, being proportionally severe at the North, greatly facilitated the operations of Pichegru in the conquest of Holland.

This was a period of unusual effervescence in the minds of

the French people; when, professing to worship Reason, they seemed to have abandoned any they might ever have had. On one of the Decades, I went, amongst those going to worship, into what they termed the Temple of Reason. It was one of the old Catholic churches, fitted up in accordance with the new order of things. At one end of the interior was painted, in imitation of wild natural scenery, trees and shrubs, rocks and precipices, on a screen which concealed seats at various elevations, and flights of steps leading to them, and extending nearly up to the ceiling. Here, and on the floor of the temple, were assembled, probably, one hundred and fifty persons; who were addressed by a citizen, from the pulpit, on the subject of the advantages resulting, and to result, to France and to the world from the Revolution;—a Revolution which was the pride and glory of the patriots, and the dread and horror of the aristocrats;—a Revolution which would place France at the head of the civilized world, and immortalize all those who were most instrumental in producing it, etc. etc. It was, in those days, hazardous even for a foreigner to be seen in the streets without the tricolored cockade; equally so was it, to use the words *Monsieur* and *Madame*, instead of *citoyen* and *citoyenne*. Even the slightest reference to the old *régime* was inadmissible; and such was the tumult, one evening when I was present at the Great Theatre, because an actress appeared with a white feather in her head-dress, that it was suppressed with much difficulty, and only by calling in the aid of the military. At every corner and public place in the city, was to be seen a tablet inscribed with large letters as follows,— *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, ou la mort.*" Such were some of the freaks incident to the early part of the French Revolution; and such was the infatuation of the sovereign people, as to render them blind to the fact of their having substituted a hundred tyrants, for the one they had destroyed.

II. VISITING IN THE CHINA SEA

Richard Jeffry Cleveland, 1773-1860

Here, for a moderate compensation, I again engaged a Chinaman to fill up our water-casks, and replenish our stock of wood. In the afternoon, I visited one of the large China junks, near to which we had anchored; where I was treated with great politeness by a person, whom, from his dress and appearance, I took to be the owner. He offered us tea and sweetmeats in the great cabin, which was extremely neat and clean, and in which a Joss occupied a conspicuous place. I invited him to go on board my vessel, to which he very readily assented; and, as he seemed to possess an inquiring mind, I pointed out to him our superiority of manner over his, of taking up the anchor, and hoisting the sails, of which he seemed to be convinced; and, after taking some refreshment, he left us, apparently much pleased with his visit.

III. BARTERING FOR FURS ON THE NORTHWEST COAST

Richard Jeffry Cleveland, 1773-1860

Early in the morning of the 30th of March, we saw the usual indications of land, drift-wood, kelp, and gulls; and at ten o'clock perceived the snow-capped hills of the American coast, twelve leagues distant. We immediately set all hands to work in bending our cables and getting up a bulwark, which we had been preparing of hides sewed together. These were attached to stanchions of about six feet, and completely screened us from being seen by the natives, whom it was important to our safety to keep in ignorance of our numbers. Towards evening we anchored in a snug harbour at Norfolk Sound, in latitude $57^{\circ} 10'$ north. Here the smoothness of the water, the feeling of safety, and the silent tranquillity which reigned all round us, formed a striking contrast to the scenes with which we had been familiar since leaving Canton; and

would have afforded positive enjoyment, had I possessed a crew on whose fidelity I could depend.

The following day was very clear and pleasant. At the first dawn of the morning we discharged a cannon to apprise any natives who might be near, of our arrival. We then loaded the cannon and a number of muskets and pistols, which were placed where they could be most readily laid hold of. The only accessible part of the vessel was the stern, and this was exclusively used, (while it was necessary to keep up the bulwark,) as the gangway. As it was over the stern that we meant to trade, I had mounted there two four-pound cannon; and on the tafferel a pair of blunderbusses on swivels, which were also loaded. Soon after the discharge of our cannon, several Indians came to us; and before dark some hundreds had arrived, who encamped on the beach near which the vessel was anchored. As we observed them to be loaded with skins, we supposed that we were the first who had arrived this season.

With a view to our own security, as well as convenience, I directed my interpreter to explain to the chiefs, and through them to the tribe, that after dark no canoe would be allowed to come near the vessel; and that if I perceived any one approaching, I should fire at it; that only three or four canoes must come at a time to trade, and that they must always appear under the stern, avoiding the sides of the vessel. With my own men I neglected no precaution to make escape impossible, but at the imminent risk of life. While at anchor they were divided into three watches. One of these I took charge of; and stationing them in such parts of the vessel that no movement could be made undiscovered, obliged them to strike the gong every half hour throughout the night, and to call out, from each end of the vessel and amidships, "All's well." This practice so amused the Indians, that they imitated it by striking a tin kettle, and repeating the words as near as they were able.

But a more hideous set of beings, in the form of men and women, I had never before seen. The fantastic manner in

which many of the faces of the men were painted, was probably intended to give them a ferocious appearance; and some groups looked really as if they had escaped from the dominions of Satan himself. One had a perpendicular line dividing the two sides of the face; one side of which was painted red, the other, black; with the head daubed with grease and red ochre, and filled with the white down of birds. Another had the face divided with a horizontal line in the middle, and painted black and white. The visage of a third was painted in checkers, etc. Most of them had little mirrors; before the acquisition of which, they must have been dependent on each other for those correct touches of the pencil which are so much in vogue; and which daily require more time than the toilet of a Parisian belle.

—*Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises*

86

THE BRIG "POLLY" OF NEWBURYPORT TAKEN BY ALGERINES

John Foss

We got our breakfast, and ate it in the greatest jollity, not apprehending any danger nigh, and expecting to reach the port of destination within forty eight hours, as we judged ourselves to be about thirty five leagues westward of Cape St. Vincent.

But what a fatal day was this! How visionary our hopes! Our sprightly looks, and cheerful congratulations and anticipations of reaching the port of our destination was soon turned into most gloomy despair. Little did we think in the morning when we arose with nothing before us but liberty and content, that before the sun should reach his meridian altitude, we should be slaves to merciless barbarians. This, however, was the case, for at nine A.M. we saw a strange sail bearing about E. N. E. and standing directly for the Danish brigs. We then discovered (with a prospect glass) that she

had boarded them, and that she had the English flag displayed at her peak. We then supposed her to be an English privateer. She soon dismissed them, and bore down upon us. By this time we could see that she was a brig, and discerned by the cut of her sails that she was not an English vessel although she had still the English flag flying; we then supposed her to be a French privateer, hoisting the English flag to deceive their enemy. We immediately clewed down topgallant sails, and hove to in order to wait till she came along side. When she came near enough to make us hear, she hailed us in English, asked from whence we came, and where bound; which was immediately answered by Capt. Bayley. The man who hailed us, was dressed in the Christian habit, and was the only person we could yet see on her deck. By this time, the brig was under our stern: we then saw several men jump upon her poop, to haul aft the main sheet, and saw by their dress and long beards that they were Moors, or Algerines. Our feelings at this unwelcome sight, are more easily imagined than described.

To escape was impossible; weapons of defence, we had none, we must therefore resign ourselves to the mercy of piratical sea-rovers. She then hove to under our lee, when we heard a most terrible shouting, clapping of hands, and huzzaing, and saw a great number of men rise up with their heads above the gunnel, dressed in the Turkish habit like them we saw on the poop. They immediately hoisted out a large launch, and about one hundred of the pirates jumped on board, all armed, some with scimitars and pistols, others with pikes, spears, lances and knives. They manned about twenty oars and rowed along side. As soon as they came on board our vessel, they made signs for us all to go forward, assuring us in several languages, that if we did not obey their commands, they would immediately massacre us all. They then went below into the cabin, steerage, and every place where they could get below deck, and broke open all the trunks and chests there were on board, and plundered all our bedding, clothing, books, charts, quadrants, and every movable article that did not consist of the cargo, or

furniture. They then came on deck like a parcel of ravenous wolves and stripped the clothes off our backs, all except a shirt and pair of drawers, (myself being left with no shirt at all.) The next day an old Turk, with an air of kindness, gave me an old shirt without sleeves, blaming those who had taken mine from me. It was soothing to find a spark of humanity in my barbarous masters, who had but the day before mancipated and stripped us. This was the only Mahometan I ever met with, in whom I had the least reason to suppose the smallest spark of humanity was kindled.

They having chosen a sufficient number of Algerines to take command of the prize, they ordered us all into the launch, and when they were all embarked, they rowed alongside their own vessel and ordered us aboard. We embarked accordingly, and were encountered by some of the sea-rovers to the door of the poop at which place we were received by a negro man who conducted us into the cabin: when we entered the cabin we saw the commander of the pirates sitting upon a mat on the cabin floor, who, with the help of an interpreter, asked us many questions concerning the vessel and cargo, the places of our nativity and many others, as void of sense as he was of philanthropy who asked them. He then informed us that he was an Algerine, that his vessel Algiers, that her name was *Babazera*, and his name Rais Hudga Mahomet Salamia and we were his prisoners and must immediately experience the most abject slavery on our arrival at Algiers which we soon found to be true.

—*Journal of the Captivity and Sufferings*

ANIMADVERSION ON THE DEY OF ALGIERS

William Eaton, 1764-1811

Consuls O'Brien, Cathcart and myself, Captains Geddes, Smith, Penrose, Maley, proceeded from the American house to the court yard of the palace, uncovered our heads, entered

the area of the hall, ascended a winding maze of five flights of stairs, to a narrow, dark entry, leading to a contracted apartment of about twelve by eight feet, the private audience room. Here we took off our shoes; and, entering the cave, (for so it seemed) with small apertures of light with iron grates, we were shown to a huge, shaggy beast, sitting on his rump, upon a low bench, covered with a cushion of embroidered velvet, with his hind legs gathered up like a tailor, or a bear. On our approach to him, he reached out his fore paw as if to receive something to eat. Our guide exclaimed, "Kiss the Dey's hand!" The consul general bowed *very elegantly*, and kissed it; and we followed his example in succession. The animal seemed at that moment to be in a harmless mood: he grinned several times; but made very little noise. Having performed this ceremony, and standing a few moments in silent agony, we had leave to take our shoes and other property, and leave the den, without any other injury than the humility of being obliged, in this involuntary manner, to violate the second commandment of God, and offend common decency.

Can any man believe that this elevated brute has seven kings of Europe, two republics, and a continent, tributary to him, when his whole naval force is not equal to two line of battle ships? It is so!

—*Life of the Late General William Eaton*

XIII

The Lengthened Shadow of Napoleon

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ON and on, year after year after year of fighting, of coalitions, blockades, dramatic battles, armies on a scale undreamed of, and the murderous pageantry of general engagements at sea, the wars between France and Britain thundered over the channel and over Europe more and more involving the whole world.

The purchase of Louisiana by Jefferson and the War of 1812 are American episodes of the drama in its Napoleonic phase. In Spanish hands since 1769, the great province had been retroceded to France in 1800; and by France sold to the Union in 1803. To Napoleon, then First Consul, the sale meant the helpful sum of twelve million dollars and the keeping of Louisiana out of British hands; to the Union it meant a gigantic addition of territory, and the all-important matter of the control of the mouth of the Mississippi.

The War of 1812 had a dual character. It was in part an enterprise of the western young men in Congress who saw land and glory in a descent on Canada, in part the struggle of the nation to protect its men and its neutral trade from British interference. The "French War" had been long, the strain very great, the winning of the struggle increasingly a vital necessity; the temper of Britain was short, and sea manners often abrupt and brutal. Twenty years of fighting had not improved the human quality by land or sea. The war decided none of the greater questions at issue, but brought Andrew Jackson, victor at New Orleans, to the attention of the American people. A peace signed at Ghent in December, 1814, ended official hostilities. Six months later, at Waterloo, the larger drama came to its end, closing with a final European tableau on the deck of the *Bellerophon*.

I. A STATEMENT OF POSITION

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826

I am not a Federalist, because I never submitted the whole system of my opinions to the creed of any party of men whatever in religion, in philosophy, in politics, or in anything else where I was capable of thinking for myself. Such an addiction is the last degradation of a free and moral agent. If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go there at all. Therefore I protest to you I am not of the party of the federalists. But I am much farther from that of the Anti-federalists. I approved, from the first moment, of the great mass of what is in the new constitution, the consolidation of the government, the organization into Executive legislative & judiciary, the subdivision of the legislative, the happy compromise between the great & little states by the different manner of voting in the different houses, the voting by persons instead of states, the qualified negative on laws given to the Executive, which however I should have liked better if associated with the judiciary also as in New York, and the power of taxation. I thought at first that the latter might have been limited. A little reflection soon convinced me it ought not to be. What I disapproved from the first moment also was the want of a bill of rights to guard liberty against the legislative as well as executive branches of the government, that is to say to secure freedom in religion, freedom of the press, freedom from monopolies, freedom from unlawful imprisonment, freedom from a permanent military, and a trial by jury in all cases determinable by the laws of the land. I disapproved also the perpetual reeligibility of the President.

—*Letter to Francis Hopkinson, March, 1789*

II. PUBLIC OPINION AND DEMOCRACY

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826

The basis of our governments being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter. But I should mean that every man should receive those papers, and be capable of reading them. I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments. Among the former, public opinion is in the place of law, and restrains morals as powerfully as laws ever did anywhere. Among the latter, under pretense of governing, they have divided their nations into two classes, wolves and sheep. I do not exaggerate. This is a true picture of Europe. Cherish, therefore, the spirit of our people, and keep alive their attention. Do not be too severe upon their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. If once they become inattentive to the public affairs, you and I, and Congress and Assemblies, Judges and Governors, shall all become wolves.

III. MONTICELLO

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826

My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle-light to early bed-time I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of ploughs and harrows,

of seeding and harvesting with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that, coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government.

—*Letter to Thaddeus Kosciusko, February, 1810*

89

I. THE "CONSTITUTION" AT SEA DURING THE WARS

Commodore Charles Morris, 1784-1856

The equipments of the ship were completed in time to leave Boston on the 14th of August, having on board as passengers the Consul-General to Algiers, Colonel Lear, and his wife. We had nothing of interest on the passage until near the entrance of the straits of Gibraltar, when, upon a very dark evening, with very light winds, we suddenly found ourselves near a vessel which was evidently a ship of war. The crew were immediately but silently brought to quarters, after which the commodore gave the usual hail, "What ship is that?" The same question was returned; in reply to which the name of our ship was given, and the question repeated. Again the question was returned instead of an answer, and again our ship's name given and the question repeated, without other reply than its repetition. The commodore's patience seemed now exhausted, and, taking the trumpet, he hailed and

said, "I am now going to hail you for the last time. If a proper answer is not returned, I will fire a shot into you." A prompt answer came back, "If you fire a shot, I will return a broadside." Preble then hailed, "What ship is that?" The reply was, "This is His Britannic Majesty's ship *Donnegal*, eighty-four guns, Sir Richard Strahan, an English Commodore. Send your boat on board." Under the excitement of the moment, Preble leaped on the hammocks, and returned for answer, "This is the United States ship *Constitution*, forty-four guns, Edward Preble, an American Commodore, who will be damned before he sends his boat on board of any vessel!" And, turning to the crew, he said, "Blow your matches, boys!" The conversation here ceased, and soon after a boat was heard coming from the stranger, and arrived with a lieutenant from the frigate *Maidstone*. The object of this officer was to apologize for the apparent rudeness which had been displayed. He stated that our ship had not been seen until we had hailed them; that it was, of course, very important to gain time to bring their men to quarters, especially as it was apparent we were not English, and they had no expectation of meeting an American ship of war there; and that this object had induced their delay and misrepresentation in giving the ship's name. These excuses were deemed satisfactory, and the ships separated.

II. NAPOLEON AT THE TUILERIES

Commodore Charles Morris, 1784-1856

The great object of interest in this varied and brilliant scene was Napoleon himself; but it is difficult to describe his appearance and the expression of his countenance, or the impression which they made upon my mind. In height he was about five feet, eight inches. He had already exchanged the slight and slender figure of the conqueror of Italy for a fulness which verged closely upon corpulency. His movements were slow, but easy and dignified: the expression of his face generally grave and composed, the upper portion indicating

deep thought, and the mouth and lower part, firmness and decision. His eyes were dark, clear, and penetrating, but without much brilliancy; and their motion was slow when passing from one object to another. His smile gave an agreeable and amiable expression to his face, which could hardly have been expected from its generally cold and fixed character; but a smile seemed to be of rare occurrence, as it only appeared for the moment when he last addressed Mr. Barlow. On this occasion he was not, as usual, in uniform, but dressed in velvet coat and breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, shoes, and white cravat of lace, and carried a hat in his hand, with one side turned up, secured by a loop which supported a drooping white ostrich feather, and ornamented by a single diamond of great size and brilliancy. The hilt of his small sword and the buttons of his coat, and the knee and shoe buckles were set with diamonds. The general character of his dress was in good taste, expensive but free from all gaudiness, and, compared with that of the officers of the court, appeared remarkable for its simplicity.

Such was Napoleon as he appeared to me on the 1st of January, 1812, surrounded by the representatives of all the nations of Christendom, excepting England, and the acknowledged arbiter of Europe.

—*The Autobiography*

90

A CLOUDBURST ON THE PLAINS

Captain Meriwether Lewis, 1774-1809

Saturday, 29, finding it impossible to reach the end of the Portage with their present load, in consequence of the state of the road after the rain, he [Captain Clark] sent back nearly all his party to bring on the articles which had been left yesterday. Having lost some notes and remarks which he had made on first ascending the river, he determined to go up to the Whitebear islands along its banks, in order to supply

the deficiency. He there left one man to guard the baggage, and went on to the Falls accompanied by his servant York, Chaboneau and his wife* with her young child. On his arrival there he observed a very dark cloud rising in the west which threatened rain, and looked around for some shelter, but could find no place where they would be secure from being blown into the river if the wind should prove as violent as it sometimes does in the plains. At length about a quarter of a mile above the Falls he found a deep ravine where there were some shelving rocks, under which he took refuge. They were on the upper side of the ravine near the river, perfectly safe from the rain, and therefore laid down their guns, compass, and other articles which they carried with them.

The shower was at first moderate, it then increased to a heavy rain, the effects of which they did not feel: soon after a torrent of rain and hail descended; the rain seemed to fall in a solid mass, and instantly collecting in the ravine came rolling down in a dreadful current, carrying the mud and rocks, and everything that opposed it. Captain Clark fortunately saw it a moment before it reached them, and springing up with his gun and shotpouch in his left hand, with his right clambered up the steep bluff, pushing on the Indian woman with her child in her arms; her husband too had seized her hand, and was pulling her up the hill, but he was so terrified at the danger that but for Captain Clark, himself and his wife and child would have been lost. So instantaneous was the rise of the water, that before Captain Clark had reached his gun and begun to ascend the bank, the water was up to his waist, and he could scarcely get up faster than it rose, till it reached a height of fifteen feet with a furious current, which, had they waited a moment longer, would have swept them into the river just above the great Falls, down which they must inevitably have been precipitated. They reached the plain in safety, and found York who had separated from them just before the storm to hunt some buffalo, and was now returning

* Sacagawea, the "Bird Woman."

to find his master. They had been obliged to escape so rapidly that Captain Clark lost his compass and umbrella, Chaboneau left his gun, shotpouch, and tomahawk, and the Indian woman had just time to grasp her child, before the net in which it lay at her feet was carried down the current. He now relinquished his intention of going up the river and returned to the camp at Willowrun. Here he found that the party sent this morning for the baggage, had all returned to camp in great confusion, leaving their loads in the plain. On account of the heat they generally go nearly naked, and with no covering on their heads. The hail was so large and driven so furiously against them by the high wind, that it knocked several of them down: one of them particularly was thrown on the ground three times, and most of them bleeding freely and complained of being much bruised. Willowrun had risen six feet since the rain, and as the plains were so wet that they could not proceed, they passed the night at their camp.

—The Journals of Lewis and Clark

91

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT PRESIDENT AND MRS. MADISON'S
Sarah Gales Seaton

Yesterday being New Year's day, everybody, affected or disaffected towards the government, attended to pay Mrs. Madison the compliments of the season. Between one and two o'clock we drove to the President's, where it was with much difficulty we made good our entrance, though all of our acquaintances endeavored with the utmost civility to compress themselves as small as they could for our accommodation. The marine band, stationed in the ante-room, continued playing in spite of the crowd pressing on their very heads. But if our pity was excited for these hapless musicians, what must we not have experienced for some members of our own sex, who, not foreseeing the excessive heat of the apartments, had

more reason to apprehend the efforts of nature to relieve herself from the effects of the confined atmosphere. You perhaps will not understand that I allude to the rouge which some of our fashionables had unfortunately laid on with an unsparing hand, and which assimilating with the pearl-powder, dust and perspiration, made them altogether unlovely to soul and to eye.

Her majesty's appearance was truly regal,—dressed in a robe of pink satin, trimmed elaborately with ermine, a white velvet and satin turban, with nodding ostrich-plumes and a crescent in front, gold chain and clasps around the waist and wrists. 'Tis here the woman who adorns the dress, and not the dress that beautifies the woman. I cannot conceive a female better calculated to dignify the station which she occupies in society than Mrs. Madison,—amiable in private life and affable in public, she is admired and esteemed by the rich and beloved by the poor. You are aware that she snuffs; but in her hands the snuff-box seems only a gracious implement with which to charm. Her frank cordiality to all guests is in contrast to the manner of the President, who is very formal, reserved and precise, yet not wanting in a certain dignity. Being so low of stature, he was in imminent danger of being confounded with the plebeian crowd; and was pushed and jostled about like a common citizen,—but not so with her ladyship! The towering feathers and excessive throng distinctly pointed out her station wherever she moved.

After partaking of some ice-creams and a glass of Madeira, shaking hands with the President and tendering our good wishes, we were preparing to leave the rooms, when our attention was attracted through the window towards what we conceived to be a rolling ball of burnished gold, carried with swiftness through the air by two gilt wings. Our anxiety increased the nearer it approached, until it actually stopped before the door; and from it alighted, weighted with gold lace, the French Minister and suite. We now also perceived that what we had supposed to be wings, were nothing more

than gorgeous footmen with *chapeaux bras*, gilt braided skirts and splendid swords. Nothing ever was witnessed in Washington so brilliant and dazzling,—a meridian sun blazing full on this carriage filled with diamonds and glittering orders, and gilt to the edge of the wheels,—you may well imagine how the natives stared and rubbed their eyes to be convinced 't was no fairy dream.

—*A History of the White House*

92

FREE TRADE AND SAILORS' RIGHTS

Henry Clay, 1777-1852

The administration has erred in the steps to restore peace; but its error has not been made in doing too little, but in betraying too great a solicitude for that event. An honorable peace is attainable only by an efficient war. My plan would be, to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea and on land, and negotiate the terms of a peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we once triumphed over her, and, if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success. But if we fail, let us fail like men, lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for Free Trade and Seamen's Rights!

—*Speech in the House, 1813*

THE END OF THE "GUERRIÈRE"

Captain William Orne

I commanded the American brig *Betsey*, in the year 1812, and was returning home from Naples, Italy, to Boston. When near the western edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, on the 10th of August, 1812, I fell in with the British frigate *Guerrière*, Captain Dacres, and was captured by him. Myself and a boy were taken on board of the frigate; the remainder of my officers and men were left in the *Betsey*, and sent into Halifax, N. S., as a prize to the *Guerrière*. On the 19th of the same month, when in latitude $41^{\circ} 41'$ North, longitude about $55^{\circ} 40'$ West, the wind being fresh from the northward, the *Guerrière* was under double-reefed topsails during all the forenoon of this day. At two P.M., we discovered a large sail to windward, bearing about north from us. We soon made her out to be a frigate. She was steering off from the wind, with her head to the southwest, evidently with the intention of cutting us off as soon as possible. Signals were soon made by the *Guerrière*, but as they were not answered, the conclusion of course was, that she was either a French or an American frigate. Captain Dacres appeared anxious to ascertain her character, and after looking at her for that purpose, handed me his spy-glass, requesting me to give him my opinion of the stranger. I soon saw from the peculiarity of her sails, and from her general appearance, that she was, without doubt, an American frigate, and communicated the same to Captain Dacres. He immediately replied, that he thought she came down too boldly for an American, but soon after added: "The better he behaves, the more honor we shall gain by taking him."

The two ships were rapidly approaching each other, when the *Guerrière* backed her main-topsail, and waited for her opponent to come down, and commence the action. He then

set an English flag at each mast-head, beat to quarters, and made ready for the fight. When the strange frigate came down to within two or three miles distance, he hauled upon the wind, took in all his light sails, reefed his topsails, and deliberately prepared for action. It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, when he filled away and ran down for the *Guerrière*. At this moment Captain Dacres politely said to me: "Captain Orne, as I suppose you do not wish to fight against your own countrymen, you are at liberty to go below the water-line." It was not long after this before I retired from the quarter-deck to the cock-pit; of course I saw no more of the action until the firing ceased, but I heard and felt much of its effects; for soon after I left the deck, the firing commenced on board the *Guerrière*, and was kept up almost incessantly until about six o'clock, when I heard a tremendous explosion from the opposing frigate. The effect of her shot seemed to make the *Guerrière* reel, and tremble as though she had received the shock of an earthquake. Immediately after this, I heard a tremendous crash on deck, and was told the mizzen-mast was shot away. In a few moments afterward, the cock-pit was filled with wounded men. At about half-past six o'clock in the evening, after the firing had ceased, I went on deck, and there beheld a scene which it would be difficult to describe; all the *Guerrière*'s masts were shot away, and as she had no sails to steady her, she lay rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. Many of the men were employed in throwing the dead overboard. The decks were covered with blood, and had the appearance of a butcher's slaughter-house; the gun tackles were not made fast, and several of the guns got loose, and were surging to and fro from one side to the other.

Some of the petty officers and seamen, after the action, got liquor, and were intoxicated; and what with the groans of the wounded, the noise and confusion of the enraged survivors of the ill-fated ship rendered the whole scene a perfect hell.

—Coggeshall's *Privateers*

THE RELEASE OF A PRISONER FROM DARTMOOR

A Young Man of Massachusetts

On the 9th of April, myself and a few others were set at liberty. We had made application the night before, and passed the night in sleepless anxiety. At ten o'clock orders were sent down to collect our things. We dare not call our wretched baggage, by any other than the beggarly name of "duds." In consequence of this order, the turnkey conveyed us to the upper gate, where we remained a while fluttering between fear and hope. At length the sergeant of the guard came, and opened the gate, and conducted us to the guard room, where our fears began to dissipate and our hopes to brighten. When the clerk entered, he must have seen anxiety in our countenances, and was disposed to sport with our feelings. He put on a grave and solemn phiz, mixed with a portion of the insolence of office, as if he were about to read our death-warrants, while we cast a look of misery at each other. At length, with apparent reluctance, he vouchsafed to hand to each of us, like a miser paying a debt, the dear delicious paper, the evidence of our liberty! on which was written, "by order of the transport board." This was enough, we devoured it with our eyes, clinched it fast in our fists, laughed, capered, jumped, screamed, and kicked up the dirt like so many mad men; and away we started for Princetown, looking back as we ran, every minute, to see if our Cerberus, with his bloody jaws, was not at our heels. At every step we took from the hateful prison, our enlarged souls expanded our lately cramped bodies. At length we attained a rising ground; and O, how our hearts did swell within us at the sight of the ocean! that ocean that washed the shores of our dear America, as well as those of England! After taking breath, we talked in strains of rapture to each other. "This ground," said I, "belongs to the British; but that ocean, and this air, and that

sun, are as much ours as theirs; or as any other nations. They are blessings to that nation which knows best how to deserve and enjoy them. May the arm of bravery secure them all to us, and to our children forever!" Long and dismal as our captivity has been, we declared, with one voice, that should our government again arm and declare war, for "free trade and sailors' rights," we would, in a moment, try again the tug of war with the hard-hearted Britons; but with the fixed resolution of never being taken by them alive; or, at least, un-wounded, or unmutilated. I see, I feel that the love of country is our "ruling passion"; and it is this that has and will give us the superiority in battle, by land and by sea, while the want of it will cause some folks to recoil before the American bayonet and bullets, as the British did at Chippewa, Erie, Plattsburg and New Orleans.

While the British prisoner retires from our places of confinement in good health, and with unwilling and reluctant step, we, half famished Americans, fly from theirs as from a pestilence, or a mine just ready to explode. If the British cannot alter these feelings in the two nations, her power will desert her, while that of America will increase.

After treading the air, instead of touching the ground, we found ourselves at the Devonshire arms, in Princetown, where the comely bar-maid appeared more than mortal. The sight of her rosy cheeks, shining hair, bright eyes, and pouting lips wafted our imaginations, in the twinkling of an eye, across the Atlantic to our own dear country of pretty girls. I struck the fist of my right hand into the palm of my left, and cried out—"Oh, for an horse with wings!" The girl stared with amazement, and concluded, I guess, that I was mad; for she looked as if she said to herself—"Poor crazy lad! who ever saw a horse with wings?"

We called for some wine, and filling our glasses, drank to the power, glory, and honor, and everlasting happiness of our beloved country; and after that to all the pretty girls in America. —*Journal of a Young Man of Massachusetts*

FAREWELL ADDRESS AFTER BATTLE

Andrew Jackson, 1767-1845

In parting with those brave men, whose destinies have been so long united with his own, and in whose labors and glories it is his happiness and his boast to have participated, the commanding general can neither suppress his feelings, nor give utterance to them as he ought. In what terms can he bestow suitable praise on merit so extraordinary, so unparalleled? Let him, in one burst of joy, gratitude, and exultation, exclaim, "These are the saviours of their country; these the patriot soldiers, who triumphed over the invincibles of Wellington, and conquered the conquerors of Europe!" With what patience did you submit to privations—with what fortitude did you endure fatigue—what valor did you display in the day of battle! You have secured to America a proud name among the nations of the earth; a glory which will never perish.

Possessing those dispositions which equally adorn the citizen and the soldier, the expectations of your country will be met in peace, as her wishes have been gratified in war. Go, then, my brave companions, to your homes; to those tender connexions, and blissful scenes, which render life so dear—full of honour, and crowned with laurels that will never fade. When participating, in the bosoms of your families, the enjoyment of peaceful life, with what happiness will you not look back to the toils you have borne—to the dangers you have encountered? How will all your past exposures be converted into sources of inexpressible delight? Who, that never experienced your sufferings, will be able to appreciate your joys? The man who slumbered ingloriously at home, during your painful marches, your nights of watchfulness, and your days of toil, will envy you the happiness which these recollections will afford; still more will he envy the gratitude of that country, which you have so eminently contributed to save.

Continue, fellow-soldiers, on your passage to your several destinations, to preserve that subordination, that dignified and manly deportment, which have so ennobled your character.

—Correspondence and Papers

XIV

The Age of the Great Rivers

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THE last of the eighteenth century as a living influence fades out of the picture, leaving behind a touch of itself in the power of Jefferson's ideas. A generation born after the Revolution is coming into power—Webster, for instance, and Calhoun, both born in 1782—perhaps the first generation of "Americans" in the modern sense in being the first to be moulded by American institutions. A natural turn towards mechanical invention, and an interest in manufacturing owing something to the contemporary scene in England, stir in the national spirit; English locomotives reach the first railroads, and the engines of steamboats are influenced by British design. Cities rise on the lakes in twenty years, not collections of huts, but unaccountable places with broad streets, a planting of trees, buildings of painted brick, and plenty of Greek Revival architecture. The country over, perhaps nothing so holds the people together as their pride in the Union. It has become their poem.

With irresistible strength the nation grows, taking possession of the nearer west with hearth and plough, and driving away the outnumbered Indians in small, inevitable "wars." The Indian Lands bill, 1837, dispossesses the "Five Civilized Tribes" of the South, the Choctaws, Cherokees, Seminoles, Creeks, and Chicasaws, some sixty thousand people, and herds them west to Indian Territory—a greedy and cruel business. There is a side of disorder to the national life which is part of the picture; one reads all too often of mobs and ruffianism and tarring and feathering. But the great force which will ultimately give the new settlements their characteristic faith, which will touch the whole life of the Union with its

mores, is already at hand, Methodism, carried ahead with the frontier by the preaching itinerant.

It is the time of the great rivers, the great rivers of the Union, muddy and wide and strong, and flowing through a wilderness which is wilderness no more.

NEW ORLEANS IN THE UNION

Benjamin Henry Latrobe, 1764-1820

Before I went to church this morning I had occasion to go to the upper end of the Faubourg St. Mary. A Sunday in New Orleans may be pretty well understood by recounting the various sights that occur in such a walk. For instance:

After taking leave of two friends who accompanied me as far as the levee, and conversed on the relative merits of the different flags which were flying on board the numerous ships along the shore, I bought three oranges for a bit (twelve and a half cents) of a black woman, and watched the mooring of a market boat which carried the broad pennant of Napoleon. Out of the boat came ashore a basket of pecan nuts, twenty or thirty wild ducks of different sorts, rather too late in the season, a great quantity of carrots, and some sugar cane. The boat was principally loaded with corn. On the cabin was a coop, well filled with poultry, and in it two black women in madras turbans, and gowns striped with scarlet and yellow. Round their necks a plentiful assortment of bead necklaces—in fact, they were in full dress. The man who seemed to be the owner was an old sunburned creole, slovenly in his whole appearance; and two old black men, in blanket frocks with pointed hoods (capots), were the navigators, and were carrying the cargo ashore, with many a curse at being so late at market (ten o'clock). A little farther on were three drunken Indians who afforded sport to several boys that surrounded them. Then half a dozen Kentuckians, dirty, savage, and gigantic, who were selling a horse or two to a group of genteel-looking men, who spoke English. Being now arrived near the steamboats, everything like business seemed suspended, and the

levee was full of persons, well dressed, without any apparent object but to take the air. I left the levee and walked along the houses on the old levee. Here some sailors were buying, in a French shop, of a black shopwoman, slops, and trying on their pantaloons, she helping them. Many shops shut up, but some open and doing business. At last, as the houses became thinner, I reached my destination, which was to call on a gentleman by appointment. I stayed some time with him, during which we sat in the gallery and saw two ships come to at the levee—a very beautiful view. Returning, to avoid the dust, into Magazin Street, I called, in passing, at Mr. Brand's to inquire after Mrs. Brand, who is sick. I found him going to church with some others. Passing Mr. Morgan's, I overtook another church party. On the steps of a store, a little further on, lay two boatmen, drunk and half-asleep, swearing in English at some boys who were teasing them.

It was now eleven o'clock, and I went myself to Mr. Hull's church, following many a group who were directing their steps thither also. The church service was just beginning; the prayers always excellent; the music more than tolerable, and the sermon very well composed and delivered. The church was just full.

—*Memoirs*

97

I. RIVER-CRAFT OF THE OHIO

Timothy Flint, 1780-1840

Many travellers and emigrants to this region, view the first samples of the modes of travelling in the western world, on the Allegheny at Oleanne point, or the Monongahela at Brownsville. These are but the retail specimens. At Pittsburg, where these rivers unite, you have the thing in gross, and by wholesale. The first thing that strikes a stranger from the Atlantic, arrived at the boat-landing, is the singular, whimsical, and amusing spectacle, of the varieties of water-craft,

of all shapes and structures. There is the stately barge, of the size of a large Atlantic schooner, with its raised and outlandish looking deck. This kind of craft, however, which required twenty-five hands to work it up stream, is almost gone into disuse, and though so common ten years ago, is now scarcely seen. Next there is the keel-boat, of a long, slender, and elegant form, and generally carrying from fifteen to thirty tons. This boat is formed to be easily propelled over shallow waters in the summer season, and in low stages of the water is still much used, and runs on waters not yet frequented by steam-boats. Next in order are the Kentucky flats, or in the vernacular phrase, "broad-horns," a species of ark, very nearly resembling a New England pig-stye. They are fifteen feet wide, and from forty to one hundred feet in length, and carry from twenty to seventy tons. Some of them, that are called family-boats, and used by families in descending the river, are very large and roomy, and have comfortable and separate apartments, fitted up with chairs, beds, tables and stoves. It is no uncommon spectacle to see a large family, old and young, servants, cattle, hogs, horses, sheep, fowls, and animals of all kinds, bringing to recollection the cargo of the ancient ark, all embarked, and floating down on the same bottom. Then there are what the people call "covered sleds," or ferry-flats, and Allegheny-skiffs, carrying from eight to twelve tons. In another place are pirogues of from two to four tons burthen, hollowed sometimes from one prodigious tree, or from the trunks of two trees united, and a plank rim fitted to the upper part. There are common skiffs, and other small craft, named, from the manner of making them, "dug-outs," and canoes hollowed from smaller trees. These boats are in great numbers, and these names are specific, and clearly define the boats to which they belong. But besides these, in this land of freedom and invention, with a little aid, perhaps, from the influence of the moon, there are monstrous anomalies, reducible to no specific class of boats, and only illustrating the whimsical archetypes of things that have previously existed in the

brain of inventive men, who reject the slavery of being obliged to build in any received form. You can scarcely imagine an abstract form in which a boat can be built, that in some part of the Ohio or Mississippi you will not see, actually in motion.

II. THE COMMERCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Timothy Flint, 1780-1840

In the spring, one hundred boats have been numbered, that landed in one day at the mouth of the Bayan, at New Madrid. I have strolled to the point on a spring evening, and seen them arriving in fleets. The boisterous gaiety of the hands, the congratulations, the moving picture of life on board the boats, in the numerous animals, large and small, which they carry, their different loads, the evidence of the increasing agriculture of the country above, and more than all, the immense distances which they have already come, and those which they have still to go, afforded to me copious sources of meditation. You can name no point from the numerous rivers of the Ohio and the Mississippi, from which some of these boats have not come. In one place there are boats loaded with planks, from the pine forests of the southwest of New York. In another quarter there are the Yankee notions of Ohio. From Kentucky, pork, flour, whiskey, hemp, tobacco, bagging, and bale-rope. From Tennessee there are the same articles, together with great quantities of cotton. From Missouri and Illinois, cattle and horses, the same articles generally as from Ohio, together with peltry and lead from Missouri. Some boats are loaded with corn in the ear and in bulk; others with barrels of apples and potatoes. Some have loads of cider, and what they call "cider royal," or cider that has been strengthened by boiling or freezing. There are dried fruits, every kind of spirits manufactured in these regions, and in short, the products of the ingenuity and agriculture of the whole upper country of the west. They have come from regions, thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union.

The surfaces of the boats cover some acres. Dunghill fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as an invariable appendage. The chanticleer raises his piercing note. The swine utter their cries. The cattle low. The horses trample, as in their stables. There are boats fitted on purpose, and loaded entirely with turkeys, that, having little else to do, gobble most furiously. The hands travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries, and acquaintances, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance to each other, on their descent from this to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore to raise the wind in town. It is well for the people of the village, if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening; in which case I have often seen the most summary and strong measures taken. About midnight the uproar is all hushed. The fleet unites once more at Natchez, or New Orleans, and, although they live on the same river, they may, perhaps, never meet each other again on the earth.

Next morning at the first dawn, the bugles sound. Every thing in and about the boats, that has life, is in motion. In a little while they have all disappeared, and nothing is seen, as before they came, but the regular current of the river.

—*Recollections of the Last Ten Years*

98

THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL

The Albany Daily Advertiser

Wednesday last was a proud day for the citizens of Albany; a great day to the citizens of the state of New York, and an important day to the Union; for then we had ocular demonstration that the great work of the age is completed, and our inland seas made accessible from the ocean. The auspicious event was commemorated in a style worthy of freemen feeling thankful for the blessings which a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon them in such abundance.

At ten o'clock the *Seneca Chief*, with the governor, lieutenant governor, the Buffalo, Western and New York committees on board, came down in fine style, and the thunder of cannon proclaimed that the work was done! and the assembled multitudes made the welkin ring with shouts of gladness. It was not a monarch which they hailed; but it was the majesty of genius, supported by a free people, that rode in triumph and commanded the admiration of men stout of heart and firm of purpose.

At 11 o'clock a procession was formed, under the direction of Welcome Esleeck, John Taylor, James Gibbons, Jr., and Francis I. Bradt, marshals of the day, agreeably to the published order of arrangements.

The procession was very long and respectable; it was headed by twenty-four cartmen, with their carts loaded with the produce of the west, each cart bearing a flag on which the articles conveyed in it were designated. They were as follows: wheat; corn; barley; flaxseed; ashes; butter, cheese, lard; a banner bearing the representation of Commerce; cotton and woolen goods; peas and beans; beef and pork; water-lime, malt, lake fish; lumber; iron ores of various kinds; paper, glass, bricks; flax, hemp; maple sugar, bees wax; hops, wool; furs; whiskey, beer, cider; salt; flour; buckwheat; oats; rye.

Next came cartmen dressed in white frocks and mounted on horses. This display of our industrious cartmen was admitted by all to be the most beautiful and interesting part of the procession, and the regularity of their movements and elegance of their appearance reflect credit on these worthy men, and do honor to the judgment of their marshal, Mr. Ralph M'Clinton. The fur costume of him who drove the cart bearing the pelts of animals, from the buffalo down to the otter, was peculiarly appropriate, and attracted merited applause.

After the procession arrived at the Capitol, the band

struck up an air; after which the Rev. Mr. Lacy gave thanks to the Great Ruler of the Universe for the blessings which we enjoy, in a fervid, solemn and highly appropriate manner.

—*Issue of November 4th, 1825*

99

I. THE "MONROE DOCTRINE" AT A CABINET MEETING

John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848

Nov. 26th, 1823. If then the Holy Allies should subdue Spanish America, however they might at first set up the standard of Spain, the ultimate result of their undertaking would be to recolonize them, partitioned out among themselves. Russia might take California, Peru, Chili; France, Mexico—where we know she has been intriguing to get a monarch under a Prince of the House of Bourbon, as well as at Buenos Aires. And Great Britain, as her last resort, if she could not resist this course of things, would take at least the island of Cuba for her share of the scramble. Then what would be our situation—England holding Cuba; France, Mexico? And Mr. Gallatin had told me within these four days that Hyde de Neuville* had said to him, in the presence and hearing of ten or twelve persons, that if we did not yield to the claim of France under the eighth article of the Louisiana Convention, she ought to go and take the country, and that she had a strong party there. The danger, therefore, was brought to our own doors, and I thought we could not too soon take our stand to repel it.

There was another point of view, which the President had in part suggested, and which I thought highly important. Suppose the Holy Allies should attack South America, and Great Britain should resist them alone and without our co-operation. I thought this not an improbable contingency, and I believed in such a struggle the allies would be defeated and

* French minister to the United States.

Great Britain would be victorious, by her command of the sea. But, as the independence of the South Americans would then be only protected by the guarantee of Great Britain, it would throw them completely into her arms, and in the result make them her colonies instead of those of Spain. My opinion was, therefore, that we must act promptly and decisively.

The President (*Monroe*) retained the paper, to determine finally upon it tomorrow morning.

II. THE PATTERN OF A PRESIDENTIAL DAY

John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848

Sunday, May 1, 1825. Since my removal to the Presidential Mansion, I rise about five, read two chapters of Scott's Bible and Commentary, and the corresponding Commentary of Hewlett; then the morning newspapers and public papers from the several Departments; write seldom and not enough; breakfast an hour from nine to ten; then have a succession of visitors, upon business in search of a place, solicitors for donations, or for mere curiosity from eleven till between four and five o'clock. The heads of Departments, of course, occupy much of this time. Between four and six I take a walk of three or four miles. Dine from half-past five till seven, and from dark till about eleven I generally pass the evening in my chamber, signing land-grants, or blank patents, in the interval of which, for the last ten days, I have brought up three months' arrears in my diary index. About eleven I retire to bed.

III. SOLILOQUY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848

Feb. 28, 1829. The month has been remarkable, as the last of my public service; and the preceding pages will show that the business of my office crowds upon me with accumulation as

it draws near its end. Three days more and I shall be restored to private life and left to an old age of retirement, though certainly not of repose. I go into it with a combination of parties and of public men against my character and reputation such as I believe never before was exhibited against any man since this Union existed. Posterity will scarcely believe it, but so it is, that this combination against me has been formed, and is now exulting in triumph over me, for the devotion of my life and of all the faculties of my soul to the Union, and to the improvement, physical, moral, and intellectual of my country. The North assails me for my fidelity to the Union; the South, for my ardent aspirations of improvement. Yet "bate I not a jot of heart and hope." Passion, prejudice, envy, and jealousy will pass. The cause of Union and of improvement will remain, and I have duties to it and to my country yet to discharge.

—*The Diary*

100

ANDREW AND RACHEL JACKSON

A Lady from Nashville

At the time to which I refer, my father, then a captain in the United States Army, was stationed at Nashville, on the recruiting service. His family was with him, and we boarded at the Nashville Inn, kept by a Mr. Edmonson, the home of all the military officers whom business or pleasure called to Nashville. It had also been for a long time the stopping place of Old Hickory and his wife, whenever they left their beloved Hermitage for a temporary sojourn in the city. At this house we were domiciled with them weeks at a time. Eating at the same table with persons who attracted so much attention, and meeting them familiarly in the public and private sitting rooms of the establishment, I of course felt well acquainted with them, and my recollections of them are very vivid even now. The General's appearance has been so often and correctly

described, that it would seem almost unnecessary to touch upon it here; but it will do no harm to give my impressions of him. Picture to yourself a military-looking man, above the ordinary height, dressed plainly, but with great neatness; dignified and grave—I had almost said stern—but always courteous and affable, with keen, searching eyes, iron-gray hair, standing stiffly up from an expansive forehead, a face somewhat furrowed by care and time, and expressive of deep thought and active intellect, and you have before you the General Jackson who has lived in my memory for thirty years.

Side by side with him stands a coarse-looking, stout, little old woman, whom you might easily mistake for his washerwoman, were it not for the marked attention he pays her, and the love and admiration she manifests for him. Her eyes are bright, and express great kindness of heart; her face is rather broad, her features plain; her complexion so dark as almost to suggest a mingling of races in that climate where such things sometimes occur. But, withal, her face is so good-natured and motherly, that you immediately feel at ease with her, however shy you may be of the stately person by her side. Her figure is rather full, but loosely and carelessly dressed, so that when she is seated she seems to settle into herself in a manner that is neither graceful nor elegant. I have seen such forms since then, and have thought I should like to experiment upon them with French corsets, to see what they would look like if they were gathered together into some permanent shape. This is Mrs. Jackson. I have heard my mother say that she could imagine that in her early youth, at the time the General yielded to her fascinations, she may have been a bright, sparkling brunette; perhaps, may have even passed for a beauty. But being without any culture, and out of the way of refining influences, she was, at the time we knew her, such as I have described.

Their affection for each other was of the tenderest kind. The General always treated her as if she were his pride and glory, and words can faintly describe her devotion to him.

The Nashville Inn was at this time filled with celebrities, nearly all warm supporters of the General. The Stokes family, of North Carolina, were there, particular friends of his, and many other families whose names have escaped my memory. I well recollect to what disadvantage Mrs. Jackson appeared, with her dowdyfied figure, her inelegant conversation, and her total want of refinement, in the midst of this highly cultivated group, and I recall very distinctly how the ladies of the Jackson party hovered near her at all times, apparently to save her from saying or doing anything which might do discredit to their idol. With all her disadvantages in externals, I know she was really beloved. She was a truly good woman, the very soul of benevolence and kindness, and one almost overlooked her deficiencies in the knowledge of her intrinsic worth, and her real goodness of heart. With a different husband, and under different circumstances, she might have appeared to greater advantage; but there could not be a more striking contrast than in their case. And the strangest of it all was, that the General did not seem aware of it.

My father visited them at the Hermitage more than once. It was customary for the army officers to do this as a mark of respect to the General, and they frequently remained in their hospitable mansion several days at a time. The latch-string was always out, and all who visited them were made welcome, and felt themselves at home. I remember my father's telling an anecdote characteristic of Mrs. Jackson, which impressed my young mind forcibly. After the evening meal at the Hermitage, he and some other officers were seated with the worthy couple by their ample fire-place. Mrs. Jackson, as was her favorite custom, lighted her pipe, and having taken a whiff or two, handed it to my father, saying: "Honey, won't you take a smoke?"

—Private Correspondence

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PIGEONS

John James Audubon, 1780-1851

Let us now, kind reader, inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of these curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little under-wood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few Pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russellsburg, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the Pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there, the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place, like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Every thing proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron-pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a Pigeon had arrived. Every thing was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky,

which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come!" The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying, sight presented itself. The Pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and, falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The Pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterward, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided, long before objects were distinguishable, the Pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums and pole-cats were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles

and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil.

—*Ornithological Biography*

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I. WILD HORSES OF THE OSAGE PRAIRIES

Washington Irving, 1783-1859

The capture of the wild horse is one of the most favorite achievements of the prairie tribes; and, indeed, it is from this source that the Indian hunters chiefly supply themselves. The wild horses which range those vast grassy plains, extending from the Arkansas to the Spanish settlements, are of various forms and colors, betraying their various descents. Some resemble the common English stock, and are probably descended from horses which have escaped from our border settlements. Others are of a low but strong make, and are supposed to be of the Andalusian breed, brought out by the Spanish discoverers.

I was lying by the Captain's fire, late in the evening, listening to stories about those coursers of the prairies, and weaving speculations of my own, when there was a clamor of voices and a loud cheering at the other end of the camp; and word was passed that Beatte, the half-breed, had brought in a wild horse.

In an instant every fire was deserted; the whole camp crowded to see the Indian and his prize. It was a colt about two years old, well grown, finely limbed, with bright prominent eyes, and a spirited yet gentle demeanor. He gazed about him with an air of mingled stupefaction and surprise, at the men, the horses, and the camp-fires; while the Indian stood before him with folded arms, having hold of the other end of the cord which noosed his captive, and gazing on him with a most imperturbable aspect. Beatte, as I have before observed,

has a greenish olive complexion, with a strongly marked countenance, not unlike the bronze casts of Napoleon; and as he stood before his captive horse, with folded arms and fixed aspect, he looked more like a statue than a man.

If the horse, however, manifested the least restiveness, Beatte would immediately worry him with the lariat, jerking him first on one side, then on the other, so as almost to throw him on the ground; when he had thus rendered him passive, he would resume his statue-like attitude and gaze at him in silence.

The whole scene was singularly wild; the tall grove, partially illumined by the flashing fires of the camp, the horses tethered here and there among the trees, the carcasses of deer hanging around, and in the midst of all, the wild huntsman and his wild horse, with an admiring throng of rangers, almost as wild.

In the eagerness of their excitement, several of the young rangers sought to get the horse by purchase or barter, and even offered extravagant terms; but Beatte declined all their offers. "You give great price now," said he, "tomorrow you be sorry, and take back, and say damned Indian!"

II. BREAKING CAMP

Washington Irving, 1783-1859

The morning opened gloomy and lowering; but towards eight o'clock the sun struggled forth and lighted up the forest, and the notes of the bugle gave signal to prepare for marching. Now began a scene of bustle, and clamor, and gayety. Some were scampering and brawling after their horses, some were riding in bare-backed, and driving in the horses of their comrades. Some were stripping the poles of the wet blankets that had served for shelters; others packing up with all possible dispatch, and loading the baggage horses as they arrived, while others were cracking off their damp rifles and charging them afresh, to be ready for the sport.

About ten o'clock, we began our march. I loitered in the rear of the troop as it forded the turbid brook, and defiled through the labyrinths of the forest. I always felt disposed to linger until the last straggler disappeared among the trees and the distant note of the bugle died upon the ear, that I might behold the wilderness relapsing into silence and solitude. In the present instance, the deserted scene of our late bustling encampment had a forlorn and desolate appearance. The surrounding forest had been in many places trampled into a quagmire. Trees felled and partly hewn in pieces, and scattered in huge fragments; tent-poles stripped of their covering; smouldering fires, with great morsels of roasted venison and buffalo meat, standing in wooden spits before them, hacked and slashed by the knives of hungry hunters; while around were strewed the hides, the horns, the antlers and bones of buffaloes and deer, with uncooked joints, and unplucked turkeys, left behind with that reckless improvidence and wastefulness which young hunters are apt to indulge when in a neighborhood where game abounds. In the meantime a score or two of turkey-buzzards, or vultures, were already on the wing, wheeling their magnificent flight high in the air, and preparing for a descent upon the camp as soon as it should be abandoned.

—A Tour on the Prairies

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A PAINTER OF INDIANS AT THE FUR-TRADING FORT

George Catlin, 1796-1872

In my former epistle I told you there were encamped about the Fort a host of wild, incongruous spirits—chiefs and sachems—warriors, braves, and women and children of different tribes—of Crows and Blackfeet—Ojibbeways—Assinneboins—and Crees or Knisteneaux. Amongst and in the midst of them am I, with my paint-pots and canvas, snugly ensconced in one of the bastions of the Fort, which I occupy as

a painting-room. My easel stands before me, and the cool breech of a twelve-pounder makes me a comfortable seat, whilst her muzzle is looking out at one of the port-holes. The operations of my brush are *mysteries* of the highest order to these red sons of the prairie, and my room the earliest and latest place of concentration of these wild and jealous spirits, who all meet here to be amused and pay me signal honors; but gaze upon each other, sending their sidelong looks of deep-rooted hatred and revenge around the group. However, whilst in the Fort, their weapons are placed within the arsenal, and naught but looks and thoughts can be breathed here; but death and grim destruction will visit back those looks upon each other, when these wild spirits again are loose and free to breathe and act upon the plains.

I have this day been painting a portrait of the head chief of the Blackfoot nation. He is a good-looking and dignified Indian, about fifty years of age, and superbly dressed. Whilst sitting for his picture he has been surrounded by his own braves and warriors, and also gazed at by his enemies, the Crows and the Knisteneaux, Assinneboins and Ojibbeways: a number of distinguished personages of each of which tribes, have laid all day around the sides of my room; reciting to each other the battles they have fought, and pointing to the scalp-locks, worn as proof of their victories, and attached to the seams of their shirts and leggings. This is a curious scene to witness, when one sits in the midst of such inflammable and combustible materials, brought together, unarmed, for the first time in their lives; peaceably and calmly recounting over the deeds of their lives, and smoking their pipes upon it, when a few weeks or days will bring them on the plains again, where the war-cry will be raised, and their deadly bows will again be drawn on each other.

The name of this dignitary, of whom I have just spoken, is Stu-mick-o-sucks (the buffalo's back fat), i.e., the "hump" or "fleece," the most delicious part of the buffalo's flesh.

—*Manners, Customs and Condition*

FROM THE ORATION AGAINST THE FORCE BILL

John C. Calhoun, 1782-1850

In the same spirit, we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force! Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction to this Federal Union. No; no. You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave—a union of exaction on one side and of unqualified obedience on the other. That obedience which, we are told by the Senator from Pennsylvania, is the Union! Yes; exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called taxes—the voluntary contribution of a free people—but tribute—tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon!

—Speeches

THE UNION, NOW AND FOREVER

Daniel Webster, 1782-1852

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be

mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

—*The Reply to Hayne*

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A WASHINGTON DINNER FOR A VISITING CELEBRITY

Margaret Bayard Smith, 1778-1844

And now for Miss Martineau, since you desire to hear a little more about her, particularly of the day she passed here. But I really must give you a previous scene which amused me extremely and will not be without some diversion for you.

The day previous to our little dinner party, I sent for Henry Orr, whom I had always employed when I had company and who is the most experienced and fashionable waiter in the city. He is almost white, his manners gentle, serious and respectful, to an uncommon degree and his whole appearance quite gentlemanly. "Henry," said I, when he came, "I am going to have a small dinner party, but though small, I wish it to be peculiarly nice, every thing of the best and most fashionable. I wish you to attend, and as it is many years since I have dined in company, you must tell me what dishes will be best. Bouilli, I suppose, is not out of fashion?" "No, indeed, Ma'am! A bouilli at the foot of the table is indispensable, no dinner without it." "And at the head?" "After the soup, Ma'am, fish, boiled fish, and after the fish, canvas-backs, the bouilli to be removed, and pheasants." "Stop, stop, Henry," cried I, "not so many removes if you please!" "Why, Ma'am, you said your company was to be a dozen, and I am only telling you what is absolutely necessary. Yesterday at Mr. Woodbury's there were only 18 in company and there were 30 dishes of meat." "But, Henry, I am not a Secretary's lady. I want a small, genteel dinner." "Indeed, Ma'am, that is all I am telling you. For side dishes you will have a very small ham, a small turkey, on each side of them partridges, mutton chops, or sweet-breads, a macaroni pie, an oyster pie"—"That will do, that will do, Henry. Now for vegetables." "Well, Ma'am, stewed celery, spinach, salsify, cauliflower." "Indeed, Henry, you must substitute potatoes, beets, etc." "Why, Ma'am, they will not be genteel, but to be sure, if you say so, it must be so. Mrs. Forsyth the other day, *would* have a plum-pudding, she will keep to old fashions." "What, Henry, plum-pudding out of fashion?" "La, yes, Ma'am, all kinds of puddings and pies." "Why, what then must I have at the head and foot of the table?" "Forms of ice-cream at the head, and a pyramid of anything, grapes, oranges, or anything handsome at the foot." "And the other dishes?" "Jellies, custards, blanc-mange, cakes, sweet-meats, and sugar-plums." "No nuts, raisins, figs, etc.,

etc.?" "Oh, no, no, Ma'am, they are quite vulgar." "Well, well, Henry. My dessert is, I find, all right, and your dinner, I suppose with the exception of one or two things. You may order me the pies, partridges and pheasants from the French cook, and Priscilla can do the rest." "Indeed, Ma'am, you had best—" "No more, Henry," interrupted I. "I am not Mrs. Woodbury." "Why, to be sure, Ma'am, her's was a particular dinner on account of that great English lady's dining with her." "Did Miss M. dine there?" "La, yes, Ma'am, and I was quite delighted to see the attention Mr. Clay paid her, for indeed, Ma'am, I consider Mr. Clay the greatest and best man now living, and sure I should know, for I served him long enough."

The First Forty Years of Washington Society

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THE FIRST TRAIN FROM ALBANY TO SCHENECTADY

Judge Gillis

I am not machinist enough to give a description of the locomotive that drew us over the road that day, but recollect distinctly the general "make-up" of the train.

The train was composed of coach-bodies, mostly from Thorpe & Sprague's stage-coaches, placed upon trucks. The trucks were coupled together with chains or chain-links, leaving from two to three feet slack, and when the locomotive started it took up the slack by jerks, with sufficient force to jerk the passengers, who sat on seats across the top of the coaches, out from under their hats, and in stopping they came together with such force as to send them flying from their seats.

They used dry pitch-pine for fuel, and, there being no smoke or spark-catcher to the chimney or smoke-stack, a volume of black smoke, strongly impregnated with sparks, coals, and cinders, came pouring back the whole length of the train. Each of the outside passengers who had an umbrella raised

it as a protection against the smoke and fire. They were found to be but a momentary protection, for I think in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having their covers burnt off from the frames, when a general mêlée took place among the deck-passengers, each whipping his neighbor to put out the fire. They presented a very motley appearance on arriving at the first station. There rails were procured and lashed between the trucks, taking the slack out of the coupling-chains, thereby affording us a more steady run to the top of the inclined plane at Schenectady.

The incidents off the train were quite as striking as those on the train. A general notice having been given of the contemplated trip, excited not only the curiosity of those living along the line of the road, but those living remote from it, causing a large collection of people at all the intersecting roads along the line of the route. Everybody, together with his wife and all his children, came from a distance with all kinds of conveyances, being as ignorant of what was coming as their horses, drove up to the road as near as they could get, only looking for the best position to get a view of the train. As it approached, the horses took fright and wheeled, upsetting buggies, carriages, and wagons, and leaving for parts unknown to the passenger, if not to their owners, and it is not now positively known if some of them have yet stopped. Such is a hasty sketch of my recollection of my first ride after a locomotive.

—Private Correspondence

CHICAGO GIVES A BALL, 1834

Charles Fenno Hoffman, 1806-1884

We had not been here an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers; and though my soiled and travel-worn riding-dress was not ex-

actly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the frontier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given. It was a frame-building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although one of the most ancient French trading-posts on the Lakes, can only date its growth as a village since the Indian war, eighteen months since. When I add that the population has *quintupled* last summer, and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodation; while scarcely a house in the place, however comfortable looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms. In the present instance, we were ushered into a tolerably sized dancing-room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine-branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the white-washed ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readily dispensed with. An orchestra of unplaned boards was raised against the wall in the center of the room; the band consisting of a dandy negro with his violin, a fine military-looking bass drummer from the fort, and a volunteer citizen, who alternately played an accompaniment upon the flute and triangle. Blackee, who flourished about with a great many airs and graces, was decidedly the king of the company, and it was amusing, while his head followed the direction of his fiddle-bow with pertinacious fidelity, to see the Captain Manual-like precision with which the soldier dressed to the front on one side, and the nonchalant air of importance which the cit attempted to preserve on the other.

As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations, brought together from all parts of the world, and now for the first time

brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarieties. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago co-tillions. Here you might see a veteran officer in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trousers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawny neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be *dos à dos* to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate-looking southern girl; and in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would chassez cross with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed *à la Madonne*, over eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue, mingling with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating away from eyes of heaven's own colour over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of "England's born." How piquantly do these trim and beaded leggins peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall, nut-brown wearer moves, as if unconsciously, through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like windsails from the little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel. But what boots all these incongruities, when the spirit of festive good-humour animates every one present. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world" (as I hear it judiciously observed this side of the mountains), and why should not all these kinds

of people be represented as well in a ball-room as in a legislature?

At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favourable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the Union, than was afforded by this very ball. "This is a scene of enchantment to me, sir," observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. "There were but a few traders around the fort when I last visited Chicago, and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well-dressed people have come from!"

—A Winter in the West

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METHODISM IN THE NEW WEST

Peter Cartwright, 1785-1872

Time rolled on, population increased fast around us, the country improved, horse-thieves and murderers were driven away, and civilization advanced considerably. Ministers of different denominations came in, and preached through the country; but the Methodist preachers were the pioneer messengers of salvation in these ends of the earth. Even in Rogues' Harbor there was a Baptist Church, a few miles west of my father's, and a Presbyterian congregation a few miles north, and the Methodist *Ebenezer*, a few miles south.

There were two Baptist ministers, one an old man of strong mind and *good*, very *good*, natural abilities, having been brought up a rigid Calvinist, and having been taught to preach the doctrine of particular election and reprobation. At length his good sense revolted at the *horrid idea*, and, having no correct books on theology, he plunged into the opposite extreme, namely, universal redemption. He lived in a very

wicked settlement. He appointed a day to publish his recantation of his old Calvinism, and his views on universal and unconditional salvation to all mankind. The whole country, for many miles around, crowded to hear the *joyful news*. When he had finished his discourse, the vilest of the vile multitude raised the shout, expressing great joy that there was no hell or eternal punishment.

A Methodist preacher in those days, when he felt that God had called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college or a Biblical institute, hunted up a hardy pony, or a horse, and some travelling apparatus, and with his library always at hand, namely the Bible, Hymn Book, and Discipline, he started, and with a text that never wore out or grew stale he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow, and rain; climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys, plunged through swamps, swam swollen streams, lay out at night, wet, weary and hungry, held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied him to a limb, slept with his saddle blanket for a bed, his saddle or saddle-bags for his pillow, and his old big coat or blanket, if he had any, for covering. Often he slept in dirty cabins, on earthen floors, before the fire; ate roasting ears for bread, drank buttermilk for coffee, or sage tea for imperial; took, with a hearty zest, deer or bear meat, or wild turkey for breakfast, dinner and supper, if he could get it.

—*Autobiography*

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THE ABOLITIONISTS, A LETTER TO A NORTHERNER FROM A
GEORGIAN, 1837

Richard D. Arnold, M.D.

The abolitionists, of whom I am most happy to hear you disclaim being one, have by their intemperance, united the whole South against them as one man. To carry their plans

into effect they would have to wade knee deep in blood. I speak the language of truth and not of hyperbole. The two races are so separated, that the one now the lower, will never be allowed to mount to a perfect equality, except over the prostrate bodies of the upper. But I will not be led away into any discussion. I will only observe that with you slavery is an abstract question,—with us it involves life and property, safety and security. Its *abstract right* I do not argue for, but it is not always good sense or prudence to apply mere abstract ideas to all the relations of social life; and the institution of slavery, although indefensible on the ground of abstract rights, can be defended and well defended upon this, that so intimately is it mingled with our social conditions, so deeply has it taken root, that it would be impossible to eradicate it without upturning the foundations of that condition. On the ground of expediency we are still stronger, for without a population of blacks the whole southern country would become a desert. Here I am again getting into an argument, when my only design in answering you was to express how satisfactory your letter has been to me.

With best wishes for the cause of Unitarian Christianity and for yourself.

—*Trinity College Historical Series*

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THE HUNTER'S SON TRANSFORMED INTO A BIRD: A LEGEND
RETOLD FROM THE CHIPPEWA

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, 1793-1864

An ambitious hunter had an only son, who now approached that age when it is proper to fast, in order to choose his guardian or personal spirit; and he was very ambitious that his son should show great capacity of endurance in this fast, that he might obtain a powerful spirit.

For this purpose he gave him every instruction, and when

the time arrived, bid him be courageous, and acquit himself like a man.

The young lad first went into the sweating lodge, and having heated himself thoroughly, plunged into cold water. This he repeated. He then went into a separate lodge, which had been prepared for him at a short distance in the forest, and laid himself down on a new mat made of rushes, woven by his mother. To this place his father accompanied him, and told him he must fast twelve days, and that he would come to see him once a day, every morning. The young man then covered his face, and his father left him. He laid still until the next morning, when his father visited him to encourage him to persevere in his fast.

This he did, and the same visits were renewed for eight days, when his strength had failed so much that he could not rise, and the youth lay with nearly the composure and rigidity of one without life. On the ninth day, he spoke to his father as follows:

"My father, my dreams are not good. The spirit who visits me is not favorable in the way you wish. Let me break my fast now, and at another time I'll try again. I have no strength to endure any longer."

"My son," he replied, "if you give up now, all will be lost. You have persevered in your fast eight days. You have overcome the hardest trials. Only a little time now remains. Some other spirit will come to you. Strive a little longer."

The lad covered himself closer, and lay still, never moving or saying a word till the eleventh day, when he faintly repeated his request. "Tomorrow," answered the old man, "I will come early in the morning, and bring you food."

Silence and obedience were all that remained. The young man made no reply. He seemed as one dead. No one would have known that life was not fled, but by watching the gentle heaving of his breast. Day and night appeared to be alike to him.

The next morning the father came with the promised

repast in a little kettle. But on drawing near the wigwam, he heard sounds from within, as if from some one talking. Stooping to look through a small opening, he was surprised to see his son painted, sitting up, and in the act of laying the paint on his shoulders, as far as his hands could reach, and muttering at the same time to himself, "My father has destroyed me. He would not listen to my requests. I shall be for ever happy, for I have been obedient to my parent, even beyond my strength. My spirit is not the one I sought, but he is just and pitiful, and has given me another shape."

At this moment the old man broke in, exclaiming, "Ningwis! Ningwis!" (my son, my son,) "leave me not—leave me not." But the lad, with the nimbleness of a bird, had flown to the top of the lodge, and perched himself on the highest outer pole, having assumed the shape of a beautiful robin-red-breast. He looked down on his father, and said, "Mourn not my change. I shall be happier in my present state than I could have been as a man. I shall always be the friend of man, and keep near their dwellings. I could not gratify your pride as a warrior, but I will cheer you by my songs, and strive to produce in you the lightsomeness I feel. I am now free from cares and pains. My food is furnished by the fields and mountains, and my path is in the bright air." So saying, he flew away to the woods.

—*The Indian in His Wigwam*

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THE CHEROKEE INDIANS DISPOSSESSED

A Native of Maine Travelling in the Western Country

On Tuesday evening we fell in with a detachment of the poor Cherokee Indians.

The last detachment which we passed on the 7th embraced rising two thousand Indians with horses and mules in pro-

portion. The forward part of the train we found just pitching their tents for the night, and notwithstanding some thirty or forty wagons were already stationed, we found the road literally filled with the procession for about three miles in length. The sick and feeble were carried in wagons—about as comfortable for travelling as a New England ox cart with a covering over it—a great many ride on horseback and multitudes go on foot—even aged females, apparently nearly ready to drop into the grave, were travelling with heavy burdens attached to the back—on the sometimes frozen ground, and sometimes muddy streets, with no covering for the feet except what nature had given them. We were some hours making our way through the crowd, which brought us in close contact with the wagons and multitude, so much that we felt fortunate to find ourselves freed from the crowd without leaving any part of our carriage. We learned from the inhabitants on the road where the Indians passed, that they buried fourteen or fifteen at every stopping place, and they make a journey of ten miles per day only on an average. One fact which to my own mind seemed a lesson indeed to the American nation is, that they will not travel on the Sabbath . . . when the Sabbath came, they must stop, and not merely stop—they must worship the Great Spirit, too, for they had divine service on the Sabbath—a camp-meeting in truth.

The Indians as a whole carry in their countenances every thing but the appearance of happiness. Some carry a downcast dejected look bordering upon the appearance of despair; others a wild frantic appearance as if about to burst the chains of nature and pounce like a tiger upon their enemies. Most of them seemed intelligent and refined. Mr. Bushyhead, son of an aged man of the same name, is a very intelligent and interesting Baptist clergyman. Several missionaries were accompanying them to their destination. Some of the Cherokees are wealthy and travel in style. One lady passed on in her hack in company with her husband, apparently with as much

refinement and equipage as any of the mothers of New England; and she was a mother too and her youngest child about three years old was sick in her arms, and all she could do was to make it comfortable as circumstances would permit.

When I passed the last detachment of those suffering exiles and thought that my native countrymen had thus expelled them from their native soil and their much loved homes, and that too in this inclement season of the year in all their suffering, I turned from the sight with feelings which language cannot express and "wept like childhood then." I felt that I would not encounter the secret silent prayer of one of those sufferers armed with the energy that faith and hope would give it (if there be a God who avenges the wrongs of the injured) for all the lands of Georgia!

—*The New York Observer, 1839*

XV

The Flag and the Far West

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THE Mississippi Valley had been a part of greater France, and the first Americans to enter it had found themselves in a region of French names and French types of the frontier. It was these Americans of the French heritage, these hunters, trappers, boatmen and Indian traders who were the first to know the dangerous country lying far to the west, the country of the Indian in his power, of the immense sky of the plains and the huge solitude of the mountains. By the 1830's a new state, Missouri, had been admitted to the Union from the region west of the Mississippi, but the mountains remained dangerous country, being still little more than a vast game reserve traded in by the American Fur Company. Trading forts of the company served there as outposts of the world, gathering together within their palisadoed walls Indians and mountain men.

Into this continental solitude of the ranges, into this landscape of mountains and American distances—so completely un-European in look and scale—came presently the human sound of one of the most American of adventures, one profoundly moving in its courage and imaginative quality, the settlement of the Mormons in their Zion. Originating in a world still restless, poor enough, without the arts or even the crafts, its natural human emotions often checked by brutally repressive sects, the Mormon revelation offered to the starved American imagination, to the starved sense of beauty and wonder, an American mystery in the Protestant Biblical idiom together with rituals, tableaux, and grandeurs in the secret society style.

The emigrants chanced to settle in Mexican territory but even as they were building their Zion, the Mexican War (1846 to '48) transferred the old Spanish West to the Union. In '49, gold was discovered in California. The American clipper ship, perhaps the single most beautiful thing the human spirit has created in America, raced to San Francisco round the Horn. Adventuring in the mountains remained something for men of courage, for the trapper and the explorer, for the intrepid Jesuit father gathering together his wild flock at an altar roofed with boughs.

FUR TRAPPERS OF THE ROCKIES

Henry Harmon Spaulding, 1804-1874

A greater compliment could not be paid to a free trapper than to persuade him that he had been mistaken for an Indian brave. His hair, suffered to attain full length, is carefully combed out, and suffered to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited and tied up with otter or white weasel skin. A hunting shirt of buckskin, with heavy phylacteries and circles of porcupine quills, falls to his knees, below which, leggings of the same, closely fitted to his calves, and beautifully ornamented with fine beads and heavy fringes, reaches to a pair of moccasins curiously wrought with scarlet beads and porcupine quills. His blanket is girt about him with a red sash or otter skin, in which is bestowed his pipe, knife, and tobacco pouch, the latter wrought with beads. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks, vermillion, and eagle's feathers. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, profit, pleasure, and often safety of the mountaineer, is often caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style. His Indian wife, with her horse, selected for his prancing, and her saddle and baby cradle, and still more elaborately and expensively decorated with pounds of white and black beads, haiqua shells and tin coils, elk teeth and hawk-bells, finger rings and heavy bracelets, steel top thimbles and cut-glass beads, all glistening in the sunbeams and producing a cheery jingling, as she gallops alongside of her American "hama" (man); their babe lashed in its cradle, and swung to the forehorn of her saddle, while two white parflesh portfolios, beautifully decorated with painted figures, and heavy phylacteries, containing her root-stick, fire steel, sinews, awl, kimp and other necessities, are hung to the hind one.

The yearly rendezvous was a hey-day for these modern nimrods. They would collect together at the place appointed, and await the arrival of the traders' caravan with watchful anxiety, and greet the newcomers (pork-eaters) with a hearty good cheer. They would entertain each other for hours with prodigious tales of wonders seen and wonders endured; of Indian fights, narrow escapes, and comrades scalped; of fated decoys by means of Indians dressed in elk skins and apparently feeding about; of starvations; of buffalo hunts and buffalo feasts; of climbing snow mountains and carrying sweet cottonwood back to keep their animals from perishing; of swimming ice-floating rivers with packs on their backs in search of beaver signs; of Balaamite mules; of Indians in ambush. The eventful hours were also relieved by a display of horsemanship, in all their gay and fluttering attire; by horse races and foot races; by wrestling, jumping and pounding noses; by boasting and counter-boasting.

In the meantime a brisk trade is kept up; the log stores of the company or rival companies are thronged late and early till beaver are gone, credit gone, whisky gone, grass gone, stores emptied, and the appointed day to break up camp dawns, when suddenly the narrow valley of the Green River for ten miles is all alive with horses and mules and human beings.

—*The Oregon States Right Democrat*

I. A BUFFALO HERD

John Charles Fremont, 1813-1890

The air was keen the next morning at sunrise, the thermometer standing at 44°, and it was sufficiently cold to make overcoats very comfortable. A few miles brought us into the midst of the buffalo, swarming in immense numbers over the plains, where they had left scarcely a blade of grass stand-

ing. Mr. Preuss, who was sketching at a little distance in the rear, had at first noted them as large groves of timber. In the sight of such a mass of life, the traveler feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and, when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding; and everywhere they were in motion. Here and there a huge old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. Indians and buffalo make the poetry and life of the prairie, and our camp was full of their exhilaration. In place of the quiet monotony of the march, relieved only by the cracking of the whip, and an "avance donc! enfant de grace!" shouts and songs resounded from every part of the line, and our evening camp was always the commencement of a feast, which terminated only with our departure on the following morning. At any time of the night might be seen pieces of the most delicate and choicest meat, roasting *en appolas*, on sticks around the fire, and the guard was never without company. With pleasant weather and no enemy to fear, an abundance of the most excellent meat, and no scarcity of bread or tobacco, they were enjoying the oasis of a voyageur's life. Three cows were killed today. Kit Carson had shot one, and was continuing the chase in the midst of another herd, when his horse fell headlong, but sprang up and joined the flying band. Though considerably hurt, he had the good fortune to break no bones; and Maxwell, who was mounted on a fleet hunter, captured the runaway after a hard chase. He was on the point of shooting him, to avoid the loss of his bridle, (a handsomely mounted Spanish one,) when he found that his horse was able to come up with him. Animals are frequently lost in this way; and it is necessary to keep close watch over them, in the vicinity of the buffalo, in the midst of which they scour off to the plains, and are rarely retaken. One of our mules took a sudden freak into his head,

and joined a neighboring band today. As we were not in a condition to lose horses, I sent several men in pursuit, and remained in camp, in the hope of recovering him; but lost the afternoon to no purpose, as we did not see him again.

II. THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

John Charles Fremont, 1813-1890

The air at sunrise is clear and pure, and the morning extremely cold, but beautiful. A lofty snowy peak of the mountain is glittering in the first rays of the sun, which have not yet reached us. The long mountain wall to the east, rising two thousand feet abruptly from the plain, behind which we see the peaks, is still dark, and cuts clear against the glowing sky. A fog, just risen from the river, lies along the base of the mountain. A little before sunrise, the thermometer was at 35°, and at sunrise 33°. Water froze last night, and fires are very comfortable. The scenery becomes hourly more interesting and grand, and the view here is truly magnificent; but, indeed, it needs something to repay the long prairie journey of a thousand miles. The sun has shot above the wall, and makes a magical change. The whole valley is glowing and bright, and all the mountain peaks are gleaming like silver. Though these snow mountains are not the Alps, they have their own character of grandeur and magnificence, and doubtless will find pens and pencils to do them justice.

—*Report of the Exploring Expedition*

I. ANIMAL LIFE ALONG THE YELLOWSTONE

Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S.J., 1801-1873

All the country watered by this river abounds in game; I do not think that there is in all America another place better suited for hunting: we were continually amidst vast

herds of buffalos; we frequently discovered groups of majestic elks bounding over the plains, whilst clouds, if I may say so, of antelopes were flying before us with the swiftness of the wind. The Ashata, or Big Horn, alone appeared not to be disturbed at our presence: we saw them in groups, reposing on the edges of the precipices, or sporting on the points of the steep rocks. The black-tailed roebuck, so richly dressed in its brown coat, frequently excited our admiration, by its elegant shape, and abrupt, animated movements, in which it appears scarcely to touch the earth with its feet. I have already spoken of the grizzly bears, which are here to be met with in abundance, as well as the wolves, panthers, badgers and wild cats. Often the traveller sees the prairie hen and the cock of the mountain start up from the midst of the heath. The lakes and rivers are covered with swans, geese and ducks: the industrious beaver, the otter, and the muskrat, together with the fishes, are in peaceable possession of their solitary waters.

II. THE HORROR OF TRIBAL WARS

Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S.J., 1801-1873

On the 29th I bade adieu to my faithful companions, the Flat Heads and the Crows. Accompanied by Ignatius, Gabriel, and by two brave Americans, who, although Protestants, wished to serve as guides to a Catholic Missionary, I once more plunged into the arid plains of the Yellowstone. Having already described this region, I have nothing new to add concerning it. The desert is undoubtedly dangerous, and has been the scene of more tragic deeds, combats, stratagems, and savage cruelties, than any other region. At each step, the Crow interpreter, Mr. V. C., who has sojourned eleven years in the country, recounted different transactions; pointing, meanwhile, to the spots where they had occurred, which, in our situation, made our blood run cold, and our hair stand erect. It is the battle ground where the Crows, the Black Feet, Sioux, Sheyennes, Assiniboins, Arikaras, and Minatares, fight out their

interminable quarrels, avenging and revenging, without respite, their mutual wrongs. After six days' march, we found ourselves upon the very spot where a combat had recently taken place. The bloody remains of ten Assiniboins, who had been slain, were scattered here and there—almost all the flesh eaten off by the wolves and carnivorous birds. At the sight of these mangled limbs—of the vultures that soared above our heads, after having satiated themselves with the unclean repast, and the region round me, which had so lately resounded with the savage cries of more savage men, engaged in mutual carnage—I own that the little courage I thought I possessed, seemed to fail me entirely, and give place to a secret terror, which I sought in vain to stifle or conceal from my companions. We observed in several places the fresh tracks of men and horses, leaving no doubt in our minds as to the proximity of hostile parties; our guide even assured me that he thought we were already discovered, but by continuing our precautions he hoped we might perhaps elude their craftiness and malicious designs, for the savages very seldom make their attacks in open day.

—Letter and Sketches

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THE HOUR OF THE CRUCIFIXION IN THE NEW WORLD

Joseph Smith, 1805-1844

And now it came to pass that according to our record, and we know our record to be true, for behold, it was a just man who did keep the records; for he truly did many miracles in the name of Jesus; and there was not any man who could do a miracle in the name of Jesus, save he were cleansed every whit from his iniquity. And now it came to pass, if there was no mistake made by this man in the reckoning of our time, the thirty and third year had passed away, and the people began to look with great earnestness for the sign which had been given by the prophet Samuel, the Lamanite; yea, for the

time that there should be darkness for the space of three days over the face of the land. And there began to be great doubtings and disputations among the people, notwithstanding so many signs had been given.

And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, in the fourth day of the month, there arose a great storm, such an one as never had been known in all the land; and there was also a great and terrible tempest; and there was terrible thunder, insomuch that it did shake the whole earth as if it was about to divide asunder; and there were exceeding sharp lightnings, such as never had been known in all the land. And the city of Zarahemla did take fire; and the city of Moroni did sink into the depths of the sea, and the inhabitants thereof, were drowned; and the earth was carried up upon the city of Moronihah, that in the place of the city thereof, there became a great mountain; and there was a great and terrible destruction in the land southward. But behold, there was a more great and terrible destruction in the land northward: for behold, the whole face of the land was changed, because of the tempest, and the whirlwinds, and the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the exceeding great quaking of the whole earth; and the highways were broken up, and the level roads were spoiled, and many smooth places became rough, and many great and notable cities were sunk, and many were burned, and many were shook till the buildings thereof had fallen to the earth, and the inhabitants thereof were slain, and the places were left desolate; and there were some cities which remained; but the damage thereof was exceeding great, and there were many in them who were slain; and there were some who were carried away in the whirlwind; and whither they went, no man knoweth, save they know that they were carried away; and thus the face of the whole earth became deformed, because of the tempests, and the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the quaking of the earth. And behold, the rocks were rent in twain; they were broken up upon the face of the whole earth,

insomuch that they were found in broken fragments, and in seams, and in cracks, upon all the face of the land.

And it came to pass that when the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the storm, and the tempest, and the quakings of the earth did cease—for behold, they did last for about the space of three hours; and it was said by some that the time was greater; nevertheless, all these great and terrible things were done in about the space of three hours; and then behold, there was darkness upon the face of the land.

—*The Book of Mormon*

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I. NAUVOO DESERTED BY THE MORMONS

Thomas L. Kane, 1822-1883

A few years ago, ascending the Upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the rapids. My road lay through the half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred, without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright new dwellings, set in cool green gardens, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city ap-

peared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise and educated wealth, everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked, and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water-ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it. For plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways. Rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his work-bench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap and ladling pool and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the mary-golds, heart's-ease and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples, —no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tiptoe, as if walk-

ing down the aisle of a country church, to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

II. THE MORMONS ON THE MARCH

Thomas L. Kane, 1822-1883

They were collected a little distance above the Pottawatamie Agency. The hills of the "High Prairie" crowding in upon the river at this point, and overhanging it, appear of an unusual and commanding elevation. They are called the Council Bluffs; a name given them with another meaning, but well illustrated by the picturesque congress of their high and mighty summits. To the south of them, a rich alluvial flat of considerable width follows down the Missouri, some eight miles, to where it is lost from view at a turn, which forms the site of the Indian town of Point aux Poules. Across the river from this spot the hills recur again, but are skirted at their base by as much low ground as suffices for a landing.

This landing, and the large flat or bottom on the east side of the river, were crowded with covered carts and wagons; and each one of the Council Bluff hills opposite was crowned with its own great camp, gay with bright white canvas, and alive with the busy stir of swarming occupants. In the clear blue morning air, the smoke streamed up from more than a thousand cooking fires. Countless roads and bypaths checkered all manner of geometric figures on the hillsides. Herd boys were dozing upon the slopes; sheep and horses, cows and oxen, were feeding around them, and other herds in the luxuriant meadow of the then swollen river. From a single point I counted four thousand head of cattle in view at one time. As I approached the camps, it seemed to me the children there were to prove still more numerous. Along a little creek I had to cross were women in greater force than blanchisseuses upon the Seine, washing and rinsing all manner of white muslins, red flannels and parti-colored calicoes, and hanging them to

bleach upon a greater area of grass and bushes than we can display in all our Washington Square.

Hastening to these, I saluted a group of noisy boys, whose purely vernacular cries had for me an invincible home-savoring attraction. It was one of them, a bright faced lad, who, hurrying on his jacket and trousers, fresh from bathing in the creek, first assured me I was at my right destination. He was a mere child; but he told me of his own accord where I had best go seek my welcome, and took my horse's bridle to help me pass a morass, the bridge over which he alleged to be unsafe.

There was something joyous for me in my free rambles about this vast body of pilgrims. I could range the wild country wherever I listed, under safeguard of their moving host. Not only in the main camps was all stir and life, but in every direction, it seemed to me, I could follow "Mormon Roads," and find them beaten hard and even dusty by the tread and wear of the cattle and vehicles of emigrants laboring over them. By day, I would overtake and pass, one after another, what amounted to an army train of them; and at night, if I encamped at the places where the timber and running water were found together, I was almost sure to be within call of some camp or other, or at least within sight of its watch-fires. Wherever I was compelled to tarry, I was certain to find shelter and hospitality, scant, indeed, but never stinted, and always honest and kind.

—*The Mormons*

AN ATTACK ON A TRADING CARAVAN

William Y. Hitt

We arrived in Santa Fe without incident, and as ours was the first train of wagons that ever traversed the narrow streets of the quaint old town, it was, of course, a great curiosity to the natives.

After a few days' rest, sight-seeing, and purchasing stock to replace our own jaded animals, preparations were made for the return trip. All the money we had received for our goods was in gold and silver, principally the latter, in consequence of which, each member of the company had about as much as he would conveniently manage, and, as events turned out, much more than he could take care of.

On the morning of the third day out, when we were not looking for the least trouble, our entire herd was stampeded, and we were left upon the prairie without as much as a single mule to pursue the fast-fleeing thieves. The Mexicans and Indians had come so suddenly upon us, and had made such an effective dash, that we stood like children who had broken their toys on a stone at their feet. We were so unprepared for such a stampede that the thieves did not approach within rifle-shot range of the camp to accomplish their object; few of them coming within sight, even.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided and we began to realize what had been done, it was decided that while some should remain to guard the camp, others must go to Santa Fe to see if they could not recover the stock. The party that went to Santa Fe had no difficulty in recognizing the stolen animals; but when they claimed them, they were laughed at by the officials of the place. They experienced no difficulty, however, in purchasing the same stock for a small sum, which they at once did, and hurried back to camp. By this unpleasant episode, we learned of the stealth and treachery of the miserable people in whose country we were. We, therefore, took every precaution to prevent a repetition of the affair, and kept up a vigilant guard night and day.

Matters progressed very well, and when we had travelled some three hundred miles eastwardly, thinking we were out of range of any predatory bands, as we had seen no sign of any living thing, we relaxed our vigilance somewhat. One morning, just before dawn, the whole earth seemed to resound with the most horrible noises that ever greeted human ears; every

blade of grass appeared to reecho the horrid din. In a few moments every man was at his post, rifle in hand, ready for any emergency, and almost immediately a large band of Indians made their appearance, riding within rifle-shot of the wagons. A continuous battle raged for several hours, the savages discharging a shot, then scampering off out of range as fast as their ponies would carry them. Some, more brave than others, would venture closer to the corral, and one of these got the contents of an old-fashioned flint-lock musket in his bowels.

We were careful not all to fire at the same time, and several of our party, who were watching the effects of our shots, declared they could see the dust fly out of the robes of the Indians as the bullets struck them. It was learned afterward that a number of the savages were wounded, and that several had died. Many were armed with bows and arrows only, and in order to do any execution were obliged to come near the corral. The Indians soon discovered they were getting the worst of the fight, and, having run off all the stock, abandoned the conflict, leaving us in possession of the camp, but it can hardly be said masters of the situation.

—*Inman: The Old Santa Fé Trail*

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I. THE SPANISH CALIFORNIANS

Richard Henry Dana, 1815-1882

Next to the love of dress, I was most struck with the fineness of the voices and beauty of the intonations of both sexes. Every common ruffian-looking fellow, with a slouched hat, blanket cloak, dirty under-dress, and soiled leather leggins, appeared to me to be speaking elegant Spanish. It was a pleasure simply to listen to the sound of the language, before I could attach any meaning to it. They have a good deal of the Creole drawl, but it is varied by an occasional extreme

rapidity of utterance, in which they seem to skip from consonant to consonant, until, lighting upon a broad, open vowel, they rest upon that to restore the balance of sound. The women carry this peculiarity of speaking to a much greater extreme than the men, who have more evenness and stateliness of utterance. A common bullock-driver, on horseback, delivering a message, seemed to speak like an ambassador at a royal audience. In fact, they sometimes appeared to me to be a people on whom a curse had fallen, and stripped them of everything but their pride, their manners, and their voices.

II. A SAILOR'S LIBERTY

Richard Henry Dana, 1815-1882

I shall never forget the delightful sensation of being in the open air, with the birds singing around me, and escaped from confinement, labor, and strict rule of a vessel,—of being once more in my life, though only for a day, my own master. A sailor's liberty is but for a day; yet while it lasts it is entire. He is under no one's eye, and can do whatever, and go wherever, he pleases. This day, for the first time, I may truly say, in my whole life, I felt the meaning of a term which I had often heard,—the sweets of liberty. Stimson was with me, and, turning our backs upon the vessels, we walked slowly along, talking of the pleasures of our being our own masters, of the times past, when we were free and in the midst of friends, in America, and of the prospect of our return; and planning where we would go, and what we would do, when we reached home. It was wonderful how the prospect brightened, and how short and tolerable the voyage appeared, when viewed in this new light. Things looked differently from what they did when we talked them over in the little dark forecastle, the night after the flogging, at San Pedro. It is not the least of the advantages of allowing sailors occasionally a day of liberty, that it gives them a spring, and makes them feel cheerful and

independent, and leads them insensibly to look on the bright side of everything for some time after.

—Two Years Before the Mast

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i. THE MEXICAN WAR: A NEW HAMPSHIRE SOLDIER AT
LAGUNA PUEBLO

Jacob S. Robinson

These Indians had the day before taken four Navajo scalps, and were now celebrating the war dance: it commenced with a low growl, mingled with the beat of their drum, and an occasional growl. The only words I could distinguish were ha ha, ho ho, which were repeated continually. The song gradually became louder and the dance more wild: and when the scalps were after a time removed from the room where the dance had been so far celebrated, to the public square, they placed them on high poles, around which they beat their drum, sung and danced most furiously, now and then shooting at the scalps, and rent the air with their loud shout of triumph. They invited us to participate in their feasting and dancing, which some of us did. The usual continuance of a dance is twenty-four hours.

The town contains about two thousand inhabitants. The chief is a singular man, with a deep voice, resembling the low notes of a double bass viol. The people were very anxious to obtain cartridges, and anything else which would help them carry on the war against the Navajos.

ii. THE NAVAJOS

Jacob S. Robinson

So we danced with the Pueblos over the scalps of the Navajos, and with the Navajos over the Pueblos. It is astonishing how soon our confidence in each other was almost com-

plete,—so that we mingled in their dance, and they in our camp trades for such little “notions” as our men happened to have with them, for which the Indians gave us mutton and bread. They appeared much pleased at our coming to their country,—and informed us that a great many years ago they had made a treaty with some of our brethren; that they still possessed the articles of agreement, and would show them to us tomorrow; but they informed us, to their sorrow, that we must go on another day yet to see Narbonah, their great chief, when they would return with us and make another treaty if necessary, with our great Captain. We accordingly took up our march on the 18th, accompanied by about eight hundred warriors and as many women, all mounted on beautiful horses; the one sex apparently as good riders as the other. After traveling about fifteen miles we came to their camp, where we found large flocks of horses and sheep, and groups of Indians engaged in several games of amusement. Here likewise we found no grass, but concluded to trust our horses to the care of the Indians, who offered to drive them out where they said there was very good grass, and return them on the morrow. It was in fact our only course, as we could not protect them ourselves if the Indians had been disposed to take them; neither were they able to travel back over the road we had come without something to eat. We found it impossible to keep the Indians from our encampments, so eager were they to see our arms and other curiosities. Some of the principal chiefs continually exhorted them to come away from our camp and not by any means to molest us. There was almost a continual trading going on between our men and the Indians in the way of barter; such as a cotton shirt for a hunting shirt of buckskin, a tin cup for a lasset, or a buckskin for a small piece of tobacco, or for a butcher knife, or for buckles, straps, etc., so that few of us returned with many of the clothes we wore there, but had exchanged them for buckskins and blankets, and dressed ourselves pretty nearly in the Indian style. The women of this tribe seem

to have equal rights with the men, managing their own business and trading as they see fit; saddling their own horses, and letting their husbands saddle theirs. Today were exhibited several scenes of the chase, by rabbits being started from the brush; when in an instant five hundred riders at least were on the chase. No fox or steeple chase can equal it: the Arab cannot excel the Navajo in horsemanship; and better horses can hardly be found. The plain was covered with these mounted warriors, with their feathers streaming in the wind, their arms raised as for conflict; some riding one way and some another; and in the midst of these exciting scenes they indulge in the wild Indian yell, or shout of triumph, as they succeed in capturing their prey. It was a sight unequalled in display of horsemanship—and can be seen nowhere but in the wild mountains and plains of the West.

—A Journal of the Santa Fe Expedition, 1846

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SAN FRANCISCO OF THE GOLD RUSH

Bayard Taylor, 1825-1878

As yet we were only in the suburbs of the town. Crossing the shoulder of the hill, the view extended around the curve of the bay, and hundreds of tents and houses appeared, scattered all over the heights, and along the shore for more than a mile. A furious wind was blowing down through a gap in the hills, filling the streets with clouds of dust. On every side stood buildings of all kinds, begun or half-finished, and the greater part of them mere canvas sheds, open in front, and covered with all kinds of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods were piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets were full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses: Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in *sarapes* and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kana-

kas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays armed with their everlasting creeses, and others, in whose embrowned and bearded visages it was impossible to recognize any especial nationality. We came at last into the plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. It lies on the slant of the hill, and from a high pole in front of a long one-story adobe building, used as a custom-house, the American flag was flying. On the lower side stood the Parker House, an ordinary frame house of about sixty feet front, and towards its entrance we directed our course.

Our luggage was deposited on one of the rear porticoes, and we discharged the porters, after paying them two dollars each—a sum so immense in comparison to the service rendered, that there was no longer any doubt of our having actually landed in California. There were no lodgings to be had at the Parker House—not even a place to unroll our blankets; but one of the proprietors accompanied us across the plaza to the City Hotel, where we obtained a room with two beds at twenty-five dollars per week, meals being in addition twenty dollars per week. I asked the landlord whether he could send a porter for our trunks. "There is none belonging to the house," said he; "every man is his own porter here." I returned to the Parker House, shouldered a heavy trunk, took a valise in my hand, and carried them to my quarters, in the teeth of the wind. Our room was in a sort of garret over the only story of the hotel; two cots, evidently of California manufacture, and covered only with a pair of blankets, two chairs, a rough table, and a small looking-glass, constituted the furniture. There was not space enough between the bed and the bare rafters overhead to sit upright, and I gave myself a severe blow in rising the next morning without the proper heed. Through a small roof-window, of dim glass, I could see the opposite shore of the bay, then partly hidden by the evening fogs. The wind whistled around the eaves, and rattled the tiles with a cold gusty sound, that would have imparted a dreary character to the place, had I been in a mood to listen.

The appearance of San Francisco at night, from the water, is unlike anything I ever beheld. The houses were mostly of canvas, which is made transparent by the lamps within, and transforms them, in the darkness, to dwellings of solid light. Seated on the slopes of its three hills, the tents pitched among the chapparal to the very summits, it gleams like an amphitheater of fire. Here and there shine out brilliant points, from the decoy-lamps of the gaming-houses; and through the indistinct murmur of the streets comes by fits the sound of music from their hot and crowded precincts. The picture has in it something unreal and fantastic; it impresses one like the cities of the magic lantern, which a motion of the hand can build or annihilate.

—*El Dorado*

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THE CLIPPERS

The New York Herald

Yesterday the beautiful clipper ship *Wild Pigeon*, Captain Putnam, hauled out of her berth, at the foot of Wall Street, and sailed for California. The bark *Salem*, Captain Millet, also cleared yesterday for the same destination. Both vessels have large and valuable cargoes. The agent of the first named vessel had to refuse some one thousand barrels, for want of room. The *Wild Pigeon* has only been in port twenty-nine days, and in the short space of twenty-eight working days discharged and received cargo, and is now again on her way to the Pacific.

On the other side of the slip, just evacuated by the *Wild Pigeon*, lies the Boston clipper ship *Flying Fish*, Captain Mickels, also taking cargo for San Francisco. She arrived here some three weeks back, from Manila, and it is her first appearance in this port. She is of a similar model to the celebrated clipper ship *Flying Cloud*, and both constructed by the same builder (Mr. Donald McKay, of East Boston) but has

sharper ends, and is stated to be the sharpest vessel he ever launched. Like all clipper ships, she is filling fast, and will leave on or about the 23rd instant.

Independent of the above, there are seventeen other vessels up for the same port. Among these are the following beautiful new clippers yet untried: The *Flying Dutchman*, *Contest*, *John Gilpin* and *Tinqua*. The first two were built in this city —the *Flying Dutchman* by Mr. W. H. Webb, the other by Messrs. Westervelt & Sons; the *John Gilpin*, by Mr. Samuel Hall, of East Boston. The *Tinqua* was constructed by Mr. George Raynes, of Portsmouth, N. H. She has not yet arrived here, but will make her appearance shortly, to commence loading in Mr. John Ogden's line of clippers, to which the *Wild Pigeon* and *Flying Fish* also belong.

The other clippers also loading here for San Francisco are the *Game Cock*, *Grey Feather* and *Trade Wind*, all first class vessels. The freighting business for California is at present very active, several of the new clippers having had a portion of their cargo engaged before they appeared at their berths.

The clearances at this port for San Francisco, during the month of October, give one for every alternate day; and from the first of last month up to the present date, the number amounts to twenty, including the clipper *Comet*, and other first class ships. The whole number from all our Atlantic ports during that period is thirty-six; which shows the great preponderating commercial enterprise of New York, over all the other commercial cities of the Union combined.

—Issue of October 12th, 1852

XVI

The Golden Age in New England

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WITHIN twenty miles of Boston and the whaleback islands of the harbor, in its eighteenth century fields and stone walls, in its New England austerity and quiet, the town of Concord made it adventures spiritual. The Calvinism of New England had faded out of many minds, transforming itself into a Unitarianism whose beginnings were quick with intellectual passion, but the old orthodoxy had not yet given up the ghost, and battling to hold its churches, confronted the new movement, increasingly uncertain as to matters in the heavenly sphere, but very sure about the duty of man on earth. This New England world was touched with the fervour which had touched Carlyle, for New England (unlike the South) had resumed a cultural relation with England, now in her Victorian phase. Parallel to the western movement seeking physical room, there were in New England movements seeking room for the mind, attempts at rural Utopias not too far from Boston, and gatherings of sages intent on building a Yankee Jerusalem in New England's green and pleasant land. Philosophers and poets, men of letters and teachers, these people of the New England Renaissance have the honesty and tang of the apples growing in their orchards, and are equally fruits of their own earth. They ordinarily hitched their Concord wagon to a Concord horse, but were not surprised to find upon occasion that they had hitched it to a star.

I. STATE OF MAINE

Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864

So we got into our wagon, and drove to Robinson's tavern, almost five miles off, where we supped and passed the night. In the bar-room was a fat old countryman on a journey, and a quack doctor of the vicinity, and an Englishman with a peculiar accent. Seeing Bridges's jointed and brass-mounted fishing-pole, he took it for a theodolite, and supposed that we had been on a surveying expedition. At supper, which consisted of bread, butter, cheese, cake, doughnuts, and gooseberry-pie, we were waited upon by a tall, very tall woman, young and maiden-looking, yet with a strongly outlined and determined face. Afterwards we found her to be the wife of mine host. She poured out our tea, came in when we rang the table-bell to refill our cups, and again retired. While at supper, the fat old traveller was ushered through the room into a contiguous bedroom. My own chamber, apparently the best in the house, had its walls ornamented with a small, gilt-framed, foot-square looking-glass, with a hair-brush hanging beneath it; a record of the deaths of the family written on a black tomb, in an engraving, where a father, mother, and child were represented in a graveyard, weeping over said tomb; the mourners dressed in black, country-cut clothes; the engraving executed in Vermont. There was also a wood engraving of the Declaration of Independence, with fac-similes of the autographs; a portrait of the Empress Josephine, and another of Spring. In the two closets of this chamber were mine hostess's cloak, best bonnet, and go-to-meeting apparel. There was a good bed, in which I slept tolerably well, and, rising betimes, ate breakfast, consisting of some of our own fish, and then started for Augusta. The fat old

traveller had gone off with the harness of our wagon, which the hostler had put on to his horse by mistake. The tavern-keeper gave us his own harness, and started in pursuit of the old man, who was probably aware of the exchange, and well satisfied with it.

Our drive to Augusta, six or seven miles, was very pleasant, a heavy rain having fallen during the night, and laid the oppressive dust of the day before. The road lay parallel with the Kennebec, of which we occasionally had near glimpses. The country swells back from the river in hills and ridges, without any interval of level ground; and there were frequent woods, filling up the valleys or crowning the summits. The land is good, the farms look neat, and the houses comfortable. The latter are generally but of one story, but with large barns; and it was a good sign, that, while we saw no houses unfinished nor out of repair, one man at least had found it expedient to make an addition to his dwelling. At the distance of more than two miles, we had a view of white Augusta, with its steeples, and the State House, at the farther end of the town. Observable matters along the road were the stage, all the dust of yesterday brushed off, and no new dust contracted, full of passengers, inside and out; among them some gentlemanly people and pretty girls, all looking fresh and unsullied, rosy, cheerful, and curious as to the face of the country, the faces of passing travellers, and the incidents of their journey; not yet damped, in the morning sunshine, by long miles of jolting over rough and hilly roads.

II. FACTORIES AND WHITE STEEPLES

Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864

Along our road we passed villages, and often factories, the machinery whirring, and girls looking out of the windows at the stage, with heads averted from their tasks, but still busy. These factories have two, three, or more boarding-houses near them, two stories high, and of double length, often with

bean-vines running up round the doors, and with altogether a domestic look. There are several factories in different parts of North Adams, along the banks of a stream, a wild, highland rivulet, which, however, does vast work of a civilized nature. It is strange to see such a rough and untamed stream as it looks to be so subdued to the purposes of man, and making cottons and woollens, sawing boards and marbles, and giving employment to so many men and girls. And there is a sort of picturesqueness in finding these factories, supremely artificial establishments, in the midst of such wild scenery. For now the stream will be flowing through a rude forest, with the trees erect and dark, as when the Indians fished there; and it brawls and tumbles and eddies over its rock-strewn current. Perhaps there is a precipice, hundreds of feet high, beside it, down which, by heavy rains or the melting of snows, great pine-trees have slid or fallen headlong, and lie at the bottom, or half-way down, while their brethren seem to be gazing at their fall from the summit, and anticipating a like fate. And then, taking a turn in the road, behold these factories and their range of boarding-houses, with the girls looking out of the windows as aforesaid! And perhaps the wild scenery is all around the very site of the factory, and mingles its impression strangely with those opposite ones. These observations were made during a walk yesterday.

—*American Notes*

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I. THE WORSHIPPER DEFRAUDED

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882

I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snow-storm was falling around us. The snow-storm was real, the preacher merely spectral, and the eye

felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed and planted and talked and bought and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches, his heart throbs; he smiles and suffers; yet was there not a surmise, a hint, in all the discourse, that he had ever lived at all.

—*The Divinity School Address*

II. THE FIRST INFLUENCE

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882

The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing—beholding and beheld. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—so entire, so boundless.

—*Nature*

III. MAN AND MANHOOD

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882

Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his

stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

—*The American Scholar*

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I. THE MATTER OF THE POLL TAX

Henry David Thoreau, 1817-1862

I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone

between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through, before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it.

Thus the State never intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral, but only his body, his senses. It is not armed with superior wit or honesty, but with superior physical strength. I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion.

—*Civil Disobedience*

II. CONCORD RIVER

Henry David Thoreau, 1817-1862

It is worth the while to make a voyage up this stream, if you go no farther than Sudbury, only to see how much country there is in the rear of us; great hills, and a hundred brooks, and farm-houses, and barns, and hay-stacks, you never saw before, and men everywhere, Sudbury, that is Southborough men, and Wayland, and Nine-Acre-Corner men, and Bound Rock, where four towns bound on a rock in the river, Lincoln, Wayland, Sudbury, Concord. Many waves are there agitated

by the wind, keeping nature fresh, the spray blowing in your face, reeds and rushes waving; ducks by the hundred, all uneasy in the surf, in the raw wind, just ready to rise, and now going off with a clatter and a whistling like riggers straight for Labrador, flying against the stiff gale with reefed wings, or else circling round first, with all their paddles briskly moving, just over the surf, to reconnoitre you before they leave these parts; gulls wheeling overhead, muskrats swimming for dear life, wet and cold, with no fire to warm them by that you know of; their labored homes rising here and there like hay-stacks; and countless mice and moles and winged titmice along the sunny, windy shore; cranberries tossed on the waves and heaving up on the beach, their little red skiffs beating about among the alders;—such healthy natural tumult as proves the last day is not yet at hand. And there stand all around the alders, the birches, and oaks, and maples full of glee and sap, holding in their buds until the waters subside. You shall perhaps run aground on Cranberry Island, only some spires of last year's pipe-grass above the water, to show where the danger is, and get as good a freezing there as anywhere on the Northwest Coast. I never voyaged so far in all my life.

—*A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*

126

THE DISCOVERY OF ETHER

Records of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Oct. 16, 1846

Gilbert Abbott, age twenty, painter, single; tumor on face. This man had had from birth a tumor under the jaw, on the left side. It occupies all space anterior to neck, bounded on the inside by median line, on the outside is even with the edge of the jaw; below, on a level with the Pomum Adami, and in front tapers gradually as far as anterior edge of jaw; integuments not adherent to it; skin smooth and of natural

color; it is uniformly soft, except in center, where a small, hard lump can be felt, corresponding in size and situation with sub-maxillary gland; can be made to disappear by compression, but seems rather to be displaced than emptied.

This case is remarkable in the annals of surgery. It was the first surgical operation performed under the influence of ether.

Dr. Warren had been applied to by Mr. Morton, a dentist, with the request that he would try the inhalation of a fluid which, he said, he had found to be effectual in preventing pain during operations upon the teeth. Dr. Warren, having satisfied himself that the breathing of the fluid would be harmless, agreed to employ it when an opportunity presented. None occurring within a day or two in private practice, he determined to use it on this patient. Before the operation began, some time was lost waiting for Mr. Morton, and ultimately it was thought he would not appear. At length he arrived, and explained his detention by informing Dr. Warren that he had been occupied in preparing his apparatus, which consisted of a tube connected with a glass globe. This apparatus he then proceeded to apply, and after four or five minutes the patient appeared to be asleep, and the operation was performed as herein described. To the surprise of Dr. Warren and the other gentlemen present, the patient did not shrink, nor cry out, but during the insulation of the veins he began to move his limbs and utter extraordinary expressions, and these movements seemed to indicate the existence of pain; but after he had recovered his faculties he said that he had experienced none, but only a sensation like that of scraping the part with a blunt instrument, and he ever afterward continued to say that he had not felt any pain.

The results of this operation led to the repetition of the use of ether in other cases, and in a few days its success was established, and its use resorted to in every considerable operation in the city of Boston and its vicinity.

XVII

Wagon Trails and Pioneers

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THE covered wagon was at once something very old and something American and new. Roofed carts and wagons had accompanied the legions on their marches; they had followed the river roads of the thirteenth century to medieval fairs; they were a commonplace of Georgian England, but all had been cumbersome and heavy in design. It is from this tradition, however, that there came to be developed in eighteenth century Pennsylvania, perhaps from some German hint, the Conestoga wagon with its boat-shaped body at once handsome and practical; the whole affair, indeed, being as American in its design as the whaleboat of New England. Originally intended for the transport of merchandise, it early became a part of emigration, in the beginning of the nineteenth century carrying New Englanders across the Berkshires into York State and Ohio, and moving in slow files along the great national road west out of Baltimore. On the overland trails, this was the wagon, now turned "prairie schooner," which came into its own as a part and the symbol of an epic.

Trappers and explorers had worked out the Oregon trail, one man's knowledge supplementing another's; armed parties had followed it through the mountains. Then came the missionaries making for the Columbia. The true caravans were a feature of the forties, the emigrant parties assembling at St. Louis with their wagons and steers, their armed horsemen and guides, the seed corn, the child, and the plough.

A SCENE AT FORT LARAMIE

Francis Parkman, 1823-1893

We were sitting, on the following morning, in the passageway between the gates, conversing with the traders Vasskiss and May. These two men, together with our sleek friend, the clerk Montalon, were, I believe, the only persons then in the fort who could read and write. May was telling a curious story about the traveller Catlin, when an ugly, diminutive Indian, wretchedly mounted, came up at a gallop, and rode past us into the fort. On being questioned, he said that Smoke's village was close at hand. Accordingly only a few minutes elapsed before the hills beyond the river were covered with a disorderly swarm of savages, on horseback and on foot. May finished his story; and by that time the whole array had descended to Laramie Creek, and commenced crossing it in a mass. I walked down to the bank. The stream is wide, and was then between three and four feet deep, with a very swift current. For several rods the water was alive with dogs, horses, and Indians. The long poles used in erecting the lodges are carried by the horses, being fastened by the heavier end, two or three on each side, to a rude sort of pack-saddle, while the other end drags on the ground. About a foot behind the horse, a kind of large basket or pannier is suspended between the poles, and firmly lashed in its place. On the back of the horse are piled various articles of luggage; the basket also is well filled with domestic utensils, or, quite as often, with a litter of puppies, a brood of small children, or a superannuated old man. Numbers of these curious vehicles, called, in the bastard language of the country, *travaux*, were now splashing together through the stream. Among them swam countless dogs,

often burdened with miniature travaux; and dashing forward on horseback through the throng came the superbly-formed warriors, the slender figure of some lynx-eyed boy clinging fast behind them. The women sat perched on the pack-saddles, adding not a little to the load of the already overburdened horses. The confusion was prodigious. The dogs yelled and howled in chours; the puppies in the travaux set up a dismal whine as the water invaded their comfortable retreat; the little black-eyed children, from one year of age upward, clung fast with both hands to the edge of their basket, and looked over in alarm at the water rushing so near them, sputtering and making wry mouths as it splashed against their faces.

Some of the dogs, encumbered by their load, were carried down by the current, yelping piteously; and the old squaws would rush into the water, seize their favorites by the neck, and drag them out. As each horse gained the bank, he scrambled up as he could. Stray horses and colts came among the rest, often breaking away at full speed through the crowd, followed by the old hags, screaming, after their fashion, on all occasions of excitement. Buxom young squaws, blooming in all the charms of vermillion, stood here and there on the bank, holding aloft their master's lance, as a signal to collect the scattered portions of his household. In a few moments the crowd melted away; each family, with its horses and equipage, filing off to the plain at the rear of the fort; and here, in the space of half an hour, arose sixty or seventy of their tapering lodges. Their horses were feeding by hundreds over the surrounding prairie, and their dogs were roaming everywhere. The fort was full of men, and the children were whooping and yelling incessantly under the walls.

These new-comers were scarcely arrived, when Bordeaux was running across the fort, shouting to his squaw to bring him his spy-glass. The obedient Marie, the very model of a squaw, produced the instrument, and Bordeaux hurried with it up to the wall. Pointing it to the eastward, he exclaimed, with an oath, that the families were coming. But a few mo-

ments elapsed before the heavy caravan of the emigrant wagons could be seen, steadily advancing from the hills.

—The Oregon Trail

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THE COVERED WAGON

Jesse Applegate, 1811-1888

From six to seven o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at seven o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day. There are sixty wagons. They have been divided into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon today will be the rear one tomorrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster through indolence or negligence has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The women and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization and has been chosen to his post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready, in the midst of his pioneers and aids, to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not today on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted and well armed, as they need to be, for the un-friendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to find them. The cow drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the dav's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rush to and fro, the crackling of whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seemed to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately every one has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading divisions of the wagons move out of the encampment, and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clockwork, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length towards the distant El Dorado. . . .

—*A Day*

129

A LETTER WRITTEN FROM THE OREGON TRAIL

Narcissa Whitman, 1808-1847

Since we have been in the prairie we have done our own cooking. When we left Liberty we expected to take bread to last us part of the way, but could not get enough to carry us any distance. We found it awkward work to bake out of doors at first, but we have become so accustomed to it now that we do it very easily. Tell mother I am a very good housekeeper on the prairie. I wish she could just take a peep at us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is the ground, our table-cloth is an India rubber cloth, used when it rains as a cloak. Our dishes are made of tin, basins for tea cups, iron spoons and plates for each of us, and several pans for milk and to put our meat in when we wish to set it on our table. Each one carries his own knife in his scabbard, and it is always ready for use. When the table things are spread, after making our own forks of sticks, and helping ourselves to chairs, we gather around the table. Husband always provides my seat, and in a way that you would laugh to see. It is the fashion of all this country to imitate the Turks. Messrs. Dunbar and Allis

supped with us, and they do the same. We take a blanket and lay down by the table, and those whose joints will let them follow the fashion; others take out some of the baggage (I suppose you know that there are no stones in this country; not a stone have I seen of any size on the prairie). For my part, I fix myself as gracefully as I can, sometimes on a blanket, sometimes on a box just as it is convenient. Let me assure you this, we relish our food none the less for sitting on the ground while eating. We have tea and a plenty of milk, which is a luxury in this country. Our milk has assisted us very much in making our bread since we have been journeying. While the Fur Company has felt the want of food, our milk has been of great service to us; but it was considerable work to supply ten persons with bread three times a day. We are done using it now. What little flour we have we shall preserve for thickening our broth, which is excellent. I never saw anything like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger. We do not want anything else with it. Supper and breakfast we eat in our tent. We do not pitch it at noon. Have worship immediately after supper and breakfast.

Noon. The face of the country today has been like that of yesterday. We are now about thirty miles above the Forks, and leaving the bluffs for the river. We have seen wonders this forenoon. Herds of buffalo hove in sight. One, a bull, crossed our trail, and ran upon the bluffs in rear of the camp. We took the trouble to chase him so as to have a near view. Sister Spalding and myself got out of the wagon, and ran upon the bluff to see him. The band was quite willing to gratify our curiosity, seeing it was the first. Several have been killed this forenoon. The Company keeps a man out all the time to hunt for the camp.

I wish you were all here with us, going to the dear Indians.

—*Transactions Oregon Pioneer Association*

I. A WAGON IN THE DESERT

Sarah Royce

By a strong effort of will, backed by the soothing influence of prayer, I fell asleep, but only for a few minutes. I was roused by the stopping of the wagon, and then my husband's voice said, "So you've given out, have you, Tom?" and at the same moment I knew by the rattling chains and yokes that some of the cattle were being loosed from the team. I was out of the wagon in a minute. One of the oxen was prostrate on the ground, and his companion, from whose neck the yoke was just being removed, looked very likely soon to follow him. It had been the weak couple all along. Now we had but two yoke. How soon would they, one by one, follow?

Nothing could induce me to get into the wagon again. I said I would walk by the team, and for awhile I did; but by and by I found myself yards ahead. An inward power urged me forward; and the poor cattle were so slow, it seemed every minute as if they were going to stop. When I got so far off as to miss the sound of footsteps and wheels, I would pause, startled, wait and listen, dreading lest they had stopped, then as they came near, I would again walk beside them awhile, watching, through the darkness, the dim outlines of their heads and horns to see if they drooped lower. But soon I found myself again forward and alone.

II. THE WRECKAGE OF THE TRAIL

Sarah Royce

From near midnight, on through the small hours, it appeared necessary to stop more frequently, for both man and beast were sadly weary, and craved frequent nourishment. Soon after midnight we finished the last bit of meat we had; but there was still enough of the biscuit, rice and dried fruit

to give us two or three more little baits. The waning moon now gave us a little melancholy light, showing still the bodies of dead cattle, and the forms of forsaken wagons as our grim way-marks. In one or two instances they had been left in the very middle of the road; and we had to turn out into the untracked sand to pass them. Soon we came upon a scene of wreck that surpassed anything preceding it. As we neared it, we wondered at the size of the wagons, which, in the dim light, looked tall as houses, against the sky. Coming to them, we found three or four of them to be of the make that the early Mississippi Valley emigrants used to call "Prairie Schooners": having deep beds, with projecting backs and high tops. One of them was especially immense, and, useless as we felt it to be to spend time in examining these warning relics of those who had gone before us, curiosity led us to lift the front curtain which hung down, and by the light of our candle which we had again lit, look in. There from the strong, high bows, hung several sides of well cured bacon, much better in quality than that we had finished, at our last resting place. So we had but a short interval in which to say we were destitute of meat, for, though, warned by all we saw not to add a useless pound to our load, we thought it wise to take a little to eke out our scanty supply of food. And, as to the young men, who had so rarely, since they joined us, had a bit of meat they could call their own, they were very glad to bear the burden of a few pounds of bacon slung over their shoulders.

After this little episode, the only cheering incident for many hours, we turned to look at what lay round these monster wagons. It would be impossible to describe the motley collection of things of various sorts, strewed all about. The greater part of the materials, however, were pasteboard boxes, some complete, but most of them broken, and pieces of wrapping paper still creased, partially in the form of packages. But the most prominent objects were two or three, perhaps more, very beautifully finished trunks of various sizes, some of them standing open, their pretty trays lying on the ground, and all

rifled of their contents; save that occasionally a few pamphlets, or, here and there, a book remained in the corners. We concluded that this must have been a company of merchants hauling a load of goods to California, that some of their animals had given out, and, fearing the rest would they had packed such things as they could, and had fled for their lives toward the river. There was only one thing, (besides the few pounds of bacon) that, in all these varied heaps of things, many of which, in civilized scenes, would have been valuable, I thought worth picking up. That was a little book, bound in cloth and illustrated with a number of small engravings. Its title was "Little Ella." I thought it would please Mary, so I put it in my pocket. It was an easily carried souvenir of the desert; and more than one pair of young eyes learned to read its pages in after years.

Morning was now approaching, and we hoped, when full daylight came, to see some signs of the river. But, for two or three weary hours after sunrise nothing of the kind appeared. The last of the water had been given to the cattle before daylight. When the sun was up we gave them the remainder of their hay, took a little breakfast and pressed forward.

—A Frontier Lady

XVIII

The Arrival of the Apprehensive Fifties

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IT was the generation of the daguerreotypes, of those solid men and women whose glance still confronts us with its air of resolution. The world they inhabited was not an uncomfortable one, its furniture was rich and respectably florid, its hospitality substantial, and its manners genteel, but it was haunted day and night by an institution and a question—southern slavery. Slavery in America was a colonial inheritance descended down into the nineteenth century; outmoded in the rest of the world and repugnant to the moral feeling of the age, in the South it was a familiar part of daily life from earliest childhood, accepted naturally and almost without question. Attempts to interfere with their “peculiar institution”—to use Calhoun’s famous phrase—brought to their mind two episodes in history neither far away in time nor place, the ruin of Jamaica by the parliamentary liberation of the blacks, and the horrors of the slave insurrection which had followed the French Revolution in Santo Domingo. To northern outcries they turned a deaf ear, growing angrier with each pamphlet and speech, and retaliating in their laws by a kind of censorship of northern ideas. Bitter wrangles over fugitive slaves and congressional struggles between North and South for the cultural possession of the new territories gave the nation no rest. The attempt of John Brown to carry a slave-freeing raid into Virginia darkened the whole southern mood; if these were abolitionist methods, what next was in store?

STEAMBOAT TIME ON THE MISSISSIPPI

"Mark Twain," 1835-1910

It was always the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. From three o'clock onward they would be burning rosin and pitch pine (the sign of preparation), and so one had the picturesque spectacle of a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall, ascending columns of coal-black smoke; a colonnade which supported a sable roof of the same smoke blended together and spreading abroad over the city. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack-staff, and sometimes a duplicate on the verge staff astern. Two or three miles of mates were commanding and swearing with more than usual emphasis; countless processions of freight barrels and boxes were spinning athwart the levee and flying aboard the stage-planks; belated passengers were dodging and skipping among these frantic things, hoping to reach the forecastle companion way alive, but having their doubts about it; women with reticules and bandboxes were trying to keep up with husbands freighted with carpet-sacks and crying babies, and making a failure of it by losing their heads in the whirl and roar and general distraction; drays and baggage-vans were clattering hither and thither in a wild hurry, every now and then getting blocked and jammed together, and then during ten seconds one could not see them for the profanity, except vaguely and dimly; every windlass connected with every fore-hatch, from one end of that long array of steamboats to the other, was keeping up a deafening whiz and whir, lowering freight into the hold, and the half-naked crews of perspiring negroes that worked them were roaring such songs as "De Las' Sack! De Las'

Sack!"—inspired to unimaginable exaltation by the chaos of turmoil and racket that was driving everybody else mad. By this time the hurricane and boiler decks of the steamers would be packed and black with passengers. The "last bells" would begin to clang, all down the line, and then the powwow seemed to double; in a moment or two the final warning came,—a simultaneous din of Chinese gongs, with the cry, "All dat ain't goin', please to git asho'!"—and behold, the powwow quadrupled! People came swarming ashore overturning excited stragglers that were trying to swarm aboard. One more moment later a long array of stage-planks was being hauled in, each with its customary latest passenger clinging to the end of it with teeth, nails, and everything else, and the customary latest procrastinator making a wild spring shoreward over his head.

Now a number of the boats slide backward into the stream, leaving wide gaps in the serried ranks of steamers. Citizens crowd the decks of boats that are not to go, in order to see the sight. Steamer after steamer straightens herself up, gathers all her strength, and presently comes swinging by, under a tremendous head of steam, with flag flying, black smoke rolling, and her entire crew of firemen and deck-hands (usually swarthy negroes) massed together on the forecastle, the best "voice" in the lot towering from the midst (being mounted on the capstan), waving his hat or a flag, and all roaring a mighty chorus, while the parting cannons boom and the multitudinous spectators swing their hats and huzza! Steamer after steamer falls into line, and the stately procession goes winging its flight up the river.

—Life on the Mississippi

THE WOOLLY HORSE

Phineas Taylor Barnum, 1810-1891

In the summer of 1848, while in Cincinnati with General Tom Thumb, my attention was arrested by handbills announcing the exhibition of a "woolly horse." Being always on the *qui vive* for everything curious with which to amuse or astonish the public, I visited the exhibition, and found the animal to be a veritable curiosity. It was a well-formed horse of rather small size, without any mane or the slightest portion of hair upon his tail. The entire body and limbs were covered with a thick fine hair or wool curling tight to his skin. He was foaled in Indiana, was a mere freak of nature, and withal a very curious-looking animal. I purchased him and sent him to Bridgeport, Ct., where he was placed quietly away in a retired barn, until such time as I might have use for him.

The occasion at last occurred. Col. Fremont was lost among the trackless snows of the Rocky Mountains. The public mind was excited. Serious apprehensions existed that the intrepid soldier and engineer had fallen a victim to the rigors of a severe winter. At last the mail brought intelligence of his safety. The public heart beat quick with joy. I now saw a chance for the "woolly horse." He was carefully covered with blankets and leggings, so that nothing could be seen excepting his eyes and hoofs, conveyed to New York, and deposited in a rear stable, where no eye of curiosity could reach him.

The next mail was said to have brought intelligence that Col. Fremont and his hardy band of warriors had, after a three days' chase, succeeded in capturing, near the river Gila, a most extraordinary nondescript, which somewhat resembled a horse, but which had no mane nor tail, and was covered with a thick coat of wool. The account further added that the Colonel had sent this wonderful animal as a present to the U. S. Quartermaster.

Two days after this announcement, the following advertisement appeared in the New York papers:

"Col. Fremont's Nondescript or Woolly Horse will be exhibited for a few days at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street, previous to his departure for London. Nature seems to have exerted all her ingenuity in the production of this astounding animal. He is extremely complex—made up of the Elephant, Deer, Horse, Buffalo, Camel, and Sheep. It is the full size of a Horse, has the haunches of the Deer, the tail of the Elephant, a fine curled wool of camel's hair color, and easily bounds twelve or fifteen feet high. Naturalists and the oldest trappers assured Col. Fremont that it was never known previous to his discovery. It is undoubtedly 'Nature's last,' and the richest specimen received from California. To be seen every day this week. Admittance 25 cents; children half price."

—*Life of P. T. Barnum, Written by Himself*

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I. NEGROES IN THE RAIN

Frederick Law Olmsted, 1822-1893

Yesterday morning, during a cold, sleety storm, against which I was struggling, with my umbrella, to the post office, I met a comfortably-dressed negro leading three others by a rope; the first was a middle-aged man; the second a girl of, perhaps, twenty; and the last a boy, considerably younger. The arms of all three were secured before them with hand-cuffs, and the rope by which they were led passed from one to another; being made fast at each pair of hand-cuffs. They were thinly clad, the girl especially so, having only an old ragged handkerchief around her neck, over a common calico dress, and another handkerchief twisted around her head. They were dripping wet, and icicles were forming, at the time, on the awning bars.

The boy looked most dolefully, and the girl was turning

around, with a very angry face, and shouting, "O pshaw! Shut up!"

"What are they?" said I to a white man, who had also stopped, for a moment, to look at them. "What's he going to do with them?"

"Come in a canal boat, I reckon: sent down here to be sold. That ar's a likely gall."

Our ways lay together, and I asked further explanation. He informed me that the negro-dealers had confidential servants always in attendance, on the arrival of the railroad trains and canal packets, to take any negroes, that might have come, consigned to them, and bring them to their marts.

Nearly opposite the post office, was another singular group of negroes. They were all men and boys, and each carried a coarse, white blanket, drawn together at the corners so as to hold some articles; probably, extra clothes. They stood in a row, in lounging attitudes, and some of them, again, were quarreling, or reproving one another. A villainous-looking white man stood in front of them. Presently, a stout, respectable man, dressed in black according to the custom, and without any overcoat or umbrella, but with a large, golden-headed walking-stick, came out of the door of an office, and, without saying a word, walked briskly up the street; the negroes immediately followed, in file; the other white man bringing up the rear. They were slaves that had been sent into the town to be hired out as servants or factory hands. The gentleman in black was, probably, the broker in the business.

II. MOUNTAIN FARMERS, A NIGHT SCENE FROM NORTH CAROLINA

Frederick Law Olmsted, 1822-1893

Having observed, from my room in the hotel at Fayetteville, a number of remarkable, bright lights, I walked out, about eleven o'clock, in the direction in which they had appeared, and found, upon the edge of an old field, near the town, a camp of wagoners, with half-a-dozen fires, around

some of which were clustered groups of white men and women and negroes cooking and eating their suppers (black and white from the same kettle, in many cases), some singing Methodist songs, and some listening to a banjo or fiddle-player. A still larger number appeared to be asleep, generally lying under low tents, about as large as those used by the French soldier. There were thirty or forty great wagons, with mules, cattle, or horses, feeding from troughs set upon their poles. The grouping of all among some old sycamore trees, with the fantastic shadows and wavering lights, the free flames and black brooding smoke of the pitch-pine fires, produced a most interesting and attractive spectacle, and detained me long in admiration. I could easily imagine myself to be on the Oregon or California trail, a thousand miles from the realm of civilization—not readily realize that I was within the limits of one of the oldest towns on the American continent.

These were the farmers of the distant highland districts, and their slaves, come to market with their produce. Next morning I counted sixty of their great wagons in the main street of the little town. They would generally hold, in the body, as much as seventy-five bushels of grain, were very strongly built, and drawn by from two to six horses; the near wheeler always having a large Spanish saddle on his back, for their driver. The merchants stood in the doors of their stores, or walked out into the street to observe their contents—generally of corn, meal, flour or cotton—and to traffic for them. I observed that the negroes often took part in the bargaining, and was told by a merchant, that both the selling of the produce, and the selection and purchase of goods for a farmer's family, was often left entirely to them.

—A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States

THE ADVENTURES OF A SLAVE

William Wells Brown, 1816-1884

Thousands of dollars changed hands during a passage from Louisville or St. Louis or New Orleans on a Mississippi steamer, and many men and even ladies are completely ruined.

"Go call my boy, steward," said Mr. Smith as he took his cards one by one from the table. In a few moments a fine-looking bright-eyed mulatto boy, apparently about fifteen years of age, was standing by his master's side at the table. "I will see you five hundred dollars better," said Smith, as his servant Jerry approached the table. "What price do you set on that boy," asked Johnson as he took a roll of bills from his pocket. "He will bring a thousand dollars any day in the New Orleans market," replied Smith. "Then you bet the whole of the boy, do you?" "Yes." "I will call you then," said Johnson, at the same time spreading out his cards upon the table. "You have beat me," said Smith, as soon as he saw the cards. Jerry, who was standing on top of the table, with the bank notes and silver dollars round his feet, was now ordered to descend from the table. "You will not forget that you belong to me," said Johnson as the young slave was stepping from the table to a chair. "No, sir," replied the chattel. "Now go back to your bed, and be up in time to brush my clothes and clean my boots, do you hear?" "Yes, sir," responded Jerry as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

Smith took from his pocket the bill of sale and handed it to Johnson, at the same time saying, "I claim the right of redeeming that boy, Mr. Johnson. My father gave him to me when I came of age, and I promised not to part with him." "Most certainly, sir, the boy shall be yours whenever you hand me over a cool thousand," replied Johnson. The next morning, as the passengers were assembling in the breakfast saloons, and upon the guards of the vessel, and the servants were seen

running about waiting upon or looking for their masters, poor Jerry was entering his new master's state room with his boots. "Who do you belong to?" said a gentleman to an old black man, who came along leading a fine dog that he had been feeding. "When I went to sleep last night, I belonged to Governor Lucas; but I understand dat he is bin gambling all night, so I don't know who owns me dis morning." Such is the uncertainty of a slave's position. He goes to bed at night the property of the man with whom he has lived for years, and gets up in the morning the slave of someone whom he has never seen before. To behold five or six tables in a steamboat's cabin, with half a dozen men playing at cards, and money, pistols, bowie knives all in confusion on the tables, is what may be seen almost any time on the Mississippi River.

My master becoming embarrassed, I was sold to Captain Enoch Price, of St. Louis, and placed on his steamer which also ran between the latter city and New Orleans.

At last the trying moment came. It was the first day of January, 1834, when, without a shilling in my pocket and no friend to advise me, I quitted my master's boat and taking the north star for my guide, started for Canada. During fifteen nights did I urge my weary limbs to carry me towards a land of freedom. While on my journey at night, and passing farms, I would seek a corn crib, and drink from the nearest stream. One night, while in search of corn, I came upon what I supposed to be a hill of potatoes, buried in the ground for want of a cellar. I obtained a sharp-pointed piece of wood, with which I dug away for more than an hour, and, on gaining the hidden treasure, found it to be turnips. However, I did not dig for nothing. After supplying myself with half a dozen turnips, I resumed my journey. A storm overtook me when about a week out. The rain fell in torrents and froze as it came down. My clothes became stiff with ice. Here again I took shelter in a barn, and walked about to keep freezing.

Nothing but the fear of being arrested prevented me, at this time, seeking shelter in some dwelling.

Several farmers with their teams passed, but the appearance of each one frightened me out of the idea of asking for assistance. After lying on the ground some time, with my sore, frost bitten feet benumbed with cold, I saw an old, white-haired man, dressed in a suit of drab, with a broad-brimmed hat, walking along, leading a horse. The man was evidently walking for exercise. I came out from my hiding place and told the stranger I must die unless I obtained some assistance. A moment's conversation satisfied the old man that I was one of the oppressed fleeing from the house of bondage. From the difficulty with which I walked, the shivering of my limbs and the trembling of my voice he became convinced that I had been among thieves and he acted the part of the Good Samaritan. This was the first person I had ever seen of the religious sect called "Quakers."

—*An American Bondman, Written by Himself, 1859*

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A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811-1896

So you want to know something about what sort of a woman I am! Well, if this is any object, you will have statistics free of charge. To begin, then, I am a little bit of a woman,—somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now.

I was married when I was twenty-five years old to a man rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and, alas! rich in nothing else. When I went to housekeeping, my entire stock of china for parlor and kitchen was bought for eleven dollars. That lasted very well for two years, till my brother was married and brought his bride to visit me. I then found, on review,

that I had neither plates nor teacups to set a table for my father's family; wherefore I thought it best to reinforce the establishment by getting me a tea-set that cost ten dollars more, and this, I believe, formed my whole stock in trade for some years.

But then I was abundantly enriched with wealth of another sort.

I had two little curly-headed twin daughters to begin with, and my stock in this line has gradually increased, till I have been the mother of seven children, the most beautiful and the most loved of whom lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed and at his grave that I learned what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn away from her. In those depths of sorrow which seem to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain. There were circumstances about his death of such peculiar bitterness, of what seemed almost cruel suffering, that I felt that I could never be consoled for it unless this crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others. . . .

I allude to this here because I have often felt that much that is in that book ("Uncle Tom") had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer. It has left now, I trust, no trace on my mind except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children.

During long years of struggling with poverty and sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my trials, copied and sent a number of little sketches from my pen to certain liberally paying "Annuals" with my name. With the first money that I earned in this way I bought a feather-bed! for as I had married into poverty and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books and a great deal of learning, the bed and pillows were thought the most profitable

investment. After this I thought that I had discovered the philosopher's stone. So when a new carpet or mattress was going to be needed, or when, at the close of the year, it began to be evident that my family accounts, like poor Dora's, "wouldn't add up," then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, "Now, if you will keep the babies and attend to the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape." So I became an author.

—*Life and Letters*

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THE KRYYSIS

"Artemus Ward," 1834-1867

On returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitterzens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosday nite I peared beq a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as follers:

Baldinsvillins: Hearto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I have abstrained from having any sentimunts or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spouse the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scacey. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevral weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizness of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Alow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at presnt is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom— Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can

very quick say what the origernal cawz of her is. The origernal cawz is Our Afrikan Brother.

Feller Sitterzuns, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevral hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooiced to grant it, tho' I don't beleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashums. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather, and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & several other public grosserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise.

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sum whares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, & gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

—*Collected Works*

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SOUTHERN NEEDS AND NORTHERN WARES

Hinton Rowan Helper, 1829-1909

The North is the Mecca of our merchants, and to it they must and do make two pilgrimages per annum—one in the spring and one in the fall. All our commercial, mechanical, manufactural, and literary supplies come from there. We want Bibles, brooms, buckets and books, and we go to the North; we want pens, ink, paper, wafers and envelopes, and we go to the North; we want shoes, hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas and pocket knives, and we go to the North; we want furni-

ture, crockery, glassware and pianos, and we go to the North; we want toys, primers, school books, fashionable apparel, machinery, medicines, tombstones and a thousand other things, and we go to the North for them all. Instead of keeping our money in circulation at home, by patronizing our own mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers, we send it all away to the North, and there it remains; it never falls into our hands again.

In one way or another we are more or less subservient to the North every day of our lives. In infancy we are swaddled in Northern muslin; in childhood we are humored with Northern gewgaws; in youth we are instructed out of Northern books; at the age of maturity we sow our "wild oats" on Northern soil; in middle-life we exhaust our wealth, energies, and talents in the dishonorable vocation of entailing our dependence on our children and on our children's children, and, to the neglect of our own interests and the interests of those around us, in giving aid and succor to every department of Northern power; in the decline of life we remedy our eyesight with Northern spectacles, and support our infirmities with Northern canes; in old age we are drugged with Northern physic; and, finally, when we die, our inanimate bodies, shrouded in Northern cambric, are stretched upon the bier, borne to the grave in a Northern carriage, entombed with a Northern spade, and memorized with a Northern slab!

—*The Impending Crisis*

THE NORTHERN MIND AND THE TERRITORIES

Horace Greeley, 1811-1872

Is it in vain that we pile fact upon fact, proof on proof, showing that slavery is a blight and a curse to the States which cherish it? These facts are multitudinous as the leaves of the forest; conclusive as the demonstrations of geometry. Nobody

attempts to refute them, but the champions of slavery extension seem determined to persist in ignoring them. Let it be understood, then, once for all, that we do not hate the South, war on the South, nor seek to ruin the South, in resisting the extension of slavery. We most earnestly believe human bondage a curse to the South, and to all whom it affects; but we do not labor for its overthrow otherwise than through the conviction of the South of its injustice and mischief. Its extension into new Territories we determinedly resist, not by any means from ill will to the South, but under the impulse of good will to all mankind. We believe the establishment of slavery in Kansas or any other Western Territory would prolong its existence in Virginia and Maryland, by widening the market and increasing the price of slaves, and thereby increasing the profits of slave-breeding, and consequent incitement thereto. Those who urge that slavery would not go into Kansas if permitted, wilfully shut their eyes to the fact that it *has gone* into Missouri, lying in exactly the same latitude, and is now strongest in that north-western angle of said State, which was covertly filched from what is now Kansas, within the last twenty years. Even if the growth of hemp, corn and tobacco were not so profitable in Eastern Kansas, as it evidently must be, the growth of slaves for more Southern consumption would inevitably prove as lucrative there as in Virginia and Maryland, which lie in corresponding latitudes, and whose chief staple export to-day consists of negro bondmen destined for the plantations of Louisiana and Mississippi, which could be supplied more conveniently and cheaply from Kansas than from their present breeding-places this side of the Alleghenies.

Whenever we draw a parallel between Northern and Southern production, industry, thrift, wealth, the few who seek to parry the facts at all complain that the instances are unfairly selected—that the commercial ascendancy of the North, with the profits and facilities thence accruing, accounts for the striking preponderance of the North. In vain we insist that slavery is the cause of this very commercial ascendancy—

that Norfolk and Richmond and Charleston might have been to this country what Boston, New-York and Philadelphia now are, had not slavery spread its pall over and paralyzed the energies of the South.

—*The New York Tribune*

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THE LAST SPEECH

John Brown, 1800-1859

I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say.

In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted,—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection: and that is, that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner in which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case),—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends,—either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class,—and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be

the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments,—I submit; so let it be done!

Let me say one word further.

I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

Let me say, also, a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated.

Now I have done.

—*Life and Letters*

XIX

The Iron Helm of War

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	— <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	

IN seceding from the Union and attempting to form a government of their own, the southern states sought once and for all to be rid of the sermonizings of the North, together with the threat of political domination seemingly inherent in the election of Abraham Lincoln. Up to this time, the long quarrel had taken place in the theatre of morals, in Congress, and the disputed lands to the west, now it had an air of closing in upon the South itself. There also existed in some minds a dream of a new nation, the rosier for its very vagueness, a nation seated on the Gulf of Mexico, "the American Mediterranean," proudly ruled by a master people, where the landed virtues of hospitality, good-breeding and gallantry might flourish unsoured by being continuously put in the wrong, and where a servile people might fulfil its allotted destiny of labor beneath the understanding eye of its natural masters. The influence of the novels of Scott, it was suggested at the time, had been bad for southern readers; they had taken to seeing themselves romantically, identifying their own high-spiritedness with that of Normans and Cavaliers.

There was a strain of arrogance in all this, the natural enough expression of a ruling race, a strain which at its best could be a banner of the spirit and at its worst become an ugly bullying. It was an aid on the field of battle, but a poor presence at the council table. It led the South to a contemptuous underestimation of the North and its people, gave them a false confidence as to their own importance to Europe, and inspired them to believe that they could teach the North its place in one brilliant campaign. Meanwhile, the North, in the

white houses of New England, in the farmsteads of Pennsylvania, in the prairie dwellings of Ohio and Illinois, in the cities and the mills, heard in the anguish of a nation's dissolution the firing on Sumter, and saw dissolving out of history the old and generous dream of the Union. And this, they determined, should not be. It was not in numbering wealth and men that the South had been mistaken, but in undervaluing the living power of the Union as an idea, and the determination which would rise to defend it.

CHARLESTON, 1861

Mary Boykin Chesnut

Charleston, S. C., November 8, 1860. Yesterday on the train, just before we reached Fernandina, a woman called out: "That settles the hash." Tanny touched me on the shoulder and said: "Lincoln's elected." "How do you know?" "The man over there has a telegram."

The excitement was very great. Everybody was talking at the same time. One, a little more moved than the others, stood up and said despondently: "The die is cast; no more vain regrets; sad forebodings are useless; the stake is life or death." "Did you ever!" was the prevailing exclamation, and some one cried out: "Now that the black radical Republicans have the power I suppose they will Brown us all." No doubt of it.

December 27th. Mrs. Gidiere came in quietly from her marketing to-day, and in her neat, incisive manner exploded this bombshell: "Major Anderson has moved into Fort Sumter, while Governor Pickens slept serenely." The row is fast and furious now. State after State is taking its forts and fortresses. They say if we had been left out in the cold alone, we might have sulked a while, but back we would have had to go, and would merely have fretted and fumed and quarreled among ourselves. We needed a little wholesome neglect. Anderson has blocked that game, but now our sister States have joined us, and we are strong. I give the condensed essence of the table-talk: "Anderson has united the cotton States. Now for Virginia!" "Anderson has opened the ball." Those who want a row are in high glee. Those who dread it are glum and thoughtful enough.

—*A Diary from Dixie*

THE SOUTH IN PERIL

William H. Holcombe, M.D.

A sectional party, inimical to our institutions and odious to our people is about taking possession of the Federal Government. The seed sown by the early Abolitionists has yielded a luxurious harvest. When Lincoln is in place Garrison will be in power. The Constitution, either openly violated or emasculated of its true meaning and spirit by the subtleties of New England logic is powerless for protection. We are no longer partners to a federal compact but the victims of a consolidated despotism. Opposition to slavery, to its existence, its extension and its perpetuation, is the sole cohesive element of the triumphant faction. It did not receive the countenance of a single vote in any one of the ten great cotton states of the South! The question is at length plainly presented: submission or secession. The only alternative left us is this: a separate nationality or the Africanization of the South.

It is unquestionably true, although it be upon false issues, that the sympathies of the civilized world are united against us. The name of slavery is hateful to the ears of freemen and of those who desire to be free. The wise and just subordination of an inferior to a superior race, is rashly confounded with the old systems of oppression and tyranny, which stain the pages of history and have excited the righteous indignation of the world. We are supposed to have proved recreant to the great principles and examples of the liberators of mankind. It is almost impossible at present to disabuse the public mind of Europe and of the North of this shallow prejudice. In the meantime, whilst carrying out the designs of Providence in relation to the negro race, we must rest for a while under a cloud of obloquy and abuse. Let us be faithful to our sub-

lime trust, and future ages will appreciate the grandeur and glory of our mission.

—*The Southern Literary Messenger, February, 1861*

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CAVALIERS, PURITANS, AND POLITICS

The Louisville Courier

This has been called a fratricidal war by some, by others an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery. We respectfully take issue with the authors of both these ideas. We are not the brothers of the Yankees, and the slavery question is merely the pretext, not the cause of the war. The true irrepressible conflict lies fundamentally in the hereditary hostility, the sacred animosity, the eternal antagonism between the two races engaged.

The Norman cavalier can not brook the vulgar familiarity of the Saxon Yankee, while the latter is continually devising some plan to bring down his aristocratic neighbor to his own detested level. Thus was the contest waged in the old United States. So long as Dickinson doughfaces were to be bought, and Cochrane cowards to be frightened, so long was the Union tolerable to Southern men; but when, owing to divisions in our ranks, the Yankee hirelings placed one of their own spawn over us, political connection became unendurable, and separation necessary to preserve our self-respect.

As our Norman kinsmen in England, always a minority, have ruled their Saxon countrymen in political vassalage up to the present day, so have we, the "slave oligarchs," governed the Yankees till within a twelvemonth. We framed the Constitution, for seventy years moulded the policy of the government, and placed our own men, or "Northern men with Southern principles," in power.

On the 6th of November, 1860, the Puritans emancipated themselves, and are now in violent insurrection against their

former owners. This insane holiday freak will not last long, however, for, dastards in fight, and incapable of self-government, they will inevitably again fall under the control of the superior race. A few more Bull Run thrashings will bring them once more under the yoke as docile as the most loyal of our Ethiopian "chattels."

—*Editorial, 1862*

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SUMTER SUNDAY

Lucy Larcom, 1826-1893

Sabbath, April 14, 1861. This day broke upon our country in gloom; for the sounds of war came up to us from the South,—war between brethren; civil war; well may "all faces gather blackness." And yet the gloom we feel ought to be the result of sorrow for the erring, for the violators of national unity, for those who are in black rebellion against truth, freedom, and peace. The rebels have struck the first blow, and what ruin they are pulling down on their heads may be guessed, though not yet fully foretold; but it is plain to see that a dark prospect is before them, since they have no high principle at the heart of their cause.

It will be no pleasure to any American to remember that he lived in this revolution, when brother lifted his hand against brother; and the fear is, that we shall forget that we are brethren still, though some are so unreasonable and wander so far from the true principles of national prosperity. Though the clouds of this morning have cleared away into brightness, it seems as if we could feel the thunder of those deadly echoes passing to and from Fort Sumter. But there is a right, and God always defends it. War is not according to His wish; though it seems one of the permitted evils yet. He will scatter those who delight in it, and it is not too much to hope and expect that He will uphold the government which has so long been trying to avert bloodshed.

April 21. The conflict is deepening; but thanks to God, there is no wavering, no division, now, at the North! All are united, as one man; and from a peaceful, unwarlike people, we are transformed into an army, ready for the battle at a moment's warning.

The few days I have passed in Boston this week are the only days in which I ever carried my heart into a crowd, or hung around a company of soldiers with anything like pleasure. But I felt a soldier-spirit rising within me, when I saw the men of my native town armed and going to risk their lives for their country's sake; and the dear old flag of our Union is a thousand times more dear than ever before. The streets of Boston were almost canopied with the stars and stripes, and the merchants festooned their shops with the richest goods of the national colors.

And now there are rumors of mobs attacking our troops, of bridges burnt, and arsenals exploded, and many lives lost. The floodgates of war are opened, and when the tide of blood will cease none can tell.

—*Diary of Lucy Larcom*

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THE NEW YORK SEVENTH IN WASHINGTON

Theodore Winthrop, 1828-1861

In the rests between our drills we lay under the young shade on the sweet young grass, with the odors of snowballs and horse-chestnut blooms drifting to us with every whiff of breeze, and amused ourselves with watching the evolutions of our friends of the Massachusetts Eighth, and other less experienced soldiers, as they appeared upon the field. They too, like ourselves, were going through the transformations. These sturdy fellows were then in a rough enough chrysalis of uniform. That shed, they would look worthy of themselves.

But the best of the entertainment was within the Capitol.

Some three thousand or more of us were now quartered there. The Massachusetts Eighth were under the dome. No fear of want of air for them. The Massachusetts Sixth were eloquent for their State in the Senate Chamber. It was singularly fitting, among the many coincidences in the history of this regiment, that they should be there, tacitly avenging the assault upon Sumner and the attempts to bully the impregnable Wilson.

In the recesses, caves, and crypts of the Capitol what other legions were bestowed I do not know. I daily lost myself, and sometimes when out of my reckoning was put on the way by sentries of strange corps, a Reading Light Infantry man, or some other. We all fraternized. There was a fine enthusiasm among us: not the soldierly rivalry in discipline that may grow up in future between men of different States acting together, but the brotherhood of ardent fellows first in the field and earnest in the cause.

All our life in the Capitol was most dramatic and sensational.

Before it was fairly light in the dim interior of the Representatives' Chamber, the *réveilles* of the different regiments came rattling through the corridors. Every snorer's trumpet suddenly paused. The impressive sound of the hushed breathing of a thousand sleepers, marking off the fleet moments of the night, gave way to a most vociferous uproar. The boy element is large in the Seventh Regiment. Its slang dictionary is peculiar and unabridged. As soon as we woke, the pit began to chaff the galleries, and the galleries the pit. We were allowed noise nearly *ad libitum*. Our riotous tendencies, if they existed, escaped by the safety-valve of the larynx. We joked, we shouted, we sang, we mounted the Speaker's desk and made speeches,—always to the point; for if any but a wit ventured to give tongue, he was coughed down without ceremony.

What crypts and dens, caves and cellars, there are under that great structure! And barrels of flour in every one of them

this month of May, 1861. Do civilians eat in this proportion? Or does long standing in the "Position of a Soldier" (*vide* "Tactics" for a view of that graceful *pose*) increase a man's capacity for bread and beef so enormously?

It was infinitely picturesque in these dim vaults by night. Sentries were posted at every turn. Their guns gleamed in the gaslight. Sleepers were lying in their blankets wherever the stones were softest. Then in the guard-room the guard were waiting their turn. We have not had much of this scenery in America, and the physiognomy of volunteer military life is quite distinct from anything one sees in European service. The People have never had occasion until now to occupy their Palace with armed men.

—*Life in the Open Air*

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TO A VIRGINIAN FRIEND, A LETTER FROM HINGHAM,
MASSACHUSETTS

"F. S. C."

Hingham, May 5th, 1861

I have yours from Portsmouth. As you make an appeal to me to use my influence here and you will at least believe in my sincerity and honesty, I will try to give you a little clearer idea than you have yet had of the motives which actuate the North.

The people East, West and North are unanimous for the most vigorous thorough measures, and Lincoln will be sustained in anything he may do, except concession, compromise or a peace in which the right of secession, as claimed by the South, is acknowledged. We are fighting for an *Idea*—we are fighting the battle of Civilization against Barbarism, of order against anarchy. We fight for *Unity*—we all feel that we cannot yield, or retreat, or concede now, except as the slaves and vassals of the South. There has been, God knows, among a

certain short-sighted, weak-backed set here, in times past, altogether too much eating of dirt, but thank God we have done with that, and this war will never end until some of the degradation of that past is wiped out and atoned for. You cannot conceive of the spirit that animates our people—they will fight till the last man and the last dollar is expended if need be, and our credit both at home and abroad is unlimited, and we have more than double the men who can be brought against us. The South is indeed insane, and bitterly will they curse the leaders whose wicked ambition has led them into the terrible position they now occupy.

Our glorious flag had at last to be hauled down, and as that went down from Sumter, it went up in the hearts of nineteen millions of hitherto disunited, but now united people, never again, I hope, to be lowered. It is popularly believed at the South that we are cowards, judging from the trading temper they have met, and from the unwillingness that always exists in a civilized community to appeal to brute force to settle difficulties. I have done what I could to avert this necessity, but I could not succeed, and now that the question comes up, I see no other way but to meet force with force, bayonet with bayonet, only as we are thorough at the North in whatever we undertake, we shall meet force with more force, bayonets with more bayonets, and we shall inevitably conquer—because bravery and enthusiasm are not enough—money and men are necessary and finally decide wars. The South is brave enough, but it lacks money and men. The North has all the bravery and enthusiasm of the South, and is able to command all the money and all the men they can possibly require. All the religious fanaticism of the North backs them up. Besides all this, the South is weakened by slavery. I think Lincoln will find it a “military necessity” to proclaim martial law in all the revolted states and emancipation to the slaves, accompanied with an exhortation to the non-slave holding whites to sustain him. Whether the blacks could or would im-

mediately avail themselves in any way or not, it would make little difference, for it would be the fatal blow from which the South could not recover.

—*The Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1861*

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I. MY COUNTRYMEN ONE AND ALL

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over

this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

—*First Inaugural*

ii. To HORACE GREELEY

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865

As to the policy I “seem to be pursuing,” as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be “the Union as it was.” If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save Slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy Slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

—*Speeches and Letters*

XX

The Confederacy from Within

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Now began something without a true parallel in history, the siege of a people. From the Chesapeake, round the turn of Florida on into the Gulf of Mexico, a blockade closed off the ports, increasing every month in effective vigilance, disputed regions of the border states were wrested away, and on the southern frontiers, there began to assemble army upon army. The secession movement had not been without its opponents at home, but with the coming of armed forces against the Confederacy, differences of opinion were laid aside, and there sprang into being, to meet the shock of the North, a passionate sense of national identity and a resolution to maintain it to the end. The easy illusions were the first to go; Britain overstocked with cotton goods, was in no anxiety to bombard New York for the sale of raw material, the Union armies did not automatically turn and run with their predicted regularity, and the manufacturers of the North showed no inclination to wish to stop the war at the closing of southern markets and the cessation of southern supplies. Without a fleet and without the means to build one, the hope of the cause centered in the armies. Battle followed battle, dreary victory followed dreary victory, but still the North encircled the wall, increasing in strength as the South weakened behind it.

Out of the battle smoke, and the gathering sense of anxiety, out of the long Virginian summer and the dust of the wasted countryside, the noble and tragic figure of Lee emerges, that grave spirit in whom the audacity of a great soldier was mingled with the proud humility of a Christian gentleman.

A PASSAGE FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Jefferson Davis, 1808-1889

An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace, and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest, and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the Northeastern states of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good-will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those states, we must prepare to meet the emergency, and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth.

We have entered upon a career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued through many years of controversy with our late associates of the Northern states. We have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity and obtain respect for the rights to which we were entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation, and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs, and the perpetuity of the confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of mutual interest shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled. But if this be denied us, and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be as-

sailed, it will but remain for us with firm resolve to appeal to arms, and invoke the blessing of Providence on a just cause.

—*Speeches and Letters*

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A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY

Sarah Morgan Dawson

April 26th, 1862.

We went this morning to see the cotton burning—a sight never before witnessed, and probably never again to be seen. Wagons, drays,—everything that can be driven or rolled,—were loaded with the bales and taken a few squares back to burn on the commons. Negroes were running around, cutting them open, piling them up, and setting them afire. All were as busy as though their salvation depended on disappointing the Yankees. Later, Charlie sent for us to come to the river and see him fire a flatboat loaded with the precious material for which the Yankees are risking their bodies and souls. Up and down the levee, as far as we could see, negroes were rolling it down to the brink of the river where they would set them afire and push the bales in to float burning down the tide. Each sent up its wreath of smoke and looked like a tiny steamer puffing away. Only I doubt that from the source to the mouth of the river there are as many boats afloat on the Mississippi. The flatboat was piled with as many bales as it could hold without sinking. Most of them were cut open, while negroes staved in the heads of barrels of alcohol, whiskey, etc., and dashed bucketsful over the cotton. Others built up little chimneys of pine every few feet, lined with pine knots and loose cotton, to burn more quickly. There, piled the length of the whole levee, or burning in the river, lay the work of thousands of negroes for more than a year past. It had come from every side. Men stood by who owned the cotton that was burning or waiting to burn. They either helped, or looked on

cheerfully. Charlie owned but sixteen bales—a matter of some fifteen hundred dollars; but he was the head man of the whole affair, and burned his own, as well as the property of others.

Sunday, November 9th, 1862.

I hardly know how these last days have passed. I have an indistinct recollection of rides in cane-wagons to the most distant field, coming back perched on top of the cane singing, "Dye my petticoats," to the great amusement of the General who followed on horseback. Anna and Miriam, comfortably reposing in corners, were too busy to join in, as their whole time and attention were entirely devoted to the consumption of cane. It was only by singing rough impromptus on Mr. Harold and Captain Bradford that I roused them from their task long enough to join in a chorus of "Forty Thousand Chinese." I would not have changed my perch, four mules, and black driver, for Queen Victoria's coach and six.

And to think old Abe wants to deprive us of all that fun! No more cotton, sugar-cane, or rice! No more old black aunties or uncles! No more rides in mule teams, no more songs in the cane-field, no more steaming kettles, no more black faces and shining teeth around the furnace fires! If Lincoln could spend the grinding season on a plantation, he would recall his proclamation.

—*A Confederate Girl's Diary*

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A BLOCKADE RUNNER CAPTURED AT SEA

Edward A. Pollard, 1831-1872

It was about two o'clock the next day, and the *Greyhound* was about one hundred and fifty miles out at sea, when the lookout reported a steamer astern of us. The day was hazy, and when the vessel was first descried, she could not have been more than five or six miles astern of us. For a

few moments there was a sharp suspense; perhaps the steamer had not seen us; everyone listened with breathless anxiety, as the tall fellow at the mast-head reported the discoveries he was making, through his glasses, of the suspicious vessel. "He is bearing towards a bark, sir,"; and for a few moments hope mounted in our hearts that we might not have been observed, and might yet escape into the misty obscurity of the sea. In vain. "He is a side-wheel steamer, and is bearing directly for us, sir." "Give her her way," shouted the captain in response; and there was a tumultuous rush of the crew to the engine-room, and the black smoke curling above the smoke-stack and the white foam in our wake told plainly enough that the startled *Greyhound* was making desperate speed.

But she was evidently no match for the Yankee. We were being rapidly overhauled, and in something more than an hour from the beginning of the chase a shell from the Yankee vessel, the *Connecticut*, was whistling over our bows: The crew became unruly; but Captain "Henry," revolver in hand, ordered back the man to the wheel, declaring "he was master of his vessel yet." The mate reported that a very small crew appeared to be aboard the Yankee. "Then we will fight for it," said the captain. But the madness of such a resolution became soon manifest: for as the *Connecticut* overhauled us more closely, her decks and wheel-houses were seen to be black with men, and a shell, which grazed our engine, warned us that we were at the mercy of the enemy. But for that peculiar nuisance of blockade-runners—women passengers—the *Greyhound* might have been burnt, and the last duty performed in the face of the rapacious enemy.

Dizzy, and disgusted with sea-sickness; never supposing that a vessel which had passed out of the asserted lines of blockade without seeing a blockader, without being pursued from those lines, and already far out on the sacred highway of the ocean, and flying the British ensign, could be the subject of piratical seizure; never dreaming that a simple Confederate passenger could be the victim of *human kidnapping*

on the high seas, outside of all military and territorial lines, I had but a dim appreciation of the excited scenes on the *Greyhound* in the chase. Papers, memoranda, packages of Confederate bonds, were ruthlessly tossed into the purser's bag to be consumed by the flames in the engine-room; the contents of trunks were wildly scattered over the decks; the white waves danced with ambrotypes, souvenirs, and the torn fragments of the large packages of letters, missives of friendship, records of affection, which had been entrusted to me, and which I at last unwillingly gave to the sea.

Here, at last, close alongside of us, in the bright day, was the black guilty thing, while from her sides were pushing out boats, with well-dressed crews in lustrous uniforms and officers in the picturesqueness of gold and blue—a brave sight for grimy Confederates! The *Greyhound* was no sooner boarded, than an ensign, who had his hair parted in the middle, and his hands encased in lavender-colored kids, came up to me and asked me with a very joyous air how many bales of cotton were on board the vessel. I afterwards understood that, from my disconsolate looks, he had taken me to be the owner of the cotton, and was probably desirous, by his amiable question, to give a sly pinch to my misery.

—*The Third Year of the War*

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STONEWALL'S MEN

A Soldier of Jackson's Command

It is when idle in camp that the soldier is a great institution, yet one that must be seen to be appreciated. Pen cannot fully paint the air of cheerful content, careless hilarity, irresponsible loungings and practical spirit of jesting that obtains ready to seize on any odd circumstance in its licensed levity. A cavalryman comes rejoicing in immense top boots for which in fond pride he has invested full forty dollars

of pay; at once the cry from an hundred voices follows him along the line: "Come up out o' them boots! come out!—too soon to go into winter quarters! I know you're in thar!—see your arms sticking out!" A bumpkin rides by in an uncommonly big hat and is frightened at the shout: "Come down out of that hat! Come down! Taint no use to say you aint up there; I see your legs hanging out." A fancy staff officer was horrified at the irreverent reception of his nicely twisted moustache—as he heard from behind innumerable trees—"Take them mice out o' yer mouth!—take em out!—no use to say they aint thar—see their tails hanging out!" Another, sporting immense whiskers was urged to "Come out of that bunch of har! I know you're in thar! I see your ears a working." Sometimes a rousing cheer is heard in the distance: it is explained, "Boys, look out!—here comes old Stonewall or an old hare, one or t'other"—they being about the only individuals who invariably bring down the house.

But the whole day of camp life is not yet described; the night remains, and latterly it is no unusual scene as the gloaming gathers to see a group quietly collect beneath the dusky shadows of the forest trees—"God's first temples"—whence soon arise the notes of some familiar hymn awaking memories of childhood and home. The youthful chaplain, in earnest tones, tells his holy mission; another hymn is heard, and by the waning light of the pine torches the weird-like figures of the grouped soldiers are seen reverently moving to the night's repose. The bass drum beats taps—the sounds die out in all the camps, save at times the sweet strains from the band of the fifth Stonewall regiment, in a neighbouring grove, till they, too, fade away into the stilly night.

—*Cooke's Life of Stonewall Jackson, 1862*

VICKSBURG

General Stephen D. Lee, C.S.A., 1833-1908

Admiral Porter's great fleet of gun-boats and mortar boats in front and south of the city, kept up a continuous fire of heavy guns and mortars, (day and night) and the city was surrounded on all sides by a wall of fire, and the noise of the guns and shrieking shot and shell from a hundred or more heavy guns on the river and thirty-one batteries of field guns around the city was deafening. There was no rest day or night, and the nervous tension of all within Confederate limits, was kept to the highest pitch; especially during the night of the 21st and 22d of May, and on the morning of the 22d, when Admiral Porter kept up a continuous cannonading. Early on the morning of May 22d, the cannonading for over two hours along the entire front of General Grant's lines, was continuous and unceasing; the artillery fire being accompanied by the ringing, steady crackling of the sharpshooters' rifles. We then knew that the assault was to occur; nothing could stand such a fire; all in the Confederate lines lay close in their entrenchments. There was no reply from either artillery or infantry, but, in terrible suspense, the assault was awaited in calmness and decision. All preparations had been made to meet it, the grape and cannister were arranged conveniently near the guns, an extra supply of ammunition was in the trenches. No other bombardment by so great an army and fleet occurred during the war. The scene and the occasion was grand, beyond description; 45,000 veteran American troops were ready to spring on nearly 20,000 other American troops, lying behind entrenchments. It was not known whether the assault would be on a part, or on the whole of the line of entrenchments.

Suddenly about half past 10 o'clock, A.M., as if by magic, every gun and rifle stopped firing along General Grant's

exterior line. The firing of Admiral Porter's fleet, however, was apparently increased. The silence was almost appalling, at the sudden cessation of the firing of so many field guns, (about 180) and the cracking of so many thousands of sharpshooters' rifles. But the silence was only for a short time. Suddenly, there seemed to spring almost from the bowels of the earth, dense masses of Federal troops, in numerous columns of attack, and with loud cheers and huzzahs, they rushed forward, at a run, with bayonets fixed, not firing a shot, headed for every salient or advanced position, along the Confederate lines. They (the Federals), had not far to make the rush, as they had been under cover from 100 yards to 300 yards, from the lines to be attacked. Their advance over the rough ground which compelled them to open out, was a grand and awful sight, and most gallantly did those veterans move forward, feeling the flush of their numerous victories, and confident that everything must go down before them.

As they came within easy range (almost as soon as they started), the Confederate troops, not exceeding 9,938 men, along the three and a half miles of assault, deliberately rose and stood in their trenches, pouring volley after volley, into the advancing enemy; at the same time, the troops in reserve (already included) advanced to the rear of the trenches, and fired over the heads of those in the trenches. Every field gun and howitzer (thirty-three in number) belched forth continuously and incessantly, double-shotted discharges of grape and canister. No troops in the world could stand such a fire, and it took but a little time to see, that the general assault was repulsed. The troops stubbornly fell back as well as they could under shelter, and opened with artillery and infantry again on the Confederate lines. The ground everywhere in front was covered with Union dead and wounded.

—*Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society*

RICHMOND DURING THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

Judith Brockenborough McGuire

June 27th, 1862. Yesterday was a day of intense excitement in the city and its surroundings. Early in the morning it was whispered about that some great movement was on foot. Large numbers of troops were seen under arms, evidently waiting for orders to march against the enemy. A. P. Hill's Division occupied the range of hills near "Strawberry Hill," the cherished home of my childhood, overlooking the old "Meadow Bridges." About three o'clock the order *to move*, so long expected, was given. The Division marched steadily and rapidly to the attack—the Fortieth Regiment, under command of my relative, Colonel B., in which are so many of our dear boys, leading the advance. The enemy's pickets were just across the river, and the men supposed they were in heavy force of infantry and artillery, and that the passage of the bridge would be hazardous in the extreme; yet their courage did not falter. The gallant Fortieth, followed by Pegram's Battery, rushed across the bridge at double-quick, and with exultant shouts drove the enemy's pickets from their posts. The enemy was driven rapidly down the river to Mechanicsville, where the battle raged long and fiercely. At nine o'clock all was quiet; the bloody struggle over for the day. Our victory is said to be glorious, but not complete. The fighting is even now renewed, for I hear the firing of heavy artillery. Last night our streets were thronged until a late hour to catch the last accounts from couriers and spectators returning from the field. A bulletin from the assistant surgeon of the Fortieth, sent to his anxious father, assured me of the safety of some of those most dear to me; but the sickening sight of the ambulances bringing in the wounded met my eye at every turn. The President, and many others, were on the

surrounding hills during the fight, deeply interested spectators. The calmness of the people during the progress of the battle was marvellous. The balloons of the enemy hovering over the battle-field could be distinctly seen from the outskirts of the city, and the sound of musketry as distinctly heard. All were anxious, but none alarmed for the safety of the city. From the firing of the first gun till the close of the battle every spot favourable for observation was crowded. The tops of the Exchange, the Ballard House, the Capitol, and almost every other tall house were covered with human beings; and after nightfall the commanding hills from the President's house to the Alms-House were covered, like a vast amphitheater, with men, women and children, witnessing the grand display of fireworks—beautiful, yet awful—and sending death amid those whom our hearts hold so dear.

January 19th, 1863. Colonel Bradley Johnson has been with us for some days. He is nephew to Bishop J., and as bright and agreeable in private as he is bold and dashing in the field. Our little cottage has many pleasant visitors, and I think we are as cheerful a family circle as the Confederacy can boast. We are very much occupied by our Sunday-schools—*white* in the morning, and coloured in the afternoon. In the week we are often busy, like the “cotter’s” wife, in making “auld claes look amairt as weel as new.” “*New claes*” are not attainable at present high prices; we are therefore likely to become very ingenious in fixing up “auld anes.” My friend who lately arrived from Washington looked on very wonderfully when she saw us all ready for church. “Why, how genteel you look!” at last broke from her; “I had no idea of it. We all thought of you as suffering in every respect.” I told her that the Southern women were as ingenious as the men were brave; and while we cared little for dress during such anxious times, yet when our husbands and sons returned from the field we preferred that their homes should be made attractive, and that they should not be pained by the indifferent

appearance of their wives, sisters, and mothers. She was still more surprised by the neatly fitting, prettily made dresses of Southern manufacture. "Are they of Virginia cloth?" she asked. No, poor old Virginia has no time or opportunity for improving her manufactures, while almost her whole surface is scarred and furrowed by armies; but Georgia and North Carolina are doing much towards clothing the first ladies in the land. Sister M. has just improved my wardrobe by sending me a black alpaca dress, bought from a Potomac blockade-runner. We, ever and anon, are assisted in that way: sometimes a pound of tea, sometimes a pair of gloves, is snugged away in a friendly pocket, and after many dangers reaches us, and meets a hearty welcome; and what is more important still, medicine is brought in the same way, having escaped the eagle eye of Federal watchers. A lady in Richmond said laughingly to a friend who was about to make an effort to go to Baltimore, "Bring me a pound of tea and a hoop-skirt"; and after a very short absence he appeared before her, with the tea in one hand and the skirt in the other. It is pleasant to see how cheerfully the girls fall into habits of economy, and occupy themselves in a way of which we never dreamed before.

—Diary of a Southern Refugee

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I. A VIRGINIAN MAKES HIS DECISION

General Robert E. Lee, 1807-1870

With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right.

To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation. I have no time for more. May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you everlasting blessings, is the prayer of your devoted brother.

II. EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS AGNES LEE

General Robert E. Lee, 1807-1870

. . . I have no news. General Hooker is obliged to do something: I do not know what it will be. He is playing the Chinese game, trying what frightening will do. He runs out his guns, starts his wagons and troops up and down the river, and creates an excitement generally. Our men look on in wonder, give a cheer, and all again subsides *in statu quo ante bellum*. I wish you were here with me today. You would have to sit by this little stove, look out at the rain, and keep yourself dry. But here comes, in all their wet, the adjutant-generals with the papers. I must stop and go to work. See how kind God is: we have plenty to do in good weather and bad. . . .

III. CHANCELLORSVILLE

General Robert E. Lee, 1807-1870

Here the enemy had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest filled with a tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front so as to form an almost impenetrable abatis. His artillery swept the few narrow roads by which his position could be approached from the front, and commanded the adjacent woods. The left of his line extended from Chancellorsville toward the Rappahannock, covering the Bark Mill Ford, where he com-

municated with the north bank of the river by a pontoon bridge. His right stretched westward along the Germanna Ford road more than two miles. Darkness was approaching before the strength and extent of his line could be ascertained, and as the nature of the country rendered it hazardous to attack by night, our troops were halted and formed in line of battle in front of Chancellorsville at right angles to the plank road, extending on the right to the Mine road and to the left in the direction of the Catherine Furnace. Colonel William C. Wickham, with the Fourth Virginia cavalry and Colonel Owen's regiment, was stationed between the Mine road and the Rappahannock. The rest of the cavalry was upon our left flank.

It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his superiority of numbers. It was therefore resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was entrusted to Lieutenant-general Jackson with his three divisions. The commands of Generals McLaws and Anderson, with the exception of Wilcox's brigade, which during the night had been ordered back to Bank's Ford, remained in front of the enemy.

—Report to the Secretary of War, C.S.A.

XXI

The Closing-In of the Blue

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ESTERN armies and western, cannon and horses, gunboats on the rivers and the swaying masts of men-of-war on blockade all along the coast, army carts crowding back into Washington heat with the wounded and dying, and railroads hauling south to the tented fields bullets and food, the great drama of the effort of the North lengthened out through the months and years. Far into the war, it seemed as if nothing very decisive had been accomplished, and across the sound of battle, the graves, and the ruined borderland, the Confederacy rose like a kind of unattainable city, close at hand, almost familiar, yet never to be entered by the enemy. Here and there fragments of the outer defence had given away, but the city still presented itself to the besiegers, its towers defiant with flags. Suddenly the armies before it discovered that they were carrying on a kind of spectral siege, the Confederacy had turned into a ghost. Without men, without food, without credit, without further hope, the South had miscalculated everything but its courage.

Now came the reward of the young men who had marched out with fife and drum from under the elms of New England, dooryard garlands on their rifles, the reward of the regiments from the prairies and the northwest, from the rich, green country fields of Pennsylvania, from northern city streets, offices, and factories, the reward of long months at sea, the reward of troubled women who had sowed and harvested their northern crops with the aid of children,—the Union had been preserved, the ancestral dream defended. During the last year of the long war, a sense of melancholy had haunted the north-

ern soul as well as the southern, a sadness little broken by the victory. It is against this sense of the pain of the nation, that Lincoln stands, one of the greatest of great figures. Part and yet never part of the politics of his time, he knew the war to be a crisis of the human spirit, and to the human spirit he spoke again and again, in words great enough for its timeless hearing.

FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS

Admiral Albert Kautz, 1839-1907

No sooner had Farragut given the order "Hard-a-port," than the current gave the ship a broad sheer, and her bows went hard up on a mud bank. As the fire-raft came against the port side of the ship, it became enveloped in flames. We were so near to the shore that from the bowsprits we could reach the tops of the bushes, and such a short distance above Fort St. Philip that we could distinctly hear the gunners in the casemates give their orders; and as they saw Farragut's flag at the mizzen, by the bright light, they fired with frightful rapidity. Fortunately, they did not make sufficient allowance for our close proximity, and the iron hail passed over our bulwarks, doing but little damage. On the deck of the ship it was bright as noonday, but out over the majestic river, where the smoke of many guns was intensified by that of the pine-knots of the fire-rafts, it was dark as the blackest midnight. For a moment it looked as though the flag-ship was indeed doomed, but the firemen were called away, and with the energy of despair rushed aft to the quarter-deck. The flames, like so many forked tongues of hissing serpents, were piercing the air in a frightful manner that struck terror to all hearts. As I crossed from the starboard to the port side of the deck, I passed close to Farragut, who, as he looked forward and took in the situation, clasped his hands high in air, and exclaimed, "My God, is it to end in this way!" Fortunately it was not to end as it at that instant seemed, for just then Master's Mate Allen, with the hose in his hand, jumped into the mizzen rigging, and the sheet of flame succumbed to a sheet of water. It was but the dry paint on the ship's side that

made the threatening flame, which went down before the fierce attack of the firemen as rapidly as it had sprung up. As the flames died away the engines were backed "hard," a loud, spontaneous cheer rent the air and the crew rushed to their guns with renewed energy.

—*Battles and Leaders*

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WITH BURNSIDE AT ANTIETAM

David L. Thompson

Right across our front, two hundred feet or so away, ran a country road bordered on each side by a snake fence. Beyond this road stretched a plowed field several hundred feet in length, sloping up to the battery, which was hidden in a cornfield. A stone fence, breast-high, inclosed the field on the left, and behind it lay a regiment of Confederates, who would be directly on our flank if we should attempt the slope. The prospect was far from encouraging, but the order came to get ready for the attempt.

Our knapsacks were left on the ground behind us. At the word a rush was made for the fences. The line was so disordered by the time the second fence was passed that we hurried forward to a shallow undulation a few feet ahead, and lay down among the furrows to re-form, doing so by crawling up into line. A hundred feet or so ahead was a similar undulation to which we ran for a second shelter. The battery, which at first had not seemed to notice us, now, apprised of its danger, opened fire upon us. We were getting ready now for the charge proper, but were still lying on our faces. Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball was ramping up and down the line. The discreet regiment behind the fence was silent. Now and then a bullet from them cut the air over our heads, but generally they were reserving their fire for that better shot which they knew they would get in a few

minutes. The battery, however, whose shots at first went over our heads, had depressed its guns so as to shave the surface of the ground. Its fire was beginning to tell. I remember looking behind and seeing an officer riding diagonally across the field—a most inviting target—instinctively bending his head down over his horse's neck, as though he were riding through driving rain. While my eye was on him I saw, between me and him, a rolled overcoat with its straps on bound into the air and fall among the furrows. One of the enemy's grape-shot had plowed a groove in the skull of a young fellow and had cut his overcoat from his shoulders. He never stirred from his position, but lay there face downward—a dreadful spectacle. A moment after, I heard a man cursing a comrade for lying on him heavily. He was cursing a dying man. As the range grew better, the firing became more rapid, the situation desperate and exasperating to the last degree. Human nature was on the rack, and there burst forth from it the most vehement, terrible swearing I have ever heard.

—*Battles and Leaders*

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A PENNSYLVANIA BOY'S MEMORIES OF GETTYSBURG

Leighton Parks

After that there fell a great silence on the valley. I do not remember that a single soldier was left in Elizabethtown. We were now a part of the Southern Confederacy. There was no communication with the North, and no one could tell when it would be reopened. Many thought that the next news would be that Washington had been abandoned and the government ready to conclude a peace.

Was there ever a day as hot as the second of July in that year! I seem to feel the stillness of it now. Before noon the same mysterious cloud that had appeared during the battle of Antietam was seen again, slowly, silently mounting up to heaven, far away to the north. It was more awful than the

one before because of the silence. No sound could be heard. The ever-growing cloud went up in mute significance to God. The cool breeze that blew when the battle of Antietam was being fought suggested conflict, action, some heroic human effort; but this was as silent as a sacrifice; it was not like the work of man, but of God.

No one spoke; the very children were hushed at the solemn sight. Who could fail to think of all it meant? No one thought of charges as possible that day; it seemed as if men must simply be standing still to die. Of course we learned later of what was being done while the great sun was baking the white pikes and burning the overripe wheat that should have been cut a week before.

The next day was like the one before. No sound was heard, only the overspreading cloud hung still in the burning air. It was a great day in American history—a day in which it would be felt, when the cloud had lifted, that Pickett's charge showed what America could dare as truly as Hancock's resistance showed what America could bear.

The third day, the Fourth of July, came in with wind and pelting rain. How much the significance of the day entered into the thoughts of people!

That night we went to bed knowing nothing; yet how much there was of probability! Was it likely that that great army could be defeated by anything that the North could collect on such short notice? Yet why did no word come? To those who were too far from the field of battle to feel its subtle influence no words can convey what the strain of those days was to us.

Before daybreak the town was waked by the roar of wagons, the tired horses urged to a spasmodic gallop now and then by the whip and the frequent curse of the panic-stricken driver. Those who lived on the lower street, through which the ambulances passed, heard the groans and curses of the wounded and more than once an awful cry as some soul parted from the body in agony. No one dared to stop those men to

question them. Those who hoped for the Confederate cause said that Lee was sending back the wounded of the first day's fight in order that he might not be delayed in his advance. That theory received confirmation as the day went on and no more came. How near that guess came to being true will probably now never be known.

So the day dragged its slow length to evening—worse than the last in this, that now even the cloud had departed and absolute silence settled again upon the valley. At last night came, and with the night the same ominous roar of wagons—the grinding roll of provision-trains and then the clanking of the artillery. No one could longer doubt what had happened.

—The Century

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AN ARMY NURSE IN WASHINGTON, 1863

Louisa May Alcott, 1833-1888

Up at six, dress by gaslight, run through my ward and throw up the windows, though the men grumble and shiver; but the air is bad enough to breed a pestilence; and as no notice is taken of our frequent appeals for better ventilation, I must do what I can. Poke up the fire, add blankets, joke, coax, and command; but continue to open doors and windows as if life depended upon it. Mine does, and doubtless many another, for a more perfect pestilence-box than this house I never saw,—cold, damp, dirty, full of vile odors from wounds, kitchens, wash-rooms, and stables. No competent head, male or female, to right matters, and a jumble of good, bad, and indifferent nurses, surgeons, and attendants, to complicate the chaos still more.

After this unwelcome progress through my stifling ward, I go to breakfast with what appetite I may; find the inevitable fried beef, salt butter, husky bread, and washy coffee; listen to the clack of eight women and a dozen men,—the first

silly, stupid, or possessed of one idea; the last absorbed with their breakfast and themselves to a degree that is both ludicrous and provoking, for all the dishes are ordered down the table *full* and returned *empty*; the conversation is entirely among themselves, and each announces his opinion with an air of importance that frequently causes me to choke in my cup, or bolt my meals with undignified speed lest a laugh betray to these famous beings that a "chiel's amang them takin' notes."

Till noon I trot, trot, giving out rations, cutting up food for helpless "boys," washing faces, teaching my attendants how beds are made or floors swept, dressing wounds, taking Dr. F. P.'s orders (privately wishing all the time that he would be more gentle with my big babies), dusting tables, sewing bandages, keeping my tray tidy, rushing up and down after pillows, bed-linen, sponges, books, and directions, till it seems as if I would joyfully pay down all I possess for fifteen minutes' rest. At twelve the big bell rings, and up comes dinner for the boys, who are always ready for it and never entirely satisfied. Soup, meat, potatoes, and bread is the bill of fare. Charley Thayer, the attendant, travels up and down the room serving out the rations, saving little for himself, yet always thoughtful of his mates, and patient as a woman with their helplessness. When dinner is over, some sleep, many read, and others want letters written. This I like to do, for they put in such odd things, and express their ideas so comically, I have great fun interiorally, while as grave as possible exteriorally. A few of the men word their paragraphs well and make excellent letters. John's was the best of all I wrote. The answering of letters from friends after some one had died is the saddest and hardest duty a nurse has to do.

Supper at five sets every one to running that can run; and when that flurry is over, all settle down for the evening amusements, which consist of newspapers, gossip, the doctor's last round, and, for such as need them, the final doses for the night. At nine the bell rings, gas is turned down, and day

nurses go to bed. Night nurses go on duty, and sleep and death have the house to themselves.

—*Life, Letters and Journals*

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THE FACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Walt Whitman, 1819-1892

I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to and from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location some three miles north of the city, the Soldiers' Home, a United States military establishment. I saw him this morning about 8½ coming in to business, riding on Vermont Avenue, near L Street. He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabres drawn and held upright over their shoulders. They say this guard was against his personal wish, but he let his counselors have their way. The party makes no great show in uniform or horses. Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dressed in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, etc., as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow straps, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men, in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the one they wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamental *cortège* as it trots towards Lafayette Square arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. Sometimes the President goes and comes in an open barouche. The cavalry always accompany him, with drawn

sabres. Often I notice as he goes out evenings—and sometimes in the morning, when he returns early—he turns off and halts at the large and handsome residence of the Secretary of War, on K Street, and holds conference there. If in his barouche, I can see from my window he does not alight, but sits in his vehicle, and Mr. Stanton comes out to attend him. Sometimes one of his sons, a boy of ten or twelve, accompanies him, riding at his right on a pony. Earlier in the summer I occasionally saw the President and his wife, toward the latter part of the afternoon, out in a barouche, on a pleasure ride through the city. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in complete black, with a long crape veil. The equipage is of the plainest kind, only two horses, and they nothing extra. They passed me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happened to be directed steadily in my eye. He bowed and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed.

—*Specimen Days*

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THE MARCH TO THE SEA

General William Tecumseh Sherman, 1820-1891

Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like a memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the

inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!" Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the way. There was a "devil-may-care" feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this "march" would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool. I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond by way of Augusta and Charlotte, but always designed to reach the sea-coast first at Savannah or Port Royal, South Carolina, and even kept in mind the alternative of Pensacola.

The first night out we camped by the road-side near Lithonia. Stone Mountain, a mass of granite, was in plain view, cut out in clear outline against the blue sky; the whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one I have described, of heating the middle of the iron-rails on bonfires made of cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached much importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my own personal attention, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject.

The next day we passed through the handsome town of Covington, the soldiers closing up their ranks, the color-bearers unfurling their flags, and the band striking up patriotic airs. The white people came out of their houses to behold the sight,

spite of their deep hatred of the invaders, and the negroes were simply frantic with joy.

—*Memoirs*

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THE FINAL NIGHT BEFORE RICHMOND, 1865

General Edward H. Ripley, 1839-1915

The night fell cloudy and dark as I plunged into the mysterious silence and gloom for my last night on the picket line. It passed uneventfully, as the preceding one had passed, except that blue mist settled on the earth. About four o'clock in the morning a column of flame suddenly shot high in the air in the direction of Richmond, quickly followed by another and another. Then came the subdued hum of noises far away toward the doomed city. Still, strangely, no sound came from our immediate front. We strained our eyes in vain to catch sight, through the mist and darkness, of the opposing videttes. The first gray of dawn showed us that, favored by the night and the mist, they had, with the stillness of ghosts, been stealthily withdrawn.

From the second line, then past the inner batteries to Rocketts, where it became more certain that Ewell had made good his escape and there was to be no fight over the city, not even with his rear guard, I rode backward and forward along the column, exchanging congratulations with the officers, and looking down into the flashing eyes and quivering faces of the men as they glanced up at me in the freemasonry of a common joy and glory. It was hardly needed, so eager and furious was the march and so well closed up the ranks from the anxiety of the rear regiments to grasp the long-fought-for prize as soon as the head of the column, but as I drifted back and forth along the flank, and occasionally sat still in my saddle to enjoy the sight of the long column rushing by, I sang out, as of old, but never before so exultingly, that old, old song

which will never die out from the ears of the veteran until death shall close them, "Close up, boys! Close up! No straggling in the ranks of the First Brigade to-day. Close up! Close up!"

It was my last, as I stood up in my stirrups singing the last refrain of a song sung for three long years: in the golden sunshine of Southern springs, in the fierce heat and choking dust of Southern summers, the mud and frosts and snows of winter. Harsh, heartless, inexorable, it had risen and pierced the midnight air in that valley crowded with the tragedies of the war,—the Shenandoah with its quickly alternating triumphs and defeats,—on the Peninsula with its deadly miasmas, and North Carolina amid the gloom of its tar forests and the slumping of its soft sands. Through the weary hours of the night it had risen like the weird cry of the owl—"Close up, men! Close up! Close up, men! Close up!"

I stood there on the threshold of the rebel capital, with the old cry upon my lips, and knew not that at that moment, by our incredible presence within those fateful lines, the cruel war was at last over, and that that peace we had so longed and prayed for, triumphant peace, hovered over us and that I should never again haunt the flank of a marching column with a heart steeled against all its natural sympathies, and shout to men sick in body, sick at heart, lame, foot-sore and exhausted,—"Close up, men! Close up!"

The route was up Main Street to Exchange Hotel, then across by Governor Street to Capitol Square. The city was packed with a surging mob of Confederate stragglers, negroes, and released convicts, and mob rule had been supreme from the moment Ewell had crossed the James and burned the bridges behind him.

The air was darkened by the thick tempest of black smoke and cinders which swept the streets, and as we penetrated deeper into the city the bands were nearly drowned by the

crashing of the falling walls, the roar of the flames, and the terrific explosions of shells in the burning warehouses.

Densely packed on either side of the street were thousands upon thousands of blacks, until that moment slaves in fact, for the emancipation proclamation had never before penetrated the rebel territory to strike their fetters off. They fell upon their knees, throwing their hands wildly in the air and shouting: "Glory to God! Glory to God! The day of Jubilee hab come; Massa Linkum am here! Massa Linkum am here!" while floods of tears poured down their wild faces. They threw themselves down on their hands and knees almost under our horses' feet to pray and give thanks in the wild delirium of their sudden deliverance. Although the shops had been gutted and were open, the houses were closed, and when we reached the better residence portion of the city the blinds were tightly shut and none of the better class of the whites were to be seen, though we occasionally saw an eye peering through the blinds.

—*Personal Recollections*

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I. "To HAMMER CONTINUOUSLY"

General Ulysses S. Grant, 1822-1885

From an early period in the rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, were necessary to a speedy termination of the war. The resources of the enemy and his numerical strength were far inferior to ours; but as an offset to this, we had a vast territory, with a population hostile to the Government, to garrison, and long lines of river and railroad communications to protect, to enable us to supply the operating armies.

The armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling to-

gether, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from East to West, reenforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers, during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes and do the work of producing, for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position.

I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy; preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of the land.

These views have been kept constantly in mind, and orders given and campaigns made to carry them out. Whether they might have been better in conception and execution is for the people, who mourn the loss of friends fallen, and who have to pay the pecuniary cost, to say. All I can say is, that what I have done has been done conscientiously, to the best of my ability, and in what I conceived to be for the best interests of the whole country.

—*Records of the U. S. War Department*

II. APPOMATTOX

General Ulysses S. Grant, 1822-1885

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose,

owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly. . . .

—Memoirs

XXII

Aftermath of Storm

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IN 1865 Walt Whitman heard two young men talking in a Washington Army Hospital. Said one, "I have seen in Charleston the monument of Calhoun." Said the other, "No, you have not seen the monument of Calhoun but I have, it is the ruined and desolated South,—that is the monument of Calhoun." No great people have ever been left in a more desperate situation, for not only was the country ruined, and the money valueless, and the young men gone, but also the way of life itself had been completely turned upside down by the freeing of the slaves. That problem was settled, and many Southerners, particularly the women, felt a relief in having it at last disposed of, and the need of justification done with forever. The question at once arose as to the return of the seceded states into the Union. If these were to be allowed to re-enter on the old footing and send their representatives to Congress, there would arrive from the South such a solid delegation of democratic members that the party which had fought the war to preserve the Union would be voted out of power. To hand over the control of the Union to those who had so recently attempted to destroy it seemed something more than magnanimity. Ill-advised schemes in southern legislatures to circumvent Emancipation by re-enslaving the negro in a harsh peonage now added a new resentment, a new suspicion to the northern mood.

To keep the political control of the Union in Union hands and make Emancipation a reality, the powerful radical bloc in Congress enfranchised the negroes, giving them, in a topsyturvy world, a voting power largely denied their former mas-

ters. A fantastic Republican South emerged overnight; southern irreconcilism (both before and after this enfranchisement) served to make matters worse, and the ruined country entered the shadow of the Reconstruction.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Gideon Welles, 1802-1878

I had retired to bed about half-past ten on the evening of the 14th of April, and was just getting asleep when Mrs. Welles, my wife, said someone was at our door. Sitting up in bed, I heard a voice twice call to John, my son, whose sleeping-room was on the second floor directly over the front entrance. I arose at once and raised a window, when my messenger, James Smith, called to me that Mr. Lincoln, the President, had been shot, and said Secretary Seward and his son, Assistant Secretary Frederick Seward, were assassinated. James was much alarmed and excited. I told him his story was very incoherent and improbable, that he was associating men who were not together and liable to attack at the same time. "Where," I inquired, "was the President when shot?" James said he was at Ford's Theater on 10th Street. "Well," said I, "Secretary Seward is an invalid in bed in his house yonder on 15th Street." James said he had been there, stopped in at the house to make inquiry before alarming me.

At this moment Major Eckert rode up on horseback beside the carriage and protested vehemently against Stanton's going to 10th Street; said he had just come from there, that there were thousands of people of all sorts there, and he considered it very unsafe for the Secretary of War to expose himself. I replied that I knew not where he would be more safe, and that the duty of both of us was to attend the President immediately. Stanton concurred. Meigs called to some soldiers to go with us, and there was one on each side of the carriage. The streets were full of people. Not only the sidewalk but the

carriage-way was to some extent occupied, all or nearly all hurrying towards 10th Street. When we entered that street we found it pretty closely packed.

The President had been carried across the street from the theater, to the house of a Mr. Peterson. We entered by ascending a flight of steps above the basement and passing through a long hall to the rear, where the President lay extended on a bed, breathing heavily. Several surgeons were present, at least six, I should think more. Among them I was glad to observe Dr. Hall, who, however, soon left. I inquired of Dr. Hall, as I entered, the true condition of the President. He replied the President was dead to all intents, although he might live three hours or perhaps longer.

The giant sufferer lay extended diagonally across the bed, which was not long enough for him. He had been stripped of his clothes. His large arms, which were occasionally exposed, were of a size which one would scarce have expected from his spare appearance. His slow, full respiration lifted the clothes with each breath that he took. His features were calm and striking. I had never seen them appear to better advantage than for the first hour, perhaps, that I was there.

A door which opened upon a porch or gallery, and also the windows, were kept open for fresh air. The night was dark, cloudy, and damp, and about six it began to rain.

—*Diary of Gideon Welles*

Yesterday, about 4 P.M., the assembled wisdom of the State, whose achievements are illustrated on that theatre, issued forth from the State House. About three-quarters of the crowd belonged to the African race. They were of every hue,

from the light octoroon to the deep black. They were such a looking body of men as might pour out of a market-house or a court-house at random in any Southern State. Every negro type and physiognomy was here to be seen, from the genteel serving-man to the rough-hewn customer from the rice or cotton field. Their dress was as varied as their countenances. There was the second-hand black frock-coat of infirm gentility, glossy and threadbare. There was the stove-pipe hat of many ironings and departed styles. There was also to be seen a total disregard of the proprieties of costume in the coarse and dirty garments of the field; the stub-jackets and slouch hats of soiling labor. In some instances, rough woolen comforters embraced the neck and hid the absence of linen. Heavy brogans, and short, torn trousers, it was impossible to hide. The dusky tide flowed out into the littered and barren grounds, and, issuing through the coarse wooden fence of the inclosure, melted away into the street beyond. These were the legislators of South Carolina.

Let us approach nearer and take a closer view. We will enter the House of Representatives. Here sit one hundred and twenty-four members. Of these, twenty-three are white men, representing the remains of the old civilization. These are good-looking, substantial citizens. They are men of weight and standing in the communities they represent. They are all from the hill country. The frosts of sixty and seventy winters whiten the heads of some among them. There they sit, grim and silent. They feel themselves to be but loose stones, thrown in to partially obstruct a current they are powerless to resist. They say little and do little as the days go by. They simply watch the rising tide, and mark the progressive steps of the inundation. They hold their places reluctantly. They feel themselves to be in some sort martyrs, bound stoically to suffer in behalf of that still great element in the State whose prostrate fortunes are becoming the sport of an unpitying Fate. Grouped in a corner of the commodious and well-

furnished chamber, they stolidly survey the noisy riot that goes on in the great black Left and Center, where the business and debates of the House are conducted, and where sit the strange and extraordinary guides of the fortunes of a once proud and haughty State. In this crucial trial of his pride, his manhood, his prejudices, his spirit, it must be said of the Southern Bourbon of the Legislature that he comports himself with a dignity, a reserve, and a decorum, that command admiration. He feels that the iron hand of Destiny is upon him. He is gloomy, disconsolate, hopeless. The gray heads of this generation openly profess that they look for no relief. They see no way of escape. The recovery of influence, of position, of control in the State, is felt by them to be impossible. They accept their position with a stoicism that promises no reward here or hereafter. They are the types of a conquered race. They staked all and lost all. Their lives remain, their property and their children do not. War, emancipation, and grinding taxation, have consumed them. Their struggle now is against complete confiscation. They endure, and wait for the night.

—The Prostrate State

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A REMEMBRANCE OF TRYING TIMES

J. H. Jones

While the wisdom and prudence and courage displayed by the white people in these trying times deserve the highest praise, yet I think a kindly word should be said of the poor, deluded negroes who were only the misguided instruments of unscrupulous white men. They gained nothing while enriching their dishonest and self-appointed guides, and when the hour of retribution came they were left to their fate. I doubt if any other race of men would have worked as little harm, under like conditions. Densely ignorant, and little above a child in their development; recently freed from a re-

pressing slavery; clothed with a freedman's most sacred right, the right to vote; and placed above their former owners with power to oppress; their minds instilled with bitter hatred against those they had lately served; and made the blind, unreasoning dupes of wicked and designing men, the wonder to me is that they were not very much more vicious than they proved to be. But, however that may be, it is certain that their acts at that time worked irreparable injury to them, and that they are still suffering the consequences of them. They lost in a great measure the kindly feeling of the best friends they ever had or ever will have, that of their former masters, and of their boyhood's companions. The breach then made will never be entirely healed. Between the younger generations the breach is widening, and when the old master and the old mistress and the kindly old slave shall all have passed away—and only a few are left to go—the relations between the races will be less kindly than they are now, or have been in the past.

—*Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society*

XXIII

The “Wild West” of the Seventies

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WITH his war-bonnet of eagle's feathers, his gravity, savagery, and stoicism, it is the Indian of the far West who has become the Indian of the American imagination. Even the eastern Indian, touched by the national mood, now dons the western war-bonnet for festive occasions, although his own ancestors, dwellers in a forest, were usually content with a feather or two arranged in a scalp-lock. The place of the Indian in the American imagination is a part of the history of the American mind. The seventeenth century saw him first as ceremonious and picturesque, a ruler in his own forest, then later as a blood-thirsty demon of the woods; the eighteenth century tended to despise him as a drunken and often dangerous hanger-on, an image gradually transfigured into the noble Red Man of the lovers of nature, and fixed forever by the genius of Cooper. In the nineteenth century, Catlin and Schoolcraft, journeying westward, had rediscovered him as a man, calling a new attention to the interest and beauty of his primitive arts. The Civil War at an end, the Nation was now to encounter him on his last frontier—the mounted Indian of the plains on his spotted pony, the hunter of buffalo, the raider, the tragic and perplexed human being, the cunning enemy. It was the army which won the plains, cavalryman matched against Indian brave; time and the railroads did the rest. Presently the open country was ready for the longhorn and the cowboy, for the American touched with the heritage of Spanish Mexico, the cowboy of romance with his guitar and six-shooter, his Mexican boots and silver spurs, his old-fashioned politeness, and his Spanish words and ballads.

CHEYENNES AND THE UNION PACIFIC

"Porcupine," a Plains Indian

We had had a fight with the soldiers on Ash Creek, which flows into the Arkansas. There were Sioux and Cheyennes in the fight, and the troops had defeated us and taken everything that we had, and had made us poor. We were feeling angry.

Not long after that we saw the first train of cars that any of us had seen. We looked at it from a high ridge. Far off it was very small, but it kept coming and growing larger all the time, puffing out smoke and steam, and as it came on we said to each other that it looked like a white man's pipe when he was smoking.

The soldiers had beaten us in the fight and we thought that perhaps it was because of the way in which they rode and carried themselves, and we determined that we would try to imitate the soldiers, so we rode two by two in double file. One of the men had a bugle and from time to time he blew it in imitation of the bugle-call of the troops.

After we had seen this train and watched it come near us and grow large and pass by and then disappear in the distance, we went down from the ridge where we had been, to look at the ground where the train had passed, to see what sort of trail it made. When we came near the track we could see white people going up and down by it, riding in light wagons. We were riding two by two and when we had come near to the track the man with the bugle sounded it, and the Indians spread out and formed a line and for a little way marched with extended front, and then again formed by

twos. The white people paid no attention to us. Perhaps they thought that we were soldiers.

We crossed the track, looking carefully at it as we passed, and then went on and crossed the river.

Not long after this, as we talked of our troubles, we said among ourselves: "Now the white people have taken all we had and have made us poor and we ought to do something. In these big wagons that go on this metal road, there must be things that are valuable—perhaps clothing. If we could throw these wagons off the iron they run on and break them open, we should find out what was in them and could take whatever might be useful to us."

Red Wolf and I tried to do this. We got a big stick, and just before sundown one day tied it to the rails and sat down to watch and see what would happen. Close by the track we built a big fire. Quite a long time after it got dark we heard a rumbling sound, at first very faint, but constantly growing louder. We said to each other: "It is coming." Presently the sound grew loud, and through the darkness we could see a small thing coming with something on it that moved up and down.

When the men on the car saw the fire and the Indians, they worked harder so as to run by them quickly, but when the car struck the stick it jumped high into the air. The men on it got up from where they had fallen and ran away, but were soon overtaken and killed.

On the hand-car were two guns, and in handling them the Indians pulled something and the guns broke in two in the middle and the barrels fell down. The Indians said: "It is a pity that these are broken; if they had not been, we should have had two good guns."

Looking east over the long level plain, we saw a small light close to the horizon, and some one said: "The morning star is rising." "No," said another, "that is one of those things that we have seen." "No," said a third man, "the first one has gone out and another one is rising."

They sent men on the best horses they had eastward along the track to find out what these lights were and to come and report, telling them also to yell and shoot, in the hope that they might frighten it. The men went, and as soon as they saw that the first light was on a train, they started to return, riding as hard as they could, but before they had reached the place the train overtook and passed them. Some of them fired at the train, and one tried to throw a rope over the engine, but when they got close, the horses were frightened and ran away. When they fired, the train made a loud noise—puffing—and threw up sparks into the air, going faster and faster, until it reached the break, and the locomotive jumped into the air and the cars all came together.

—*The Fighting Cheyennes*

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WAR-BONNETS AND ARMY SABRES

General George A. Custer, 1839-1876

At 11 A.M. we resumed the march, and had proceeded but a few miles when we witnessed one of the finest and most imposing military displays, prepared according to the Indian art of war, which it has ever been my lot to behold. It was nothing more nor less than an Indian line of battle drawn directly across our line of march; as if to say, Thus far and no further. Most of the Indians were mounted; all were decked in their brightest colors, their heads crowned with the brilliant war-bonnet, their lances bearing the crimson pennant, bows strung, and quivers full of barbed arrows. For a few moments appearances seemed to foreshadow anything but a peaceful issue. The infantry was in the advance, followed closely by the artillery, while my command, the cavalry, was marching on the flank. General Hancock, who was riding with his staff at the head of the column, coming suddenly in view of the wild fantastic battle array, which extended far

to our right and left and not more than half a mile in our front, hastily sent orders to the infantry, artillery, and cavalry to form line of battle, evidently determined that if war was intended we should be prepared. The cavalry, being the last to form on the right, came into line on a gallop, and, without waiting to align the ranks carefully, the command was given to "draw sabre." As the bright blades flashed from their scabbards into the morning sunlight, and the infantry brought their muskets to a carry, a most beautiful and wonderfully interesting sight was spread out before and around us, presenting a contrast which, to a military eye, could but be striking. Here in battle array, facing each other, were the representatives of civilized and barbarous warfare. The one, with but few modifications, stood clothed in the same rude style of dress, bearing the same patterned shield and weapon that his ancestors had borne centuries before; the other confronted him in the dress and supplied with the implements of war which the most advanced stage of civilization had pronounced the most perfect. Was the comparative superiority of these two classes to be subjected to the mere test of war here? Such seemed the prevailing impression on both sides. All was eager anxiety and expectation. Neither side seemed to comprehend the object or intentions of the other; each was waiting for the other to deliver the first blow. A more beautiful battle-ground could not have been chosen. Not a bush or even the slightest irregularity of ground intervened between the two lines which now stood frowning and facing each other. Chiefs could be seen riding along the line as if directing and exhorting their braves to deeds of heroism.

After a few moments of painful suspense, General Hancock, accompanied by General A. J. Smith and other officers, rode forward, and through an interpreter invited the chiefs to meet us midway, for the purpose of an interview.

—My Life on the Plains

AN ARMY WIFE ON THE PLAINS

Elizabeth B. Custer, 1844-1933

The Indian scouts employed by our government and living at our post belonged to a tribe called the Arickarees. Their buildings were of logs, and were long and low in construction. Around the walls on the inside were bunks on which were marks showing the quarters assigned to each family. When the outer door closed upon us we could scarcely breathe; the atmosphere was stifling, and loaded with the odor of smoked meat, tanned skins, and killikinick tobacco. The place was lighted by burning logs in a large fireplace, and the deep shadows threw into high-relief the figures that came into the glare of the fire, and produced effects from which Doré might have found material for a most powerful work.

Before the ceremonies began, we women went round the place to see the papooses in their mothers' arms, as they sat in the bunks or on the earthen floor. Each mother held her baby up for our inspection, with as much pride as if there had never been a little one on earth before. The squaws were not permitted to come near the charmed circle in front of the fire, where the mimic orchestra beat their drums; they were allowed to sing at a distance, and joined in the low monotone of the musicians. At regular intervals, as if keeping time, they jerked out a nasal twanging note which was emphasized by the coarse voices of the warriors. The dancers were naked, except for the customary covering over their loins. They had attached to their belts beads and metal ornaments. Some had so fastened to their girdles the feathers from the tail of the wild turkey, that they stood up straight as the savages bent over in the evolutions of the dance. One leg and arm would be painted bright vermillion or blue, and the other a vivid green, with cabalistic characters drawn on them in black. The faces were hideous, being painted in all colors. A few had

necklaces of bears' claws, on which they set great value. These hung over the bronze shoulders, the claws pointing into the brown skin of their chests. One, evidently poorer than the rest, had a rudely cut shirt made out of an old ham-bag, on which the trade-mark and name of the manufacturing firm figured conspicuously as his sole decoration. Another, equally poor, wore only the covering over his hips, while suspended by a cord from his neck was a huge tin toy horse. From the scalp-lock of some there was a strip of cloth falling to the ground, on which silver disks made of coins were fastened at close intervals.

I was always interested in the one pretty squaw among them, called Et-nah-wah-ruchta, which means Medicine Mother. Her husband was young, and she was devoted to him. I have seen him lounging on the floor of the hut while she made his toilet, combing and plaiting his hair, cutting and oiling the bangs which were trimmed to cover his forehead, and plucking the few scattered hairs from his chin—for they do not consider it an honor to have a suspicion of a beard. She strapped on his leggings, buckled his belt, and finally lighted his pipe. Once the war bonnet of her lord had to be rearranged. He deigned to put it on her head, readjusted the eagle feathers, and then gave it to her to fasten them in securely. The faithful slave even used to accompany him to his bath. Indians do bathe—at long intervals. I was not ambitious to know if she actually performed the ablutions. However, I have seen him, at a distance, running along the river bank on his return, his wife waving a blanket behind him to keep off the mosquitoes!

—Boots and Saddles

COWBOYS ON THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

J. Frank Dobie, b. 1888

With clear days and fair nights and the grass high and fresh all about us, with prairie dogs talking in their friendly way and deer and antelopes and turkeys hardly ever out of sight, with the scene ever changing, and with nothing to listen to but the silence—or the sounds—of nature, trail life was wonderfully pleasant. I do not know anything more wholesome and satisfying than seeing cattle come in on their bed ground at night so full and contented that they grunt when they lie down. If a stranger happened into camp, the news he had to tell was regarded as a boon.

After supper the boys not on herd would tell yarns, sing songs, wrestle, and act generally like a bunch of kids, which mostly we were. Like many of the outfits, ours had a fiddle, and while some artist in spurs "made it talk," we often put the end gate of the chuck wagon on the ground and then took turns dancing jigs upon it. Or maybe some lad would take the fiddle out to the herd with him and "agitate the catgut" to the tune of "Billy in the Low Ground," "Dinah Had a Wooden Leg," "Hell Among the Yearlin's," "Old Rosin the Bow," "Cotton-Eyed Joe," "Saddle Ole Spike," "Sally Gooden," "The Devil's Dream," or some other such favorite. Many a night I have led Lake Porter's horse around the herd while he made the longhorns snore to music.

Some people say that the reason cowboys sang to the cattle was to prevent their being frightened by any sudden or irregular noise. There is something in that, but I am sure that the music of the fiddle was appreciated by some of the old time longhorns—whatever may be the taste of modern white-faces. One lazy old brindle steer that always stayed in the drag by day and slept on the south edge of the herd at night seemed particularly fond of "One Evening in May"—a waltz tune.

More than once Lake Porter and I stopped to see him wriggle his ears and kind of blow in an appreciative manner. Pleasant it was on a warm, clear night to circle slowly around a herd of cattle that were bedded down quiet and breathing deep and out there to catch the strains of song or fiddle coming from camp, where the fire was like a dim star. But it was pleasanter to be in camp and, while just catching now and then a note from singer or fiddler on herd, to be dropping off to sleep. As long as a cowboy heard music he knew that all was well.

One of the subjects that cowboys on the trail frequently discussed at night was the stars. The stars were our timepieces. Only one man in our particular outfit started out from San Patricio with a watch, and he got it so full of water when we crossed the Brazos that it quit running. The Mexican vaqueros out in Arizona call the Great Dipper *el Reloj de los Yaquis* (the Clock of the Yaquis)—presumably because the Yaqui Indians depended upon it. And *el Reloj de los Yaquis* was our clock—more clearly and beautifully illumined than the dial of any hour plate that ever looked down from cathedral or state-hall tower.

—*A Vaquero of the Brush Country*

At the beginning of the attack Black Kettle, with his wife and White Antelope, took their position before Black Kettle's lodge and remained there after all others had left the camp. At last Black Kettle, seeing that it was useless to stay longer, started to run, calling out to White Antelope to follow him, but White Antelope refused and stood there ready to die, with arms folded, singing his death song:

"Nothing lives long,
Except the earth and the mountains,"

until he was shot down by the soldiers.

—*The Fighting Cheyennes*

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HOMESTEADING IN KANSAS

Anne E. Bingham

Our abode was built of cottonwood. It was unplastered except where the woman had filled in, or tried to, the warped places in the up-and-down boards of the sides. The shingles even were of cottonwood, and although they warped, the roof did not leak, but during the rains the wind blew the water in at the sides, making rivers of it across the floor, which was of wide boards, rough and uneven. The floor of the room above, in the loft was even worse, the roof coming down almost to the floor.

We finally got things in shape to live—a bed in one corner, the cupboard in another, the stove in another, with chairs and tables between and around. My husband drove pegs in behind the door on which to hang the harness and saddle, as there was no shed or barn outside. He put up a fence of one length of boards on each side of the house and across the front, so that there would be a place to set some things away from the animals and keep them from coming so close. In that little plot he planted some tomato plants. It was too late for us to have a garden. There were four or five acres which had been broken, inclosed by a two-wire fence, and in that he planted potatoes and melons. It had to be watched to keep cattle and horses out.

We also had a pig. There was no place to put him, so he had to be picketed until a place was made. He was almost like a greased pig, for it was difficult to tie him securely, and he objected so strongly that he did get his freedom once or

twice. He used his voice along with his efforts to get loose, so that we had "music in the air" until his lodging was ready. There was a very small "corral," as such a place—a new word to us—was called; it was for the cows at night. In the daytime they had the run of the prairie, and Lucy was picketed, with the two colts loose; they would not leave her.

The year 1874 we had a good wheat crop. Our peach trees had come to their first bearing and hung full of fruit. One afternoon in August as I sat sewing I heard a noise on the roof like hailstones. Stepping out I saw the air full of grasshoppers. My husband just then came in sight with a load of prairie hay. He called out, laughing, "Oh, see the grasshoppers." They got down to business right away. The leaves began falling from the cottonwood shade trees about the house. We saw, too, that our fine peach crop was on the way to destruction. The peaches were about two-thirds grown and beginning to turn red on one side. My husband went out to gather them, and I put the washboiler on the stove, filling it half full of water. I happened to have the sugar, and I cooked the green peaches, canned them, and they were even nicer than ripe ones, having the flavor of the pits. I spiced many of them, and we saved our peaches, which lasted more than a year. The "hoppers" ate the ones left on the trees down to the pits. Our brother from Washington visited us in November. He broke off some twigs with the stones still hanging on them to take home as evidence, for he said if he told his friends they would call it a "fish story." The grasshoppers would alight in the middle of the day for their "siesta." The sides of the house and the walks were covered with them. They flew up like a swarm of bees at one's step. They had the most voracious appetites of any living thing. One or two would begin on a melon; as the place grew larger others came, and the melon would soon be eaten down to a shell. Onions and beets were a luxury to them, but my husband saved ours by turning a furrow over them. The corn was destroyed down

to the stalk, and farmers began cutting it to save it for fodder. The crop was a poor one, anyway, that year, for lack of rain. The grasshoppers stayed so long that they destroyed the newly sowed fields of wheat. I saw times through those years that I wouldn't have given the snap of my fingers for the whole of Kansas. Everybody wanted to sell and nobody wanted to buy. Few could leave because they had not the means to get away with. But one thing the people had, and that was "grit." They had the "try, try again" spirit, and kept on regardless of consequences. I used to tell my husband that if any class of people deserved a heaven in the future it was the farmers of Kansas.

—*Collections: Kansas State Historical Society*

XXIV

Money, Science, and the City

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THREE begins to gather momentum in the eighteen seventies an impulse of the American spirit which is later to influence and colour the entire life of the nation, the centering of its finance and forces of prestige in the city of New York. The republic had never had a capital in the European sense, now one began to appear, assuming authority over the arts, setting the social example in the grand manner, and though not the political capital, wielding great political power. The other cities, too, were growing, spreading out into their own suburbs as London had spread a hundred years before, for the dubious gifts of science and the industrial revolution were being poured out upon them, calling in the young men from the farms, and the European immigrant from the ships. In this world and its fellow across the Atlantic, money was to appear, perhaps for the first time in human history, as something completely self-justified; the rich man was great in his own right. A real exhilaration of the sense of power began to take hold of the world, the machine could do everything but wrong.

Living, on the whole, more comfortably and grandiosely than it ever had before, the country borrowed its schemes of decoration from contemporary England and its mansard roofs from France, inventing its proportions for itself. Electricity, the foundational force of the technology of the century to come, entered into the service of human life. The American woman, always a little restive at the crude standards of the frontier, and now having money and leisure, attempted the dangerous experiment of setting in moral order a world of men. The South was silent. A promoter began the destruction

of the old American splendour of Niagara. The railroads larded it in the land, the great agricultural machines began to make possible the stupendous farming in the West, and all America went to the first Chicago Fair.

THE BESSEMER PROCESS: LATE SIXTIES

A. L. Holley, 1832-1882

The cavernous room is dark, the air sulphurous, the sounds of suppressed power are melancholy and deep. Half-revealed monsters with piercing eyes crouch in the corners, spectral shapes ever flit about the wall, and lurid beams of light anon flash in your face as some remorseless beast opens its red-hot jaws for its iron ration. Then the melter thrusts a spear between the joints of its armor and a glistening yellow stream spurts out for a moment, and then all is dark once more. Again and again he stabs it, till six tons of its hot and smoking blood fill a great cauldron to the brim. Then the foreman shouts to a thirty foot giant in the corner who straightway stretches out his iron arm and gently lifts the cauldron away up into the air and turns out the yellow blood in a hissing sparkling stream, which dives into the white hot jaws of another monster—a monster as big as an elephant, with a head like a frog, and a scaly hide. The foreman shouts again, at which up rises the monster on its haunches, growling and snorting sparks and flame.

What a conflict of the elements is going on in that vast laboratory. A million balls of melted iron, tearing away from the liquid mass, surging from side to side, and plunging down again, only to be blown out more hot and angry than before, —column upon column of air, squeezed solid like rods of glass by the power of five hundred horses, piercing and shattering the iron at every point, chasing it up and down, robbing it of its treasures, only to be itself decomposed, and hurled out into the night in roaring blaze.

As the combustion progresses the surging mass grows

hotter, throwing out splashes of liquid slag; and the discharge from its mouth changes from sparks and streaks of red and yellow gas to thick, full, white, howling, dazzling flame. But such battles cannot last long. In a quarter of an hour the iron is stripped of every combustible alloy, and hangs out the white flag. The converter is then turned upon its side, the blast shut off, and the rebarburizer run in. Then for a moment the war of the elements rages again, the mass boils and flames with higher intensity, and with a rapidity of chemical reaction, sometimes throwing it violently out of the converter mouth; then all is quiet and the product is steel,—liquid milky steel that pours out into the ladle from under its roof of slag, smooth shining and almost transparent.

—*Troy Daily Times*

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FIGURES OF HIGH FINANCE, 1871

Charles Francis Adams, 1835-1915

Born in the year 1794, Vanderbilt was a somewhat older man than Drew. There are several points of resemblance in the early lives of the two men, and many points of curious contrast in their characters. Vanderbilt, like Drew, was born in very humble circumstances in the State of New York, and like him also received little education. He began life by ferrying passengers and produce from Staten Island to New York City. Subsequently, he too laid the foundation of his great fortune in the growing steamboat navigation, and likewise, in due course of time, transferred himself to the railroad interest. When at last, in 1868, the two came into collision as representatives of the old system of railroad management and of the new, they were each threescore and ten years of age, and had both been successful in the accumulation of millions,—Vanderbilt even more so than Drew. They were probably equally unscrupulous and equally selfish; but, while the cast of Drew's mind was sombre and bearish, Vanderbilt was gay

and buoyant of temperament, little given to thoughts other than of this world, a lover of horses and of the good things of life. The first affects prayer-meetings, and the last is a devotee of whist. Drew—in Wall Street, is by temperament a bear, while Vanderbilt could hardly be other than a bull. Vanderbilt must be allowed to be by far the superior man of the two. Drew is astute and full of resources, and at all times a dangerous opponent; but Vanderbilt takes larger, more comprehensive views, and his mind has a vigorous grasp which that of Drew seems to want. While, in short, in a wider field, the one might have made himself a great and successful despot, the other would hardly have aspired beyond the control of the jobbing department of some corrupt government. Accordingly, while in Drew's connection with the railroad system his operations and manipulations evince no qualities calculated to excite even a vulgar admiration or respect, it is impossible to regard Vanderbilt's methods or aims without recognizing the magnitude of the man's ideas and conceding his abilities. He involuntarily excites feelings of admiration for himself and alarm for the public. His ambition is a great one. It seems to be nothing less than to make himself master in his own right of the great channels of communication which connect the City of New York with the interior of the continent, and to control them as his private property. Drew sought to carry to a mean perfection the old system of operating successfully from the confidential position of director, neither knowing anything nor caring anything for the railroad system, except in its connection with the movements of the stock exchange, and he succeeded in his object. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, as selfish, harder, and more dangerous, though less subtle, has by instinct, rather than by intellectual effort, seen the full magnitude of the system, and through it has sought to make himself a dictator in modern civilization, moving forward to this end step by step with a sort of pitiless energy which has seemed to have in it an element of fate.

—A Chapter of Erie

FIFTH AVENUE, 1878

Raymond Westbrook

Fifth Avenue takes the center of the island, where Broadway leaves it, and continues straight on—with only the interruption of the ambitious hillock of Mount Morris Park, at One Hundred and Twentieth Street, under which it appears to dive—as long as it has any dry land to go upon. In spite of its distinctively residence character, a prophetic soul might seem to see the interrupted march of trade follow this line, so convenient for distributing its supplies on either hand. There are already invasions, always of the most insinuating character,—a store front of rare jewelry and bronzes, a confectioner whose place might have been taken bodily out of the Champs Élysées, a quiet family bank,—but still invasions. As trade advances, private life flees before it. It escapes in two directions: towards the upper end of the island, to the limit to which the lack of transit facilities permits it to be endurable, and up into the air in the new French flats. Outside of the provisions beginning to be made for them in these, I learn that the middle class are hardly expected to stay on the island at all. They spread out into the country by rail, and form vast settlements of ornamental cottages, while New York itself is given up to the rich and poor. The average “brown stone front” in the good locations will cost fifty thousand dollars; on the avenue, it will cost nearer one hundred thousand dollars.

The leading aspect of this favored section is an elegant gravity. It is a vast area of sombre brown stone, brightened by the flash of squares of immaculate plate glass. There is an echo of it in the Back Bay district of Boston. As things are, I am in favor of this dark tone. In lighter material I fear its ornamental details would be less passable than they actually are. The façades differ in degree rather than in kind. The

style is a kind of builder's Renaissance, varying by stages from plain architraves over the windows to the full magnificence of triangular and circular pediments, and detached porches with Corinthian columns. Monumental flights of steps, giving access to narrow fronts, are the most conspicuous feature, typical, perhaps, of the excessive difficulty of attaining to fortune, and its comparative unsatisfactoriness when you get there.

But little as its architectural details are a theme for enthusiasm, to one strolling there on a sunshiny day in autumn—when I like it best—the sober, unattractively treated avenue may be genially gay. Its long stretches of broken façades fall into agreeable masses, as if in the imperative order of nature harmony could not but result even from a multiplicity of mistakes. The shadows lie broadly across the roadway; bars of white light come down the side streets and divide them. The striped awnings are not all taken in. A soft sky mingles its blue with the latent red in the dark stone. A procession of church steeples, like a more colossal system of telegraph poles, marches down till the last is lower in its far perspective than the steps of that near at hand.

The quiet of your walk is little disturbed. There may be a group of strangers looking up with wrinkled foreheads at the garish white marble palace of Stewart at Thirty-Fourth Street, a well-dressed young man walking briskly with a light stick grasped exactly in the center, a French nurse going of an errand, a boarding-school of girls looking very slight and young in the wide empty spaces. Then, if it be late afternoon, the street is filled all at once from gutter to gutter with a torrent of equipages, returning from the races or the park: broughams, landaus, clarences, phaetons, their varnish and mountings twinkling back to the polished windows, equestrians in boots and corduroys, slim-waisted equestriennes with blue veils floating from tall silk hats. In the midst, heralded by a bugle, a ponderous coach supplies the salient mass, cor-

responding to the turreted elephant and the triumphal car in the processions upon the Appian Way, which we are fond of studying in art and elsewhere to the exclusion of such sights as this, which it seems to me are quite as worthy of attention.

—*The Atlantic Monthly*

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THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

Thomas Alva Edison, 1847-1931

After that we went fishing around and trying all sorts of shapes and things to make a filament that would stand. We tried silicon and boron, and a lot of things that I have forgotten now. The funny part of it was that I never thought in those days that a carbon filament would answer, because a fine hair of carbon was so sensitive to oxidation. Finally, I thought I would try it because we had got very high vacua and good conditions for it.

Well, we sent out and bought some cotton thread, carbonized it, and made the first filament. We had already managed to get pretty high vacua, and we thought, maybe, the filament would be stable. We built the lamp and turned on the current. It lit up, and in the first few breathless minutes we measured its resistance quickly and found it was 275 ohms—all we wanted. Then we sat down and looked at that lamp. We wanted to see how long it would burn. The problem was solved—if the filament would last. The day was—let me see—October 21, 1879. We sat and looked, and the lamp continued to burn, and the longer it burned the more fascinated we were. None of us could go to bed, and there was no sleep for any of us for forty hours. We sat and just watched it with anxiety growing into elation. It lasted about forty-five hours, and then I said, “If it will burn that number of hours now, I know I can make it burn a hundred.” We saw that carbon was what we wanted, and the next question was what kind

of carbon. I began to try various things, and finally I carbonized a strip of bamboo from a Japanese fan, and saw that I was on the right track. But we had a rare hunt finding the real thing. I sent a schoolmaster to Sumatra and another fellow up the Amazon, while William H. Moore, one of my associates, went to Japan and got what we wanted there. We made a contract with an old Jap to supply us with the proper fibre, and that man went to work and cultivated and cross-fertilized bamboo until he got exactly the quality we required. One man went down to Havana, and the day he got there he was seized with yellow fever and died in the afternoon. When I read the cable message to the boys, about a dozen of them jumped up and asked for his job. Those fellows were a bright lot of chaps, and sometimes it was hard to select the right ones.

—*The Electrical Review*

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I. WOMEN'S RIGHTS

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 1815-1902

Last week in Washington I sat up two nights until three o'clock in the morning to write a speech and the resolutions for the convention which occurred on the 8th and the 9th. I presided at all the sessions during two days. The Washington papers were very complimentary to me as a presiding officer, and Susan says I never did so well. I came home by the night train and now have until Monday—this is Saturday—in which to get ready for a five months' trip in the West. Some of my resolutions seemed to hit the nail on the head; especially these, which caused considerable amusement in all circles: Resolved, That we cannot have honest money until we have honest men. Whereas, a Sixteenth Constitutional Amendment for Woman Suffrage is now pending on a tie vote in the House Judiciary Committee—Yea, Lapham, N. Y.; Lynde,

Wis.; Frye, Me.; Butler, Mass.; Conger, Mich.—Nays, Knott, Ky.; Hartridge, Ga.; Stenger, Penn.; McMahon, O.; Culbertson, Texas;—Absent, Harris of Va., who declares he has never investigated the subject: Therefore Resolved, That it is the duty of Harris of Va. to remain absent when a vote on this question is taken, unless he has given it as much consideration, as if the rights of all men were therein involved. Whereas, In President Hayes' last message, he makes a truly paternal review of the interests of this Republic, both great and small, from the Army, the Navy and our foreign relations, to the ten little Indians in Hampton, Va., our timber on the western mountains, and the switches of the Washington railroad; from the Paris Exposition, the postal service and the abundant harvests, to the possible bulldozing of some colored men in various southern districts, cruelty to live animals, and the crowded condition of the mummies, dead ducks and fishes in the Smithsonian Institution, yet forgets to mention twenty million women citizens robbed of their social, civil and political rights; Therefore, Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed from this Convention to wait upon the President and remind him of the existence of one-half of the American people whom he has accidentally overlooked, and of whom it would be wise for him to make some mention in his future messages.

II. TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO WED

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 1815-1902

In marrying, there is everything in starting right. Be scrupulously refined and delicate. Always be reverent and worshipful towards your wife. Never ridicule her, nor joke or use badinage with her. Never argue nor dispute with her, for nothing so soon rusts the marriage link as contention. Never join in that common course of sneering and berating “the sex.” Weak and frivolous women have been made so by false education, customs and conventionalities. Do not feel

that your courtship ends with the wedding breakfast. Do not be self-willed about trifles. Leave your wife free to go ahead and do as she pleases in ten thousand little things. By constantly interfering, saying, Go here, Go there; Say this, Say that; Think thus, Think so—men drill all spontaneity out of women until the mass of them look and act as if they were not certain of anything.

—Life and Letters

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THE BEGINNINGS OF TRADE UNIONISM

Samuel Gompers, 1850-1924

Unquestionably, in these early days of the 'seventies the International dominated the labor movement in New York City. The older type of labor organization in the United States had been transplanted from England and was of the fraternal benevolent character. The American trade union, the militant economic force, was yet to come. New York City was the cradle of the modern American labor movement. The United States was then preponderantly an agricultural nation, and industry was in its infancy. The factory system was so new that in comparatively few places had it produced its necessary reflex—the organization of labor. Through the gates of Castle Garden were sifting industrial workers from Europe, welcomed by employers who exploited their need and ignorance. The situation produced its own antidote—the workers from the old countries had had more or less experience in the labor movement and they began building their defenses. As the early immigration was dominated by English, Irish, and Scotch, so the early labor movement bore the imprint of British organization and methods. The majority of the immigrants who came from the working class or were forced into it by reversals of fortune found homes and work in New York City from whence they filtered to other industrial communities. But New York was the receiving ground. As the tide of

reaction swept down over the movement for democracy in Germany, in Hungary, in Italy, in France, New York gave refuge to those whose only safety lay in flight. New York was vividly cosmopolitan with depths in its life that few understood. There were soldiers from the red-shirted army of Garibaldi; German "forty-eighters," English Chartists, men of big souls and high principles; the *carbonari* of Italy; the home-rulers of Ireland; revolutionaries from Denmark, Austria, Russia. In the early 'seventies New York looked like Paris during the Commune. Each ebb in the forward tide of revolution in Europe brought additions to the rebel group in New York. These refugees regarded America as the platform from which they could freely spread their gospels. Revolutionists are not of the type that readily adapt themselves to the customs of a new land. They inject their own spirit.

These were some of the elements that found their way into the industrial life of New York from which an American labor movement was to be developed. Somehow that movement safely combined the fervor of the revolutionists with the systematic orderliness of constructive minds. This was the great contribution of New York. From that industrial center came the first constructive, efficient American trade union organization, that of the cigarmakers, followed by the furniture workers, the printers, the tailors, the plasterers, and others.

—*Seventy Years of Life and Labor*

I lost no time in getting ready to move the school on to the new farm. At the time we occupied the place there were standing upon it a cabin, formerly used as the dining room, an old kitchen, a stable, and an old hen-house. Within a few weeks we had all of these structures in use. The stable was

repaired and used as a recitation-room, and very presently the hen-house was utilized for the same purpose.

I recall that one morning, when I told an old coloured man who lived near, and who sometimes helped me, that our school had grown so large that it would be necessary for us to use the hen-house for school purposes, and that I wanted him to help me give it a thorough cleaning out the next day, he replied, in the most earnest manner: "What do you mean, boss? You sholy ain't gwine clean out de hen-house in de *day-time*?"

Nearly all the work of getting the new location ready for school purposes was done by the students after school was over in the afternoon. As soon as we got the cabins in condition to be used, I determined to clear up some land so that we could plant a crop. When I explained my plan to the young men, I noticed that they did not seem to take to it very kindly. It was hard for them to see the connection between clearing land and an education. Besides, many of them had been school-teachers, and they questioned whether or not clearing land would be in keeping with their dignity. In order to relieve them from any embarrassment, each afternoon after school I took my axe and led the way to the woods. When they saw that I was not afraid or ashamed to work, they began to assist with more enthusiasm. We kept at the work each afternoon, until we had cleared about twenty acres and had planted a crop.

It was often pathetic to note the gifts of the older coloured people, most of whom had spent their best days in slavery. Sometimes they would give five cents, sometimes twenty-five cents. Sometimes the contribution was a quilt, or a quantity of sugarcane. I recall one old coloured woman, who was about seventy years of age, who came to see me when we were raising money to pay for the farm. She hobbled into the room where I was, leaning on a cane. She said: "Mr. Washin'ton, God knows I spent de bes' days of my life in slavery. God

knows I's ignorant an' poor; but," she added, "I knows what you an' Miss Davidson is tryin' to do. I knows you is tryin' to make better men an' better women for de coloured race. I ain't got no money, but I wants you to take dese six eggs, what I's been savin' up, an' I wants you to put dese six eggs into de eddication of dese boys an' gals."

Since the work at Tuskegee started, it has been my privilege to receive many gifts for the benefit of the institution, but never any, I think, that touched me so deeply as this one.

—*Up from Slavery*

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THE CHICAGO FAIR

Hamlin Garland, b. 1860

Like everyone else who saw it at this time I was amazed at the grandeur of "The White City," and impatiently anxious to have all my friends and relations share in my enjoyment of it. My father was back on the farm in Dakota and I wrote to him at once urging him to come down. "Frank will be here in June and we will take charge of you. Sell the cook stove if necessary and come. You *must* see this fair. On the way back I will go as far as West Salem and we'll buy that homestead I've been talking about."

My brother whose season closed about the twenty-fifth of May, joined me in urging them not to miss the fair and a few days later we were both delighted and a little surprised to get a letter from mother telling us when to expect them. "I can't walk very well," she explained, "but I'm coming. I am so hungry to see my boys that I don't mind the long journey."

Having secured rooms for them at a small hotel near the west gate of the exposition grounds, we were at the station to receive them as they came from the train surrounded by other tired and dusty pilgrims of the plains. Father was in high spirits and mother was looking very well considering the

tiresome ride of nearly seven hundred miles. "Give us a chance to wash up and we'll be ready for anything," she said with brave intonation.

We took her at her word. With merciless enthusiasm we hurried them to their hotel and as soon as they had bathed and eaten a hasty lunch, we started out with intent to astonish and delight them. Here was another table at the "feast of life" from which we did not intend that they should rise unsatisfied. "This shall be the richest experience of their lives," we said.

With a wheeled chair to save mother from the fatigue of walking we started down the line and so rapidly did we pass from one stupendous vista to another that we saw in a few hours many of the inside exhibits and all of the finest exteriors—not to mention a glimpse of the polyglot amazements of the Midway.

In pursuance of our plan to watch the lights come on, we ate our supper in one of the big restaurants on the grounds and at eight o'clock entered the Court of Honor. It chanced to be a moonlit night, and as lamps were lit and the waters of the lagoon began to reflect the gleaming walls of the great palaces with their sculptured ornaments, and boats of quaint shape filled with singers came and went beneath the arching bridges, the wonder and the beauty of it all moved these dwellers of the level lands to tears of joy which was almost as poignant as pain. In addition to its grandeur the scene had for them the transitory quality of an autumn sunset, a splendor which they would never see again.

Stunned by the majesty of the vision, my mother sat in her chair, visioning it all yet comprehending little of its meaning. Her life had been spent among homely small things, and these gorgeous scenes dazzled her, overwhelmed her, letting in upon her in one mighty flood a thousand stupefying suggestions of the art and history and poetry of the world. She was old and she was ill, and her brain ached with the weight

of its new conceptions. Her face grew troubled and wistful, and her eyes as big and dark as those of a child.

At last utterly overcome she leaned her head against my arm, closed her eyes and said, "Take me home. I can't stand any more of it."

—A Son of the Middle Border

179

I. THE SELF-MADE MAN

Grover Cleveland, 1837-1908

It is well to remember, in considering those who succeed notwithstanding difficulties, that not all successes, even though so gained, are of that useful and elevating kind that should excite our admiration. The churlish curmudgeon, who by sharp practices and avaricious dealing has amassed a fortune, should not be permitted to cajole us by boasting of his early privations and sordid self-denial. We are at liberty to resent in any case the attempt to cover a multitude of sins with the cloak of the self-made man, by playing upon our regard for the worth and labor that conquers a useful and honorable career; and the successful political hack should not be allowed to distract us from a damaged character, by parading his humble origin, his lack of early advantages, and the struggles of his boyhood, as independent and sufficient proofs that he is entitled to our suffrages.

The truth is, the merit of the successful man who has struggled with difficulties and disadvantages must be judged by the kind of success he has achieved, by the use he makes of it, and by its effect upon his character and life. If his success is clean and wholesome, if he uses it to make his fellows better and happier, and if he faithfully responds to all obligations of a liberal, public-spirited, and useful citizen, his struggles should add immensely to the honor and consideration he deserves.

If, on the other hand, his success is of the grasping, sordid kind, if he clutches it closely for his selfish gratification, and if with success he is bankrupt in character, sordidly mean, useless as a citizen, or of evil influence in his relations with his fellow-men, his struggles should not save him from contempt. Those included in either of these classes may in the ordinary acceptance be termed self-made men; but it is quite evident that there are so-called self-made men not worth the making.

—*The Self-Made Man in American Life*

II. THE NEED OF HONESTY

Grover Cleveland, 1837-1908

The high pressure of speculation, the madness of inordinate business scheming, and the chances taken in new and uncertain enterprises are constantly present temptations, too often successful, in leading managers and directors away from scrupulous loyalty and fidelity to the interests of others confided to their care.

We can better afford to slacken our pace than to abandon our old simple American standards of honesty; and we shall be safer if we regain our old habit of looking at the appropriation, to personal uses, of property and interests held in trust in the same light as stealing.

—*Letters of Grover Cleveland*

XXV

The Times of Theodore Roosevelt

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FEW personalities in modern history have so touched the imagination of a people as Theodore Roosevelt touched that of the Americans of his time. A quarter of a century and a world in murderous confusion have intervened between his age and this, but neither distance nor distraction have managed to wrest his own era from him; sturdy, tireless, full of intellectual curiosity, now addressing his age with the emphasis of a prophet, now delighting it with a boyish gusto of living, and ruling the nation in a style it thoroughly approved of, the figure of Roosevelt stands possessive against the marble and the Roman arches of the great public buildings of his day. It was the golden age of the machine. Nothing needed to be done but to curb the great organizations which were almost empires in themselves, and keep the public conscience roused and battling. The forces of the world had grown gigantic, and where Europe and America met, the city of New York had begun to raise its skyscrapers like a pressure ridge in polar ice.

The mind of the nation had now become definitely urban, treating the farming countryside more and more as a kind of poor relation whom it was polite to flatter, on Fourth of July occasions, with rhetorical references to Agriculture. The age imagined itself humming like a dynamo, the word coming into use as a complimentary metaphor; the automobile appeared, offering itself both to commerce and the American restlessness, and there began the invasion of the sky. Into the city now, poured the new nations and peoples, streaming out in their turn over the old, dark, Red-Indian land.

I. THE ROUGH RIDERS

Theodore Roosevelt, 1858-1919

Of course with a regiment of our type there was much to learn both among the officers and the men. There were all kinds of funny incidents. One of my men, an ex-cow-puncher and former round-up cook, a very good shot and rider, got into trouble on the way down on the transport. He understood entirely that he had to obey the officers of his own regiment, but, like so many volunteers, or at least like so many volunteers of my regiment, he did not understand that this obligation extended to officers of other regiments. One of the regular officers on the transport ordered him to do something which he declined to do. When the officer told him to consider himself under arrest, he responded by offering to fight him for a trifling consideration. He was brought before a court martial which sentenced him to a year's imprisonment at hard labor with dishonorable discharge, and the major-general commanding the division approved the sentence.

We were on the transport. There was no hard labor to do; and the prison consisted of another cow-puncher who kept guard over him with his carbine, evidently divided in his feelings as to whether he would like most to shoot him or to let him go. When we landed, somebody told the prisoner that I intended to punish him by keeping him with the baggage. He at once came to me in great agitation, saying: "Colonel, they say you're going to leave me with the baggage when the fight is on. Colonel, if you do that, I will never show my face in Arizona again. Colonel, if you will let me go to the front, I promise I will obey any one you say; any

one you say, Colonel," with the evident feeling that, after this concession, I could not, as a gentleman, refuse his request. Accordingly, I answered: "Shields, there is no one in this regiment more entitled to be shot than you are, and you shall go to the front." His gratitude was great, and he kept repeating, "I'll never forget this, Colonel, never." Nor did he. When we got very hard up, he would now and then manage to get hold of some flour and sugar, and would cook a doughnut and bring it round to me, and watch me with a delighted smile as I ate it. He behaved extremely well in both fights, and after the second one I had him formally before me and remitted his sentence—something which of course I had not the slightest power to do, although at the time it seemed natural and proper to me.

When we came to be mustered out, the regular officer who was doing the mustering, after all the men had been discharged, finally asked me where the prisoner was. I said, "What prisoner?" He said, "The prisoner, the man who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labor and dishonorable discharge." I said, "Oh! I pardoned him"; to which he responded, "I beg your pardon; you did what?" This made me grasp the fact that I had exceeded authority, and I could only answer, "Well, I did pardon him, anyhow, and he has gone with the rest"; whereupon the mustering-out officer sank back in his chair and remarked, "He was sentenced by a court martial, and the sentence was approved by the major-general commanding the division. You were a lieutenant-colonel, and you pardoned him. Well, it was nervy, that's all I'll say."

—*The Autobiography*

II. "TO DO OUR PART WELL"

Theodore Roosevelt, 1858-1919

A nation that seemingly dies may be born again; and even though in the physical sense it die utterly, it may yet

hand down a history of heroic achievement, and for all time to come may profoundly influence the nations that arise in its place by the impress of what it has done. Best of all is it to do our part well, and at the same time to see our blood live young and vital in men and women fit to take up the task as we lay it down; for so shall our seed inherit the earth. But if this, which is best, is denied us, then at least it is ours to remember that if we choose we can be torch-bearers, as our fathers were before us. The torch has been handed on from nation to nation, from civilization to civilization, throughout all recorded time, from the dim years before history dawned, down to the blazing splendor of this teeming century of ours. It dropped from the hand of the coward and the sluggard, of the men wrapped in luxury or love of ease, the man whose soul was eaten away by self-indulgence; it has been kept alight only by those who were mighty of heart and cunning of hand. What they worked at, providing it was worth doing at all, was of less matter than how they worked, whether in the realm of the mind or the realm of the body. If their work was good, if what they achieved was of substance, then high success was really theirs.

—*Address Delivered at Oxford University*

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THE CONQUEST OF YELLOW FEVER

Walter Reed, M.D., U. S. A., 1851-1902

Accordingly, at 11:55, December 21, 1900, fifteen mosquitoes were freed in the larger room of the "Infected Mosquito Building" which, as I have said, was divided into two compartments by a wire-screen partition. The interval that had elapsed since the contamination of these insects was as follows: one, twenty-four days; three, twelve days; four, eight days; and seven, five days. The only articles of furniture in this building consisted of three beds, one being placed in the

mosquito room and two beyond the wire screen, these latter intended to be occupied by two "control" non-immunes. The articles of bedding as well as the bedsteads had been carefully disinfected by steam. At noon on the same day, five minutes after the mosquitoes had been placed therein, a plucky Ohio boy, Moran by name, clad only in his night-shirt and fresh from a bath, entered the room containing the mosquitoes, where he lay down for a period of thirty minutes. On the opposite side of the screen were the two "controls" and one other non-immune. Within two minutes after Moran's entrance he was bitten about the face and hands by the insects that had promptly settled down upon him. Seven in all bit him at this visit. At 4:30 P.M. he again entered and remained twenty minutes, during which time five others bit him. The following day at 4:30 P.M., he again entered and remained fifteen minutes, during which three insects bit him, making the number fifteen that fed at these three visits. The building was then closed, except that the two non-immune "controls" continued to occupy the beds on the non-infected side of the screen. On Christmas morning at 11 A.M. this brave lad was stricken with yellow fever and had a sharp attack which he bore without a murmur. The period of incubation in this case was three days and twenty-three hours, counting from his first visit, or two days and seventeen and a half hours, if reckoned from his last visit. The two "controls" who had slept each night in this house, only protected by the wire screen, but breathing the common atmosphere of the building, had remained in good health. They continued to remain so, although required to sleep here for thirteen additional nights. As Moran had remained in strict quarantine for the period of thirty-two days prior to his attack, the source of his infection must be found in this house.

Columbia Barracks,
Quemados, Cuba,
11:50 P.M., December 31, 1900

Only ten minutes of the old century remain. Here have I been sitting, reading that most wonderful book, "La Roche

on Yellow Fever," written in 1853. Forty-seven years later it has been permitted to me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old century. May its cure be wrought out in the early days of the new! The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering has been granted! A thousand Happy New Years. Hark, there go the twenty-four buglers in concert, all sounding "Taps" for the old year.

—Walter Reed and Yellow Fever

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE GREAT ENDOWMENTS

John D. Rockefeller, 1839-1937

In this country we have come to the period when we can well afford to ask the ablest men to devote more of their time, thought, and money to the public well-being. I am not so presumptuous as to attempt to define exactly what this betterment work should consist of. Every man will do that for himself, and his own conclusion will be final for himself. It is well, I think, that no narrow or preconceived plan should be set down as the best.

I am sure it is a mistake to assume that the possession of money in great abundance necessarily brings happiness. The very rich are just like all the rest of us; and if they get pleasure from the possession of money, it comes from their ability to do things which give satisfaction to someone besides themselves.

The mere expenditure of money for things, so I am told by those who profess to know, soon palls upon one. The novelty of being able to purchase anything one wants soon passes, because what people most seek cannot be bought with

money. These rich men we read about in the newspapers cannot get personal returns beyond a well-defined limit for their expenditure. They cannot gratify the pleasures of the palate beyond very moderate bounds, since they cannot purchase a good digestion; they cannot lavish very much money on fine raiment for themselves or their families without suffering from public ridicule; and in their homes they cannot go much beyond the comforts of the less wealthy without involving them in more pain than pleasure. As I study wealthy men, I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting gratification.

—*Some Random Reminiscences*

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ELLIS ISLAND

Jacob Riis, 1849-1914

How it all came back to me: that Sunday in early June when I stood, a lonely immigrant lad, at the steamer's rail and looked out upon the New World of my dreams; upon the life that teemed ashore and afloat, and was all so strange; upon the miles of streets that led nowhere I knew of; upon the sunlit harbor, and the gay excursion-boats that went to and fro with their careless crowds; upon the green hills of Brooklyn; upon the majestic sweep of the lordly river. I thought that I had never seen anything so beautiful, and I think so now, after more than thirty years, when I come into New York's harbor on a steamer. But now I am coming home; then all the memories lay behind. I squared my shoulders against what was coming. I was ready and eager. But for the passing moment, there at the rail, I would have given it all for one familiar face, one voice I knew.

How it all came back as I stood on the deck of the ferry-

boat plowing its way from the Battery Park to Ellis Island. They were there, my fellow-travelers of old: the men with their strange burdens of feather-beds, cooking-pots, and things unknowable, but mighty of bulk, in bags of bed-ticking much the worse for wear. There was the very fellow with the knapsack that had never left him once on the way over, not even when he slept. Then he used it as a pillow. It was when he ate that we got fleeting glimpses of its interminable coils of sausage, its uncanny depths of pumpernickel and cheese that eked out the steamer's fare. I saw him last in Pittsburgh, still with his sack. What long-forgotten memories that crowd stirred! The women were there, with their gaudy head-dresses and big gold ear-rings. But their hair was raven black instead of yellow, and on the young girl's cheek there was a richer hue than the pink and white I knew.

A stalwart Montenegrin comes next, lugging his gun of many an ancient feud, and proves his title clear. Neither the feud nor the blunderbuss is dangerous under the American sun; they will both seem grotesque before he has been here a month. A Syrian from Mount Lebanon holds up the line while the inspector fires questions at him which it is not given to the uninitiated ear to make out. Goodness knows where they get it all. There seems to be no language or dialect under the sun that does not lie handy to the tongue of these men at the desk. There are twelve of them. One would never dream there were twelve such linguists in the country till he hears them and sees them; for half their talk is done with their hands and shoulders and with the official steel pen that transfixes an object of suspicion like a merciless spear, upon the point of which it writhes in vain. The Syrian wriggles off by good luck, and to-morrow will be peddling "holy earth from Jerusalem," purloined on his way through the Battery, at half a dollar a clod. He represents the purely commercial element of our immigration, and represents it well—or ill, as you take

it. He cares neither for land and cattle, nor for freedom to worship or work, but for cash in the way of trade. And he gets it. Hence more come every year.

—*The World's Work*

184

THE AMERICAN

George Santayana, b. 1863

At the same time, the American is imaginative; for where life is intense, imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative he would not live so much in the future. But his imagination is practical, and the future it forecasts is immediate; it works with the clearest and least ambiguous terms known to his experience, in terms of number, measure, contrivance, economy, and speed. He is an idealist working on matter. Understanding as he does the material potentialities of things, he is successful in invention, conservative in reform, and quick in emergencies. All his life he jumps into the train after it has started and jumps out before it has stopped; and he never once gets left behind, or breaks a leg. There is an enthusiasm in his sympathetic handling of material forces which goes far to cancel the illiberal character which it might otherwise assume. The good workman hardly distinguishes his artistic intention from the potency in himself and in things which is about to realize that intention. Accordingly his ideals fall into the form of premonitions and prophecies; and his studious prophecies often come true. So do the happy workmanlike ideals of the American. When a poor boy, perhaps, he dreams of an education, or at least a degree; he dreams of growing rich, and he grows rich—only more slowly and modestly, perhaps, than he expected; he dreams of marrying his Rebecca and, even if he marries a Leah instead, he ultimately finds in Leah his Rebecca after all. He dreams of helping to carry on and to accelerate the movement of a vast, seething, progressive society, and he actually does so. Ideals clinging so close to na-

ture are almost sure of fulfilment; the American beams with a certain self-confidence and sense of mastery; he feels that God and nature are working with him.

What sense is there in this feeling, which we all have, that the American is young? His country is blessed with as many elderly people as any other, and his descent from Adam, or from the Darwinian rival of Adam, cannot be shorter than that of his European cousins. Nor are his ideas always very fresh. Trite and rigid bits of morality and religion, with much seemly and antique political lore, remain axiomatic in him, as in the mind of a child; he may carry all this about with an unquestioning familiarity which does not comport understanding. To keep traditional sentiments in this way insulated and uncriticised is itself a sign of youth. A good young man is naturally conservative and loyal on all those subjects which his experience has not brought to a test; advanced opinions on politics, marriage, or literature are comparatively rare in America; they are left for the ladies to discuss, and usually to condemn, while the men get on with their work. In spite of what is old-fashioned in his more general ideas, the American is unmistakably young; and this, I should say, for two reasons: one, that he is chiefly occupied with his immediate environment, and the other, that his reactions upon it are inwardly prompted, spontaneous, and full of vivacity and self-trust. His views are not yet lengthened; his will is not yet broken or transformed. The present moment, however, in this, as in other things, may mark a great change in him; he is perhaps now reaching his majority, and all I say may hardly apply to-day, and may not apply at all to-morrow. I speak of him as I have known him; and whatever moral strength may accrue to him later, I am not sorry to have known him in his youth.

—Character and Opinion in the United States

THE DYNAMO

Henry Adams, 1838-1918

Then he showed his scholar the great hall of dynamos, and explained how little he knew about electricity or force of any kind, even of his own special sun, which spouted heat in inconceivable volume, but which, as far as he knew, might spout less or more, at any time, for all the certainty he felt in it. To him, the dynamo itself was but an ingenious channel for conveying somewhere the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal hidden in a dirty engine-house carefully kept out of sight; but to Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he grew accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty-foot dynamos as a moral force, much as the early Christians felt the Cross. The planet itself seemed less impressive, in its old-fashioned, deliberate, annual or daily revolution, than this huge wheel, revolving, within arm's-length at some vertiginous speed, and barely murmuring—scarcely humming an audible warning to stand a hair's-breadth further for respect of power—while it would not wake the baby lying close against its frame. Before the end, one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousand symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive.

Yet the dynamo, next to the steam-engine, was the most familiar of exhibits. For Adams' objects its value lay chiefly in its occult mechanism. Between the dynamo in the gallery of machines and the engine-house outside, the break of continuity amounted to abysmal fracture for a historian's objects. No more relation could he discover between the steam and the electric current than between the Cross and the cathedral. The forces were interchangeable if not reversible, but he could see only an absolute *fiat* in electricity as in faith. Langley

could not help him. Indeed, Langley seemed to be worried by the same trouble, for he constantly repeated that the new forces were anarchical, and especially that he was not responsible for the new rays, that were little short of parricidal in their wicked spirit towards science. His own rays, with which he had doubled the solar spectrum, were altogether harmless and beneficent; but Radium denied its God—or, what was to Langley the same thing, denied the truths of his Science. The force was wholly new.

—*The Education of Henry Adams*

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